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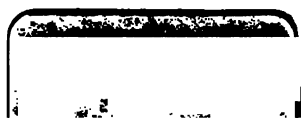
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The Cruet Stand.



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The Cruet Stand.

Select Pieces of Prose and Poetry,

With Anecdotes, Enigmas, &c.

BY C. GOUGH, ESQ.

"FROM GRAVE, TO GAY,
FROM LIVELY, TO SEVERE."

VOL. I.

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Preface.

THE Author of this Work trusts it will be confessed that the Compilation offered to the Public will be found acceptable in domestic circles, as a dissemination of agreeable and useful knowledge.

To himself it has been a pleasing task to cull such Flowers of Literature, as have appeared entitled to distinction, forming, as he flatters himself, a bouquet of value, "sweet to the sense and lovely to the eye."



Select
Pieces of Prose and Poetry.

SHOULD any austere reader throw down this book, indignant at the frivolity of it, I would have them to know that I can read their moroseness such a lecture, upon *puddings* and the honour in which they were formerly held, as would make them lower their tone. I can inform such fastidious persons, that the most enlightened men of ancient times thought them not only strengtheners of the body, but sharpeners of the mind, wherefore it was said :—

Quid farto melius?
Hinc suam agnoscit corpus energiam,
Suam aciem mens.

MÆB DE FARTOPHAGIS.

Nay, upon this principle, the Romans even erected a statue to F. Agricola, the inventor of the lentil dumplings, but no more to be compared with our improved compound of flour, milk, and eggs, than a shin of beef to a haunch of venison. I could also tell him, that the learned University of Oxford is as proud of its college puddings, as of its logick, sausages, mathematics or brawn; that the very mention of these culinary compositions is of such national importance, as to be entwined in the stopples of our language, by forming the basis of sundry proverbs; as, "*Too much pudding will choke a dog*;" which is a caution against excess, ("*The proof of the pudding is in the eating*;" which is a precept to trust only to absolute experience); "*Hungry dogs eat dirty pudding*;" which is a satire upon the distress of epicures, during a scarcity of provisions; and as, according to Shakespeare, "there is a tide in the affairs of men," so the good luck of settling concerns of the greatest consequence, exactly at the critical minute, is expressed by being "just in pudding time." I can, moreover, instruct him, that John Bran, of Norfolk, was ordered up to Court, and appointed cook to King John, of Magna Charta memory, on account of his skill in pudding making, when so great was John Bran's fame, that he was called Jack Pudding throughout the kingdom, and being the first whoever boiled these dainties, the Monarch instituted him Knight of the Gridiron of Gold, the Ensign of the Order of Jack Puddings (who have since degenerated into Merry Andrews), which he always wore as a mark of his Sovereign's favour.

It is enough, then, on this subject, to tell any gentleman who may take up this book (or let it alone as he pleases), that the puddings I have apostrophised, were in much celebrity.

PROSE AND POETRY.

SAYINGS.

It has been remarked that witty and other good sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a string. That a little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men. And that we should read a book as a bee does a flower.

REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE.

WHAT characterises the literature of our time, is its *human interest*. It is true that we do not see scholars addressing scholars, but men addressing men; not that scholars are fewer, but that the reading public is more large. Authors in all ages address themselves to what interests their readers; the same things do not interest a vast community, which interest half a score of bookworms. The literary *polis* was once an oligarchy, it is now a republic. It is the general brilliancy of the atmosphere which prevents your noticing the size of any particular star. Do you not see that the cultivation of the masses, has awakened the literature of the affections? Every sentiment finds an expositor, every feeling an oracle—

“Tis thus the spirit of one single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction.”


MISS EDGEWORTH.

READ IN MODERATION.

HE that reads much should have powerful organs of intellectual digestion, he would otherwise receive but little nutriment into his mind, and what is worse, will derange the healthy functions of his mental system. The ingenious Mr. Hobbs did not much value a large library, and used to remark, though with singular vanity, that had he read as much as some other men he would have been as ignorant as they are!

SORROWS OF AUTHORS.

MANY an immortal work, that is a source of excellent enjoyment to mankind, has been written with the blood of the author, at the expence of his happiness and his life. Even the most jocose productions have been composed with a wounded spirit. Cowper's humorous ballad of Gilpin, was written in a state of despondency, that borders on madness. “I wonder,” says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Newton, “that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance.” It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state. In the *Quarterly Review*, it has been justly observed, that our very greatest wits have not been men of a gay and vivacious disposition. Of



Butler's private history, nothing remains but the records of his miseries; and Swift was never known to smile. Lord Byron, who was irritable and unhappy, wrote some of the most amusing stanzas of Don Juan in his dreariest moods. In fact, the cheerfulness of an author's style is always but a doubtful indication of the serenity of his heart. An author is an abstract creation—a living puzzle to himself, to his friends, and to all his acquaintance.

VERITABLE TRANSLATION.

A FRENCHMAN anxious to shew a fellow countryman the vigorous style of one of the old poets, "translated" hail, horrors hail, as follows, "How do you do, horrors? how do you do?"

PRECEPT.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS.

FRANCE is like the sun. Her brilliancy is glory. She resembles the sun because she is the centre of the European system. All the states of the Continent move around her, as planets, round the solar luminary. In the mean time France, fixed in her splendid position, yet rotating on her own axis, exists in a continual state of revolution, without ever getting on.

AN IRRITABLE MAN.

HOOD gives this graphic picture of an irritable man. "He lies like a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with prickles."

THE LIFE OF A SCHOLAR,

Dr. GOLDSMITH has remarked, "seldom abounds with adventure: his fame is acquired in solitude; and the historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind: but we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing."

GUILT.

THOUGH it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes, long survive their commission, and like the ghost of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, seldom those of worldly greatness; are always those of pleasantness and peace.

OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLAND.

I KNOW no nation to which I would rather belong as a citizen than the English; not only on account of their constitution, but from my delight in the hard working, active, intelligent, and the strong and straightforward common sense of the thinking men, and because of the superior, almost universal, cultivation of the burgher class. Every body here is in action, idleness and half done work are certainly less common, than with us, practical ability is certainly more general, a false shew of knowledge rarer; a shewy exterior gains little respect, the word of a man may be depended on, and I believe the better sort trouble themselves little about the opinion of others. But it cannot be denied that mediocrity is very common, and is by no means looked down upon!—*Neiburgh's Opinion.*

SINCERITY.

SINCERITY is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be. It is an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business, by creating confidence in those we have to deal with, and saving the labour of many enquiries.—*Tollotson.*

DOCTOR JOHNSON (BEGGARS).

WHAT signifies, says some one to Doctor Johnson, giving half pence to common beggars? they only lay them out in gin or tobacco. "And why," replied the Doctor, "should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence? It is surely very savage to shut out from them every possible avenue to those pleasures reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can swallow without gilding, yet the poor, we delight in stripping it still more bare, and are not ashamed to shew even visible marks of displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths."

SAME AUTHOR (PLEASURE),

AGAIN observes, that ardent pursuit of pleasure generally defeats its own purpose, for when we have wasted days and nights, and exhausted our strength in the chase, it eludes our grasp, and vanishes from our view.

COMPASSION,

Is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, are the tears of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and to warp us up in selfish

enjoyment, but we should accustom ourselves to think of distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport, with pain and distress, in any of our amusements, or to treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

VERY DISAGREEABLE.

"AM I not a little pale?" enquired a lady who was rather short, and corpulent, of a crusty bachelor. "You look more like a big tub," was the blunt reply.

STERNE AND GARRICK.

STERNE who used his wife very ill, was talking to Garrick, in exuberance of sentimentality, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

THE GANDER.

"I KNOW by a little, what a great deal means," as the Gander said, when he saw the tip of a Fox's tail sticking out of a hollow tree.

ORIGINALITY.

EVERY one is at least in one thing, against his will *original* in his manner of sneezing.

ANECDOTE.

A FELLOW coming out of a tavern one frosty morning, rather top heavy, fell on the door step. Trying to regain his footing, he remarked, "If it be true, that the wicked stand on slippery places, I must belong to a different class, for it is more than I can do."

WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.

RICHARD BURKE being found in reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament, by his brother Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember when we were at play, he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents, to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust your genius, young men, if you would rise, but, work, work, work!

OBSERVED GOSSIP ABOUT THE LATE COUNT D'ORSAY, 1852.

THE daily journals have shewn singular reluctance to deal with the career of the Count D'Orsay. Indeed, it does not appear that a memoir of that extraordinary man was included in the biographical bundles of invalid notabilities, which, (according to tradition,) are kept tied round with red tape, in the pigeon holes, at the offices of our morning contemporaries.

With the exception of the *Morning Chronicle*, Father Prout's clever summary in the *Globe*, has been adopted without remark, by each journal, and even the *Times*, has passed by a topic on which much of its eloquent prose might have been expended.

The deceased Count's copyists have been numerous, but they have only exchanged their manhood for flunkeyism, by so doing. So thought Mr. Disraeli, when he penned the description in "*Henrietta Temple*, dedicated to the Count, by his affectionate friend, B. Disraeli," in the scene where Lord Castlefyshe (Alvanley) and Charles Doricourt (Tom Duncombe) take their first dinner with Mr. Bond Sharpe (Crockford), viz.: Mr. Bevill was a very tall and a very handsome young man, of a great family, and a great estate, who passed his life in imitation of Count Alcibides de Mirable. He was always dressed by the same tailor, and it was his pride, that his cab, or his *vis à vis*, was constantly mistaken for the equipage of his model; and really now as the shade stood beside its substance, quite as tall, almost as good looking, with the satin lined coat thrown open in the same style of flowing grandeur, and revealing a breast plate of starched cambric scarcely less broad and brilliant, the unimitated might have held the resemblance as perfect. The wristbands were turned up with no less compact precision, and were fastened with jewelled studs that glittered with no less radiance. The statuesque vest, the creaseless hosen, were the same; and, if the feet were not as small, its Parisian polish was not less bright. But here, unfortunately, Mr. Bevill's mimetic powers deserted him. "We start, for soul is wanting there!" The Count could talk at all times, and at all times well; Mr. Bevill never opened his mouth. Practised in the world, the Count nevertheless was the child of impulse, though a native grace and an intuitive knowledge of mankind made every act appropriate. Mr. Bevill was all art, and he had not the talent to conceal it. The Count was gay, careless, and generous; Mr. Bevill was solemn, calculating, and rather a screw. It seemed as if the Count's feelings grew daily more fresh, and his faculty of enjoyment more keen and relishing; it appeared as if Mr. Bevill, was solemn, never could have been a child, but must have issued to the world ready equipped, like Minerva, with a cane instead of a lance, and a fancy hat for a helmet. But, alack, master and mimic and all their myrmidons were alike in one particular—*want of money* :—

'Twas grav'd on their Stone of Destiny
 In letters four and letters three;
 And ne'er did the King of Gull's go by
 But those awful letters, scared the eye;
 For he knew that a prophet voice had said—
 "As long as those words by man were read
 The ancient race of Gull's should ne'er,
 One hour of peace or plenty share;"
 But years on years successive flew
 And the letters still more legible grew.
 At top a T an H an E
 And underneath D E B T.

Ah! that debt! If youth, (we continue to quote Mr. Disraeli,) but knew the fatal misery they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career, how pale they would become and tremble, and clasp their hands in agony at the precipice on which they are disporting! Debt is the prolific mother of folly and of crime; *it taints the course of life in all its streams.* Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and venal politicians. It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster we make our master, *who haunts us at all hours*, and shakes his whip of scorpions for ever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom more terrific.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN DIGBY GRAND.

TWELVE o'clock had struck, the Temple of Chance was open, and in a shorter period, than I have named, I was by Lavanter's side, in his quiet, dark coloured brougham, with a fifty pound note in my waistcoat pocket, the product of the "three timely sevens," that unlike gunpowder spirits, *came* "when I did call for them."

"My dear Grand, I am so charmed to see you," exclaimed our hostess, as I went up to make my bow on my arrival, accosting with as much easy good humoured indifference as though we had "never met" and "never parted." "I thought you were at Melton; how good of Lavanter to bring you. He always comes to my Thursday nights, and so must you." I bowed my acknowledgments, and turned round to take a view of the company, and obtain some slight insight into Mrs. Mantrap's Thursday nights. The well known rooms were brilliant with lamp light and gorgeous with flowers, the faint tinge of the light coloured walls, with the rich dark carpet, served admirably to set off the rose tinted draperies, and motley furniture, dotted here and there with red. There were more fanciful ornaments, more Sevres china than ever; whilst from the distant conservatory, forming another well lighted retreat, came the subdued sounds, of a self playing pianoforte, just sufficiently loud to interrupt whist. But the company was of a different grade from that which I had been used to meet in former days in these brilliant

apartments. The ladies were more dressed, more rouged, laughed louder, and looked bolder, than is customary in English society; and, in truth, there were several foreigners, amongst that talkative throng; whilst the men—German barons, French counts, and disreputable adventurers of our own nation—were engaged at the different games, they played with an affectation of extreme carelessness which savours of that dexterity over which fortune has no control. Not a man or a woman of them all but had some “history” not entirely redounding to the individual credit, attached to him or her; and could the life of the hostess have been written by herself, it would not have been the least extraordinary amongst the assemblage. I turned to look at her, as she moved from one circle to another, with a smile and jest for each, and was shocked to observe the ravages that time and anxiety had made upon the once handsome Mrs. Mantrap. This is the worst of your good looking women of a certain age, who seem to preserve their beauty beyond its natural term only that it may go all at once. With them one season does all the mischief that it has taken ten years’ pains to avert; and the less gradual the process of decay, the more startly are its unwelcome efforts. Mrs. Mantrap was now a haggard old woman; at a distance she still preserved something, of that captivating air, which with all her dashing style, had once been her most dangerous weapon; but, upon a nearer approach, the charm was completely dispelled, the cheeks were sunken, the eyes hollowed, the features sharpened and care worn, and the sunny hair grown poor and thin. Dress might still conceal the altered outlines of her form, but the projecting collar bone, the shrunk and wasted hands, told a different tale. Still she seemed in buoyant spirits, which, if forced, were admirably assumed for the occasion; nor was it until I saw her wholly absorbed in the excitement of a game at *ecarte*, on which she had staked a considerable sum, that I could perceive in undisguised reality, the haggared change that had overtaken her person and features. I had not, however, much time for observation, as I soon found myself set down to a party at whist, consisting of my friend Carambole, whom I was somewhat surprised to see here, a French Countess, and an Irish Major, one of the most scientific players, it has ever been my fortune to meet. Carambole and I were partners, and, as is usually the case, between English and French players, of high calibre, misunderstood each others’ game, and were consequently unable to make any head against the good cards which fortune lavished so liberally upon the hands of our adversaries, more especially when it chanced to be the Countess’s deal. The Major, having won the two rubbers, thought proper to retire, as I learnt from Carambole, was his invariable custom; and I found myself, though sorely against my will, obliged to sit down and play *ecarte* against the clever French woman. She certainly was pretty, and piquant, though no longer in the freshness of youth, and I submitted, with as good grace as I could assume, to be des-

poiled by the lively gambler, inwardly resolving to take my departure as soon as my fifty pounds, considerably lessened already, should be entirely swallowed up. It chanced that my fair antagonist was possessed of a beautiful hand, whose taper fingers she scorned to set off by the adventitious aid of jewellery, and whenever she dealt, I found my eyes so fascinated by the charms of this unadorned member, that I could not withdraw my admiring gaze from its pliant movements. It was sometime before I perceived that such mute homage on my part was extremely embarrassing to its object; she coughed, she blushed even through her rouge, she changed her position and seemed ill at ease, whilst the game proceeded with no remarkable vicissitude, but either from better or superior skill with a decided tendency in my favour. This was a state of things as unaccountable as it was unlooked for, but as it was not my part to complain of the smiles of fortune, I went on playing unsuspiciously enough. Presently, a French gentleman, with whom I had not the honour of being acquainted, came and stood behind my chair, expressing his admiration at my science, and requesting permission to observe my play. Of course I acquiesced most politely; but though young in years and appearance, I was not quite such a fool as I looked, and this last manœuvre put my attention on the *qui vive*. I had heard of fingers being placed to foreheads, and looks and glances interchanged with affected carelessness to telegraph from some interested on-looker to the proposing player the most judicious number to be demanded, and I determined that my anxious Countess should have no assistance as this without remark. I accordingly called to Carambole, who was lounging about the room, and begged him to hand me a glass of iced water, at the same time by a rapid sign, drawing his attention to the sharper looking over my shoulder. The quick witted Frenchman took my meaning instantaneously, and placing himself behind the Countess, begged permission to look over her hand and bet upon the game. The lady declared it made her nervous to have any one studying her cards, and Carambole then placed himself on one side of the table, still fixing his eyes on his countryman, so as to watch his every motion. The Countess was now getting almost hysterical; the pretty hand shook, and the thin lips were compressed with anger and vexation. It was evident the confederates were completely checkmated; my unwitting admiration of the pliant fingers had given their conscious owner reason to suspect that she was watched, and had effectually prevented that accustomed sleight of hand by which the practised dealer commands the timely assistance of a king; whilst Carambole's ready aid had counterbalanced the stratagems of her ally, and disappointed her of the golden harvest generally yielded by the game of *ecarte* to her dexterous arrangements. Pleading a headache, she rose from the table, paying my winnings, after all of inconsiderable amount, with a very bad grace, and retiring to the room where the supper was laid

out, consoled herself, like a genuine French woman, with cold chicken and champagne. I made my bow to Mrs. Mantrap, perfectly satisfied with what I had seen of her "Thursday nights," and strolled off with Carambole, talking as we perfumed the midnight air with our cigars, of the scene we had just the equivocal position of, our hostess, and the disreputable set of people who seemed to have congregated about her.

"Shall we look in at Meadows?" said my companion, as we passed the lamp-lit portals of the establishment. "I have lost at weest," as he called the noble game, sacred to Hoyle, and Major A, "I always lose at Mrs. Mantrap's 'Thursday nights.'"

"Agreed, said I, my fortune must be in the ascendant, to have escaped unhurt from the little Countess and her lynx-eyed friend. Carambole my jolly punter! I feel as if I should throw in." With these words we passed the folding doors that swung smooth and invitingly on their noiseless hinges, and fearlessly approached the iron barrier, from which, though a narrow and pigmy hole, one vigilant eye was watching our approach. Alas! well known were we as any policeman on the beat, and far more welcome. The iron barriers open, as of their own accord, and the sleepless warder greets us with a deferential welcome, as old and valued customers. A flight of broad well-carpeted steps brings us into a large supper room, whose long table is crowded with delicacies, and glittering with plate. Mr. Meadows himself, bland, middle aged, and gentlemanlike presses upon us the various good things so handsomely provided, and touching cautiously upon the general topics of the day, refrains from any ill-timed allusions to the business of the evening. In the next room the box is rattling, and unlike Crockford's, the odour of the cigar smoke met us even at the supper table. Meadows ushers us politely into his temple, and furnishes the sinews of war, with the same stately courtesy with which he proffers materials for writing the necessary cheques. I take my seat between a Cornet in the Blues, and a brother Guardsman; Carambole being accommodated with a chair opposite to me. The proprietor still careful of our comforts, supplies us with cigars and huge tumblers of brandy and soda water. An Indian officer, tanned by a tropical sun, and rejoicing in huge black mustachoes, with a Mauratta sabre cut upon his brow, has just thrown out with a continuance of that bad luck which has dogged him since he arrived at Southampton. Poor fellow! he will have to return to those scorching climes long before his well-earned leave has expired. A rich young Jew, apeing the fast man about town, but betraying his Hebrew origin in his tawdry attire and profuse jewellery, as unmistakably as in his prominent features and peculiar carriage, rolls the box to me, disgusted at the fubile "deuce ace" which stands revealed to mulct him of his ten pound set; and drawing my gloves on tight, with a presentiment of triumph, I call a fortunate number and begin. All games at hazard are alike in

detail, however different they may be in their effects; and after a night of morbid excitement, repressed agitation, and false merriment spent in a trifling atmosphere, Carambole and I walked into the fresh morning dawn, now gilding the chimney pots of Albermarle Street, under the congratulations and good wishes of the urbane Mr. Meadows, from whom we had won between us, near eleven hundred pounds.

A few nights as this, a few more turns of that extraordinary luck, which despite of daily proof and experience, the worshipper of fortune persists in considering as his own peculiar property, and I should have been again placed above all pecuniary care and anxiety. But whoever heard of a gambler's prosperity outliving the eight and forty hours in which it blossoms, blooms, and withers! Like the "*mirage*" of the desert, which tempts the thirsty traveller to struggle on and die, so are those fitful gleams of success vouchsafed by the demon of play to lure his victim farther and farther into the toils, till there is no retreat, and come what may, the wretch is irretrievably his own. The next night, I returned to Meadows', and lost; the following night, sometimes more and sometimes less, till the hope of success, as it grew more faint in reality, haunted me more and more in fancy, till I found myself thinking when awake, and dreaming when asleep, of the chances and changes of the hazard table only. In vain, Hellingdon, himself, alas! too deeply enthralled by its fascinations, warned me against the absorbing love of play. In vain my brother officers argued and Colonel Grandison admonished. I was deaf to entreaty and sound advice. My difficulties soon arrived at such a pitch, that my only hope of extricating myself was by making an enormous *coup* some night at Crockford's, and breaking the bank. With this fallacious trust, I struggled on, getting deeper and deeper into the mire, every ill-omened defeat only adding to the embarrassment created by its predecessors, and still the hour of victory never arrived. I began to shun the society of my regiment—always a sign that there is something wrong—and to live entirely with Levanter, and his set, men of desperate fortune, no character and habits like my own. I discontinued all my former amusements and pursuits, systematically avoided the company of ladies, and spent my mornings at the Red House, shooting pigeons; my afternoons over the billiard table; and my nights at Crockford's,—or worse still, the minor gambling houses. Even whist lost its charms; the return was far too slow for a man living at a railroad pace, which threatened so soon to finish my career, and the tedious process of dealing, sorting, and playing the cards, appeared a sad waste of time to one who spent every day as if there was not to-morrow. By dint of constant excitement, I continued to shut my eyes to the perils which hourly environed me, and taking no note of the flight of time, stupified myself into forgetfulness of engagements, daily becoming due, and *liabilities* which would admit of no compromise.

The following is an anecdote on the virus of the new gambling mania, engendered by those atrocious "betting offices," 1852 :—

THE COUNTRYMAN LOOKING INTO THE "MONEY SCRIVENER'S."

"**SEEING** nothing," says he, "in the window or the shop, but a man seated on a high stool at a desk," he popped his head in at the door, and asked "Pray, what do'e please to sell here?" Upon which the man answered "blockheads." "Deed," cried the countryman, "why then, you must have a moighty foine trade, as you a' only got one left."

MORE "DEFINITIONS."

SERVANT.—One who sells his will to swell the will of another.

RARE INSTANCE OF NERVES.

AN Indian sword player declared, at a great public festival, that he could cleave a small lime, laid on a man's palm, without injury to the member; and the General (Sir Charles Napier) extended his right hand for the trial. The sword player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented upon with safety, and refused to proceed. The General then extended his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial, and when pressed twice waved his thin keen-edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally, he was forced to make trial; and the lime fell open, cleanly divided; the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin, without drawing a drop of blood!

TRUE GREATNESS.

PHILIP OF VALOIS used to say, that the greatest treasure of a king should be in the hearts of his subjects, and that he would rather be King of the French than of France.

RESULT.

ARISTIPPUS was asked what difference there was between a well-informed and an ignorant man; he replied, "Send them both among men, who are not acquainted with them, and thou wilt discover."

FATALISM.

ZENO was chastising a slave for theft. "Fate," said the man, "has determined that I should rob." "And that thou shouldst be punished also," replied Zeno.

BOLD ANSWER.

XERXES, wishing to force the pass of Thermopylæ, wrote to Leonidus, "Surrender thy arms." This hero replied to him, "Come and take them."

LACONIC REPLY.

A PERSIAN GENERAL wrote to Lysander, Chief of the Lacedæmonians, "*If* I enter Greece, I shall put all to fire and sword." Lysander replied to him only—" *If*."

PROVERB.

THE following proverb, taken from the Persian, appears an extremely happy one:—"With time and patience, the leaf of the mulberry tree is changed into silk."

PRECAUTION.

DIOGENES asked a considerable sum from a spendthrift. "How," said the man to him, "thou only asked a farthing from others!" "That is true," replied Diogenes, "but I cannot expect that you will be able to give many times."

FORTUNE TELLING.

SOME one had his fortune told by an astrologer. After having by means of ambiguous words told the man the events of his past, present, and future life, the fortune teller asked him for his customary fee. "How," said the inquisitive fellow, "you who pretend to know what is hidden, were you not aware that I had not a farthing in my pocket?"

FRATERNITY.

A SCYTHIAN KING summoned his children, and ordered them to break a bundle—a sheaf—of arrows. The young men, although muscular, not being able to do it, he took it in his turn, and having united it, he broke with his fingers each arrow separately. "Behold," said he to them, "the effects of union." "United," said he, "you will be invincible; taken separately, you will be broken like reeds."

RICHES.

WITH science and knowledge we have always resources and means of subsistence. Hence a philosopher, who had been shipwrecked, exclaimed in the midst of his companions, who were lamenting the loss of their fortunes, "As for me, I carry my fortune about me."

AN OMEN.

JULIUS CÆSAR having disembarked in Africa, fell down as he was leaving his vessel ; this appeared to his soldiers a very inauspicious omen ; he, however, turned the feelings of the army to his advantage, by exclaiming—" It is now, O ! Africa, that I hold thee !"

POETS.

WHEN Louis XIV. set out to lay siege to Mons, he ordered his two historians, Racine and Despréaux to follow him. Preferring a more tranquil life, they managed not to go. The King on his return reproached them with their conduct. " Sire," ingeniously replied the two poets, " as we only possessed dresses suitable to the City, we had ordered some for the Field, but the towns to which your Majesty laid siege were much sooner taken than our coats were made."

AN ACTOR.

THE celebrated actor, Talma, was one day suddenly accosted, while hunting, by a Gamekeeper, who asked him by what right he dared to hunt in that place ? The former, with a tone of full dignity, replied—" By what right do you say ?"

" By that great right the vast and towering mind
Has o'er the instinct of the vulgar kind."

The guard quite astounded by the imposing tone of this reply, withdrew, saying—" Pardon, Sir, I did not know that."

A LETTER.

THE following is a letter addressed by a Schoolboy to his Father:—

" My dear Papa,—I write to you to-day Monday ; I shall give my letter to the Carrier, who will set out to-morrow, Tuesday ; he will arrive the day after to-morrow, Wednesday ; you will send me, if you please, some money on Thursday ; if I do not receive any on Friday, I shall set out on Saturday—to get home Sunday."

THE LEARNED MAN.

AN extraordinary and difficult question had been propounded to the celebrated Doctor Abon Joseph, one of the most learned Mussulmen of his age. He ingeniously confessed his ignorance, and on this avowal, he was reproached with receiving enormous sums from the Royal Treasury, without being able to decide the points of Law on which he was consulted. " There is nothing wonderful in this," replied he, " I receive from the Treasury in proportion to what I know, but if I received in proportion to what I do not know, all the wealth of the Caliph's dominions would not be sufficient to pay me."

TIT FOR TAT.

VOLTAIRE and Piron had been to pass sometime at a country seat. One day, Piron wrote over the door of Voltaire's apartment, "*Rogue*." As soon as Voltaire saw it, he proceeded at once to Piron's, who said to him—"What chance procures me the pleasure of seeing you?" "Sir," answered Voltaire, "I saw your name over my door, and I am come to return the visit."

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

A WISE Arab had consumed his property in the service of a Caliph. This monarch, devoted to extravagant pleasures, said to him, ironically—"Do you know any one who professes greater disinterestedness than yourself?" "Yes sire." "Who is it?"—"You; I have only sacrificed my Fortune—You are sacrificing your Honour."

DILEMMA.

PROTAGORAS, an Athenian rhetorician, had agreed to instruct Evalthus in rhetoric, on condition that the latter should pay him a certain sum of money if he gained his first cause. Evalthus when instructed in all the precepts of the art, refused to pay Protagoras, who consequently brought him before the Arcopagus,* and said to the Judges—"Any verdict that you may give is in my favour: if it is on my side, it carries the condemnation of Evalthus; if against me, he must pay me, because he gains his first cause." "I confess," replied Evalthus, "that the verdict will be pronounced either for or against me; in either case I shall be equally acquitted: if the Judges pronounce in my favour, you are condemned; if they pronounce for you, according to our agreement, I owe you nothing, for I lose my first cause." The Judges being unable to reconcile the pleaders, ordered them to re-appear before the Court a hundred years afterwards.

PRECISION.

MANY replies of Thales are quoted, which give a high idea of his Philosophy, and shew with what precision the sages of his time endeavoured to solve the questions proposed to them. What is the most beautiful of all things? The Universe, for it is the Work of God.—The most vast? Space, for it contains every thing.—The strongest? Necessity, for it triumphs over all.—The most difficult? Self knowledge.—The most easy? To give advice.—What is requisite for leading an irreproachable life? To avoid doing that which we blame in others.—What is necessary for happiness? A healthy body, an easy fortune, an enlightened mind.

* Arcopagus—the Hill of Mars, where was held the supreme Council of Athens.

GODDESSES.

THEMISTOCLES being sent to the Isle of Andros to exact a tribute, convoked the assembly, and made his proposition; but meeting with difficulties in the matter, he said: "Men of Andros, I bring you two Goddesses—Persuasion and Force—choose at once, the one which pleases you." The Andrians replied, without hesitation—"We also, O! Themistocles, have two Goddesses—Poverty and Impossibility—take now the one which pleases you best."

HARANGUE.

THE worthy Malesherbes (Minister of Lewis XVI.), at the head of a Sovereign Court, had been deputed to harangue the Dauphin in his Cradle, who far from understanding a single word of the address, could only cry out, and shed tears to express his wants and griefs. He, the Minister, contented himself with saying: "May your Royal Highness, for the happiness of France, as well as for your own, always shew yourself insensible and deaf to the language of flattery, as you are this day to the discourse which I have the honour of pronouncing before you."

NEWSPAPERS.

THE Newspapers of Paris, submitted to the censorship of the press, in 1815, announced in the following terms, Bonaparte's departure from the Isle of Elba, his march across France, and his entry into the French Capital:—9th March—The Cannibal has escaped from his den. 10th—The Corsican ogre has just landed at Cape Juan. 11th—The Tiger has arrived at Gap. 12th—The Monster has passed the night at Grenoble. 13th—The Tyrant has crossed Lyons. 14th—The Usurper is directing his course towards Digon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body, and they surround him on all sides. 18th—Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the Capital; he has had skill enough to escape from the hands of his pursuers. 19th—Bonaparte advances rapidly, but he will never enter Paris. 20th—To-morrow, Napoleon will be under our ramparts. 21st—The Emperor is at Fontainebleau. 22nd—His Imperial and Royal Majesty last evening made his entrance into his Palace of the Tuileries, amidst the joyous acclamations of an adoring and faithful people.

GREATNESS.

EVERY Frenchman preserves in his memory the discourse which Henry IV. pronounced at the commencement of his reign in an assembly of principal citizens (or chief men) convoked at Rouen. This eternally memorable speech is as follows:—

"Already by the favor of Heaven, by the counsels of my worthy ministers, and by the sword of my brave nobility, have I rescued

this state from the slavery and ruin which threatened it. I wish to restore to it its power and its splendour. Share in this second glory as ye have partaken of the former. I have not called you, as my predecessors used to do, to force you blindly to approve my wishes, but to receive your advice, to trust in it, to follow it, to put myself into the guardianship of your hands. It is a desire which seldom enters the minds of kings, or conquerors, or grey-beards; but the love which I bear to my subjects, renders every thing possible and honourable to me.

CHARITY.

THE bakers of Lyons came to request of M. Dugas, provost of the tradesmen of that town, permission to raise the price of their bread. When they had explained their reasons to him, they left on the table a purse of 200 louis, having not the least doubt but that this sum would effectually plead their cause. Some days afterwards they presented themselves to receive his reply. "Gentlemen," said the Magistrate, "I have weighed your reasons in the scale of justice and have found them wanting in weight. I have not considered it necessary to make the people suffer for an ill-founded dearness; moreover I have distributed your money to the hospitals of this town, persuaded that you had no wish to employ it otherwise. It has also seemed to me, that since you are in a condition to grant such alms, you do not, as you say, lose in your trade."

THE SPOILT CHILD.

A LADY seeing her cherished boy cry and fret, near a servant who seemed to laugh in his face,—*"Champagne,"* said she, "why do you make my child cry so? Give him what he wants." "Madam, if he cry till to-morrow, he will not obtain what he wishes." "How, what do you mean? You are an impertinent fellow. I command you to satisfy the little darling this very instant." "Madam! it is impossible." "Oh! this is beyond all endurance. Monsieur! Monsieur! husband!" "Well, my dear, what is the matter now?" "Turn away this insolent servant who mocks me; who takes pleasure in contradicting my son, in refusing him what he wants and what I desire him to give." "It is very strange, *Champagne*, that you allow yourself to fail so grossly in your duty to your mistress, and to make your young master cry! Give him what he wants, or leave the house." "I will leave if it must be so, sir, but how can I give him the moon which he has just seen in a pail of water, and which he absolutely wishes to possess." At these words the master and mistress looked at each other—they could give no answer. All the company burst out laughing, husband and wife followed the merry example, and promised each other to correct their weakness towards their spoilt child, whose every wish they saw too well it would be difficult for them to accomplish.

CHARLES V.

USED to say that a man who knew four languages was worth four men ; in fact, all men have need of one another, and a stranger may be said not to exist for us, if we cannot understand his language. In short, the literature of every country reveals to him who can understand it, a new sphere of ideas. As to the dead languages, the man of letters, jealous of extending and multiplying his knowledge, penetrates into past ages, and advances over the scattered monuments of antiquity, to gather from them, amidst traces often all but obliterated, the spirit and the thoughts of the great men of all times.

A SOLVENT BANK.

THE best Bank ever yet known is a Bank of Earth, it never refuses to discount honest labour ; and the best Share is the Ploughshare, on which dividends are always liberal.

POWER OF ORTHOGRAPHY AND PUNCTUATION.

THE husband of a pious woman, having recently occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the clergyman of the parish, which, instead of spelling and pointing properly, viz., " A person having gone to *sea*, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation ;" she spelled and pointed as follows, " A person having gone to *see* his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

POVERTY.

To people who are down in the world it is quite as bad to appear to patronize them as it is to neglect them, indeed worse to a proud spirit, for the very sensitiveness which makes them susceptible to insult, enables them better to suffer to themselves, and to reject even kindness that has no delicacy for its companion.

CONTENTMENT.

A CONTENTED mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world, and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

ENVY.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction.

A COMMON CASE.

THE superiority of some men is merely local ; they are great, because their associates are little.

TOO TRUE.

THERE are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters. Truth, begets hatred; happiness, pride; security, danger; and familiarity, contempt.

A NUN'S WISH.

SOUTHEY, in his *Omnia*, relates the following :—When I was last in Lisbon, a Nun made her escape from a Nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking glass. She had entered the Convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face.

EGOTISM.

"It is a hard and nice subject," says Cowley, "for a man to speak of himself; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him."

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHEN Mrs. Hannah Moore asked him why he drank no wine, he honestly and wisely said, "Because if I drink at all, I shall drink too much. Abstinence is as easy as moderation is difficult."

YANKEE DOODLE.

AN American Paper remarks, since the late triumphs of Yankees in steaming, sailing, &c., Yankee doodle do, should be changed in England, to Yankee doodle did.

THE PALE FACES.

FREDRIKA BREMER, the other day in Winconsin, was invited to sit near the Fire, where some other ladies were seated, but replied, "No, No; you American ladies are very handsome, but you are too white; you sit down by a Fire of your own making, and neglect the great Fire that God has placed in the Heavens, which would give you health and colour."

POLITENESS

IS like an air cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but its cases jolt wonderfully.

AN IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.

IF a gentleman, who keeps a shoe store, with a red head, will return the umbrella which he borrowed of a young lady, with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to *her* advantage.

TEA AND COFFEE GROUNDS.

AMONG the various grounds on which the future can be predicted, are those of tea and coffee. The sloe leaf indicates that you have been cheated by your grocer. Grains of sand suggest the propriety of going to another shop for sugar. And chicory, red ochre, or mahogany sawdust, throws a slight doubt as to the purity of your grocer's boasted Mocha.

RUNAWAY WIVES AT THE CAPE.

WE copy the following advertisement from the *Graham's Town Journal*:—ELOPEMENTS! Ladies wishing to be freed from the tyranny of their husbands, can be accommodated by applying to No. 103, New Street, Graham's Town. N.B.—Saddle horses always in readiness.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF FOOD ON THE SYSTEM.

A MAN in this city informs us, that for many weeks past he has been sadly afflicted with drowsiness, and a desire to sleep, even before the god of day has gone down. For a long time he was unable to discover the cause, but he did so at last satisfactorily. He says, "that for several months he has been in the habit of taking with his breakfast, hens' eggs, served up in various forms—fried, boiled, and raw—until he is convinced that they have so entered his system that it is become necessary for him to *retire when the hens go to roost!*" If it also has the effect to arouse him in the morning at the hour the hens are abroad, we think the result will be beneficial in the end; but of this the man did not inform us.—*Lowell (U. S.) Vox Populi.*

THE CHINAMAN AND HIS WIVES.

CHUNG ATTAI and his brace of wives—his two better halves—have been introduced to the Queen and the Prince at Osborne. An illustrious lady was heard to remark that for one husband to have a couple of wives, seemed an odd way of matching China; very like giving one cup to two saucers.

TO PARENTS.

Boys that have been properly reared are men in point of usefulness at 16, while those that have been brought up in idleness are a nuisance at 21.

THE MARRIED LADIES OF FAIRMONT, N. J.

HAVE organised themselves into an Independent Order of Odd Ladies, in order to be revenged upon their Odd Fellow Husbands. Their Lodge is kept open half an hour longer at night than that of their husbands. "Who take care of the babies?"

A QUERY.

CAN any body tell us whether Cleopatra's was the Needle that took the stitch in time that saved nine ?

THE PRIME MINISTER AT BALMORAL AND A HIGHLAND WOMAN.

A GOOD joke is related of an old Highland woman, who came trudging an immense distance over the hills, having heard that the Prime Minister was to be at the Kirk on Sunday last. What thinks the reader was her errand ? She had heard of Lord John Russell, the Prime "*Meenister* of all England, and she expected to hear him hold forth in shoobleme discourse."

WAYS TO HAPPINESS.

THERE are two ways of being happy, we may either diminish our wants or augment our means ; either will do, the result is the same ; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and to do that which may happen to be the easiest. If you are idle or sick, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be easier than to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young or in health, it may be easier to augment your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, sick or well, rich or poor ; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

WORDS FOR A WEDDING.

Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why my friends ? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavour always to please one another, but at the same time keep God in yonr thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Consider what the word " wife " expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith, in her hand he must be able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honour and his home are under her keeping—his well being in her hand. Think of this ! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

A GOOD WIFE,

SAYS an American editor, is one who puts her husband in at the side of the bed next to the wall, and tucks him up to keep him warm, in the winter, splits the wood, makes the fire in the morning, washes her husband's face, and draws on his boots for him,

never scolds, never suffers a rent to remain in her husband's small clothes, keeps her shoes up at the beel and her stockings darned, never wonders at what her husband sees interesting in the young woman who lives across the way, never slams the door loud when her husband is speaking, and always reproves the children when they eat their father's supper.

KNOWLEDGE

CANNOT be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and like deep digging for pure waters ; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

"STILL so gently o'er me stealing," as the man said when he heard a thief in his garret.

AMONG the novelties advertised in the papers, are "single and married bedsteads."

SOME one says, poetically, "that woman is the melody of the human duet."

THERE is a Quaker, in Philadelphia, so upright, that he wont sit down to his meals ; and so down right in all his acts, that he never goes up stairs, but lodges in the basement.

THERE are three or four things which it seems very awkward for a woman to do, viz., to whistle, to throw stones at a cow, smoke a cigar, or climb a garden fence.

COMFORT in a storm is best insured by taking shelter in some friend's house about the time he is going to dinner, making him bring out his best port, and cracking walnuts by the fireside afterwards.

LET a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature, yet if boldness be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty.

A GENTLEMAN was awakened in the night and was told that his wife was dead. He turned round, drew the coverlid closer, pulled down his night cap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again, "Oh ! how grieved I shall be in the morning."

"MARGARET, what did you do with all that tallow, Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning ?" "Please marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it." "Lucky you did, miss—I thought you had wasted it."

A LEARNED counsel once said to a witness—"Sir, did I understand you to say, that you saw the defendant strike the plaintiff ?" "I know not what you may have understood," said the witness, "but if my eyes served me properly, I certainly did witness a manœuvre that would warrant such a description."

FIRST STEP TO MISERY.

THE first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things, and the height of misfortune is to be able to indulge such affections.

A SECRET.

THERE is a gentleman in the Legislature who can be trusted with any secret—for nothing he can say will be believed.

SOMETHING NICE FOR A SERPENT.

As the boa-constrictor, at the Zoological Gardens, has swallowed his bed, the council of the society has ordered him blanket puddings.

ODDITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A FOREIGNER wants to know why we call a washerwoman *land-ress*, when she is always dabbling in the *vatre*.

WIT IN THE NEW CUT.

A DYER has hung up in his shop window the following label :—
“Decorum est pro Patria Mori.”

THE NATURAL MORALIST.

THE autumnal breeze is not celebrated for making good resolutions, and yet it keeps turning over a new leaf.

BOOTS.

HE that wears a tight boot is apt to have a narrow understanding.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF APPLICATION.

THERE is not a more extraordinary instance of constant application than that which is shown by the Tax-gatherer.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

THERE is a man who has tried all manner of things, and never found any thing answer but “*Echo*.”

A RECIPE FOR SEEDY CAKE.

MAKE a tipsy cake over night; the tipsy cake will sure to be seedy cake the next morning.

IN-DOOR GARDENING.

ON cold damp nights in winter, prepare hot beds with a warmingpan.

WHERE TO GO ?

"WHERE shall we go to-day ?" is a question often asked, every morning, by visitors from the country, at breakfast. "Why you had better go home ; you have spent all your money, and lost your time, and if you remain any longer in London, you will be very dissatisfied with the monotony of your native village."

A CAPITAL RIDING HABIT.

NEVER to pay a toll when you can avoid it.

HORNE'S TRAGEDY.

TAKING a friend home when there is nothing but cold meat for dinner.

THE NATURE OF GREEK FIRE.

WHAT the celebrated Greek Fire was, is not exactly known ; but it seems to have resembled Irish impudence, in as much as it could never be put out. Strange, however, that the extreme of heat should be comparable to the height of coolness.

YANKEEISM.

I KNOW a maiden old lady down in Virginia, who objects to the study of gardening, because she says, "it is a *naughty culture*" (an horticulture).

CHILD'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

THAT rubbing his cheeks with the cat's tail will produce the growth of whiskers.

THAT pigeons' milk is a marketable commodity.

THAT strap oil is good for sharpening penknives.

THAT school is the happiest time of his life.

ADVANTAGE OF JOLLITY.

WHAT'S the odds so you're happy ? Ten to one in your favour.

FAST DAYS.

The following are the principal Fast Days during the current year:—

DAYS of call to the bar, when young gentlemen are invested with a barrister's wig and gown.

DAYS of passing the College of Surgeons, and the Apothecaries' Hall, by medical aspirants.

DAYS when legacies of maiden aunts drop in.

BIRTH days, and (occasionally) anniversaries of marriage.

Fast Days begin at any hour after breakfast and terminate "next morning."

COLLEGE MEN.

My years are many ; they were few
When first I entered at the U-

niversity.

POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SUPPOSE the young, heedless, raw, and inexperienced in the hands of money scriveners, such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills, if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, till they squeeze him, the heart, blood, and guts out of him.

DUBELLAMY, who was at one period of his life a shoemaker, afterwards became an actor, and that when he had quitted his original occupation for the stage, he, one day, gallanted some ladies to a shop, in Cranbourne Alley, London, who went thither to purchase shoes. In his great zeal to see them well fitted, he found such technical fault' with the articles offered to them for sale, that the journeyman "*spied a brother*," and could bear it no longer. "Come, come, master," said he, to Dubellamy, "this is telling the secrets of the trade, and that is not fair to *one another*."

THE MARY-LE-BONE SEMINARY, IN LONDON,

WAS, at one time, a fashionable stepping stone to Westminster and other public schools, of the first order. The head master of it, Old Doctor Fountain ("*Principium et Fons*"), was a worthy, good natured, *Domine*, in a bush wig; and his wife had a head of hair which exhibited a prodigious variety of colours. This diversity of tints must have arisen from different experiments she practised upon her tresses; and so conspicuous was the effect, that if Beremice's locks had a right to rank among the stars, Mrs. Fountain's *chevelure* had as clear a claim to pass for a rainbow.

It is odd that this lively old lass, whose faded charms still testified that she had been a fine woman, should have anticipated, by many a year, the chemical attempts now made to beautify ringlets, eye brows, whiskers, and mustachoes. Whatever were the ingredients of her specifics, they evidently failed as much as those modern infallibles which have rendered a purple pate, upon human shoulders, more common than a *Blue Boar* upon a sign post. But although Dame Fountain rejected powder and pomatum (which were universally worn), she nevertheless so far conformed with the prevalent female fashions, as to erect a formidable messuage, or tenement of hair, upon the ground-plot of her pericranium.

A towering *toupie* pulled up all but by the roots, and strained over a cushion on the top of her head, formed the centre of the building; tiers of curls served for the wings; a hanging *chignon* behind defended her *occiput* like a buttress, and the whole fabric was kept tight and weather proof, as with nails and iron cramps, by a quantity of long single and double black pins.

If I could but for five minutes, take from the author of the *Waverley Novels*, that pen so pencil-like in portraying the minutest parts of ancient attire, I would describe the body clothes of this matron of Mary-le-bone; but as my pictures are only sketches, and dabs of the pound-brush, I content myself with saying, that the several dresses and decorations of her person were in keeping with the machinery of her head: and at a certain hour of each day, she threw over her rustling habiliments a thin snow white linen wrapper (tied at precise intervals, with strings of the same colour) which descended from her throat to her ancles. In this costume she was daily wont to mount herself upon an elevated stool, near a wide fire-place, to preside over the urchins of her husband's academy, while they ate their dinners; which ceremony was performed in the hall of the mansion—an old rambling house, allied to the Gothic—at long tables covered with cloths, most accurately clean, and with wholesome boiled and roast most excellently cooked. It was certainly not a display of the sublime and beautiful, but it was a scene of the pompous and the pleasing, when this comely old hen sat in state, watching over the merry brood of chickens under her care. Nothing could be better, than her whole arrangement of this puerile refractory, nothing better than the taste and judgment with which she restrained the clamour, but allowed the mirth, of the boys, during the repast, and for the repast itself—Oh! what batter puddings!

AN OXONIAN'S ARRIVAL AT THE UNIVERSITY IN THE YEAR 1830.

THE retainers in my establishment, at Oxford, were a scout and a bed-maker; so that, including myself, I might have said with Gilbert—"my company is but small, we are but three." There was this difference, indeed, between Captain Gilbert and myself—he insisted on dividing booty with his gang, but I submitted to be robbed by my adherents. My two mercenaries, having to do with a perfect *green-horn*, laid in all the articles for me which I wanted—wine, tea, sugar, coals, candles, bed and table linen, with many useless *et cætera*, which they told me I wanted, charging me for every thing full half more than they had paid, and then purloining from me full half of what they had sold. Each of these worthy characters, who were upon a regular salary, introduced an assistant (the first his wife, the second her husband), upon no salary at all;—the auxiliaries demanding no further emolument than that which arose from their being the conjugal helpmates of the stipendiary despoilers. Hence I soon discovered the policy of always employing a married scout, and bed-maker, who are married *to each other*; for, since almost all the College menials are yoked in matrimony, this rule consolidates knavery, and reduces your *minage* to a couple of pilferers, instead of four. *Your scout* it must be owned, is not an animal remarkable for sloth; and when he considers the quantity

of work he has to slur over with small pay, among his multitude of masters, it serves, perhaps, as a slave to his conscience, for his petty larcenies. He undergoes the double toil of boots at a well-frequented inn, and a waiter at Vauxhall, in a successful season. After coat brushing, shoe cleaning, and message running, in the morning, he has upon an average, half a dozen supper parties to attend, in the same night, and at the same hour;—shifting a plate here, drawing a cork there;—running to and fro, from one set of chambers to another;—and almost solving the Irishman's question of "how can I be in two places at once, unless I was a bird."

The bed-maker whom I originally employed was rather more rapacious than her sister's harpies; for before she commenced the usual depredations upon me, she had the ingenuity to rob me of that which did not enrich *her*, and made me very uncomfortable indeed! The article of which she contrived to despoil me was neither more nor less than a *night's sleep*. This aforesaid theft was committed, as the deponent hereby setteth forth, in manner and form following:—My spirits had been flurried during the day, from the revolution of my state; launched from the School Dock, into the wide ocean of a University; matriculated by the Vice-Chancellor, in the morning—left by my father at noon—dining in the Hall, at three o'clock, unknowing and almost unknown—informed that I must be in the Chapel, next day, soon after sun-rise—elated with my growing dignity—depressed by boyish *mauvias honte*—among the Sophs, dreading College discipline—forestalling College jollity—ye Gods! what a conflict of passion does all this create in a booby boy! I was glad on retiring early to rest, that I might ruminate, for five minutes over the important events of the day, before I fell fast asleep. I was not then in the habit of using a night lamp, or burning a rush-light; so having dropped the extinguisher upon my candle, I got into bed, and found to my dismay, that I was reclining in the dark, upon a surface very like that of a pond in a hard frost. The jade of a bed-maker had spread the spickspan new sheeting over the blankets, fresh from the linen-draper's shop; unwashed, unironed, unaired, with all its imperfections on its head.

Through the tedious hours of an inclement January night, I could not close my eyes; my teeth chattered, my back shivered; I thrust my head under the bolster; drew up my knees to my chin; it was all useless; I could not get warm; I turned again and again; at every turn a hand or a foot touched upon some new cold place; and at every turn the chill glazy clothwork crepitated like iced buckram. God forgive me, for having execrated the authoress of my calamity!—but I verily think that the meekest of Christians who prays for his enemies, and for mercy upon all "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics," would in his orisons, in such a night of misery, make a specific exception against his bed-maker. I rose betimes languid and feverish, hoping that the

customary morning oblations would somewhat refresh me, but on taking up a towel, I might have exclaimed with Hamlet "*Ay there's the rub!*"—it was just in the same state as the linen of the bed, and as uncompromising a piece of huckaback of a yard long, and three quarters wide, (I give the usual dimensions) as ever presented its superficies to the skin of a gentleman. Having washed and scrubbed myself in the bed-chamber till I was nearly flayed with friction, I proceeded to my sitting-room, where I found a blazing fire, and a breakfast very neatly laid out; but I again encountered the same *rigour!* The tea equipage was placed upon a substance which was snow white, but unyielding as a skin of new parchment from a law stationer's; it was the eternal unwashed linen! and I dreaded to sit down to hot rolls and butter, lest I should cut my shins against the edge of the table cloth.

A SAYING OF MY UNCLE'S.

WHAT is the relation of a member of Parliament to a Pawnbroker?
—The same as that of any man who gives pledges and spouts.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

PORT wine to day, black draught to-morrow.

DOGMA, BY A D. D.

OLD port with a crust, is meat and drink.

IT is said that a fast young gentleman of this town heats his shaving water by "the fire of his own genius."

A QUEER looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and looking gravely at the "knight of the hammer," inquired—"Can I bid, sir?" "Certainly," replied the auctioneer, "you can bid." "Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good night."

SOME one was asked—"What works he had in the press?" he replied—"Why the History of the Bank, with *notes*; the Art of Cookery, with *plates*; and the Science of Single-stick, with *wood cuts*."

A PERSON meeting an old man with silver hairs, and very black whiskers, asked him—"How it happened that his beard was not so grey as the hair of his head." "Because," said the old gentleman, "*it is twenty years younger*."

WILLIS, in speaking of the West Indies, says—"The fields of sugar canes are so unprovided with fences, that all a wayfarer has to do, when he wants refreshment, is *to cut a stick and suck*." Dobbs, who has tried it on, says—"The better way is, *to suck and cut stick*, especially if the overseer keeps a bull dog."

THE DRUNKARD'S CHARACTER,

FROM a volume of pamphlets, lettered "Miscellaneous Sheets," presented by George III. to the British Museum, (the date is 1646):—"A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the distraction of reason. He is the only brewer's agent; the tavern and alehouse benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe; his childrens' sorrow; his own shame. In summer he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man."

BIOGRAPHY OF MAN.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd for since the claims
Of social life to diff'rent labours urge
The active powers of man, with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.

To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of Heaven: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time and space, and fate's unbroken chain
And wills quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains.

AKENSIDE.

GOLDSMITH'S REMARKS ON THE PRESS—1674.

THE success of the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, produced a most illiberal personal attack on the author in one of the public prints:—

"Lest it may be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in my life, I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the *Ledger*; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the *St. James's Chronicle*. If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

"I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom—as a watchful guardian capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public, most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interests to making in-roads on private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the

great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear, till, at last, every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

“How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell. All I could wish is, that as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter, after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world; by recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.”

CHEER UP.

Never go gloomy, man with a mind,
 Hope is a better companion than fear;
 Providence ever benignant and kind,
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;
 All will be right
 Look to the light
 Morning was ever the daughter of night;
 All that was black will be all that is bright,
 Cheerily, cheerily, then! cheer up.
 Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
 Many a trouble a blessing most true.
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise
 With love ever precious and joys ever new!
 Stand in the van,
 Strive like a man:
 This is the bravest and cleverest plan;
 Trusting in God, while you do what you can,
 Cheerily, cheerily, then I cheer up.

M. F. TUPPER.

PARTY COLOURS.

THE colours at most of the Irish elections were black and blue—worn principally on the legs and arms of the contending parties.—*Punch*.

A LATE writer thinks the nightingale a very over estimated vocalist. “His reputation he owes to his eccentricity in singing at midnight, when nobody would think of making melody except darkies, and medical students practising on the trombone.” This is a new view of the question, and it may be the correct one.

HOBBS' PHILOSOPHY.—How to make Pot-boil.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF POETS.

IT would be worth while to consider the domestic lives of all the greater Poets of modern times, for the ancients lacked those refinements and enjoyments of which we speak—Shakespeare, Dante, Milton—all of whom have come next the human heart, but found no object in life to satiate the restless yearnings of their hearts, and appease at the same time the fastidious cravings of their imaginations. Dissatisfaction is the lot of the Poet, if it be that of any being; and therefore, these gushings of the spirit, these pourings out of their innermost soul on imaginary topics, because there was no altar in their home worthy of the libation.

AN OPINION ON LOVE AND LOVERS.

A LADY writer, who may be considered competent to speak on the subject, says—"There is generally speaking, so much in a man's nature that is incomprehensible to a woman, that it is always a daring task for her to weigh his actions, or to attempt the definition of his feelings. His love is seldom her love—his faith is not her faith—his life is not her life. Only in a moment of existence which shines out briefly and brightly in the dark expanse of memory, like stars on the purple firmament, does it seem that love and sympathy can raise the curtain and let one soul perceive the other. For if woman knows not man's heart, he cannot, except in rarest instances, regulate the spring of her faults, or discover the fountain of her virtues." There are lovers who dissent from some part of this lady's opinion.

ASTRONOMICAL WIT.

A PERSON lately remarking the brightness of a moonlight night with the usual observations of—"How bright the moon shines to night," was answered, by a Punster, with—"I should wonder if it didn't." "Why?" said the other—"Because," said he—"That's the same moon that a month ago took all the shine out of the sun."

MONEY.

To make money plenty and cheap has been the study of statesmen for the last ten centuries, and yet when a counterfeit steps in and shews them how it is done, he is bundled off to prison for a dozen years or more. What an ungrateful world!

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

IT is good sense for a young lady, to urge as an excuse for not learning French, that one tongue is sufficient for any woman.

A PEEP AT AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

SHE is bound for New York, with forty cabin passengers, and two hundred steerage ditto. Sixteen guineas are demanded for the after passage, the sum of two pounds ten is the ticket for the steerage multitude. And such a multitude! Three-fifths Irish; one-fifth Germans; and a timid, irresolute, sacred, woe-begone fifth of English, who look as if they had gone to sleep in Liverpool, and had been knocked up in the Tower of Babel. A confusion of tongues—a confusion of tubs—a confusion of boxes—a flux of barbarous words—a tangle of children settling on bulk-heads and ladder rounds like locusts—and an odour! ugh! let us go on deck wither all the passengers follow us; for the muster roll is being called, and as the authorities verify the name and passage money receipt of each emigrant, the Government Emigration agent ascertains that there are no cases of infectious disease among the passengers; no lame, no halt, and blind; no paralytics and no bed-ridden dotards. Andy O Scullabogue, of Ballyshandy, County Cork, is turned back for having a trifle of five children ill with putrid fever. Judith Murphy can by no means be passed, for she is appallingly crippled. Florence M. Shane is sent on shore, because she is blind; and Terrence Rooney because his mother has only one leg.

SAINT MARK'S EVE.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"THE Devil choke thee with un!"—as Master Giles, the yeoman, said this, he banged down a hand, the size and colour like a ham, on the old fashioned oak table;—"I do say the Devil choke thee with un!"

The Dame made no reply:—she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver—the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people, but true as it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question, but the Dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high words, which properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal times seldom passed over without some contention of the sort—as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they—being in fact equally greedy and disagreeable—and when they did pick a quarrel they picked it to the bone.

It was reported, that on some occasions they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had come to scuffling—he taking to boxing, and she to pinching, though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with "wishing each other dead with all their hearts,"—and there seemed

little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces,—for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind. Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark, a Saint who was supposed on that Festival to favour his votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate, for it was the popular belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight, beside the Church, the apparition of all those of the parish who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The Yeoman, like his neighbours, believed most devoutly in this superstition; and, in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him that the even was at hand, when, by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight, he stole quietly out of the house, and in something like a sexton-like spirit, set forth on his way to the Church.

In the mean time, the Dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the Saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal, the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight shewed them to each other, only a few yards apart; both through a natural panic, as pale as ghosts; and both making eagerly towards the Church porch. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tombstones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

It will be supposed the two came only to one conclusion, each conceiving that Saint Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and the widower elected home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers. By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humour, though mutually suspected of the worst; and amongst other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The Dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year*, and the Farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro for several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and

then having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then, they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other, as being already in the church-yard, mould, or quite "moulded to their wish."

On the morrow, which happened to be the Dame's birth-day, the Farmer was the first to wake, and "knowing what he knew," and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife "who knew as much as he," very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes, the pattern of a widow's bonnet, that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver, at dinner, to the doomed man, considering that when he was dead and gone, she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the Farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tit-bits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but over-loading him with hospitality, when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincere affections, there were as many causes for quarrel as ever; but every day it became less worth while to quarrel, so letting by-gones be by-gones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) "as good as dead."

Ten months wore away, and the Farmer's birth-day arrived in its turn. The Dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in the morning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many happy years to come. The Farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included; his own visions having been of the fanciful sort, for he had dreamt of having a headache, from wearing a black hat-band, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation, and melancholy on both sides; when the dinner came, although the most favorite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The Farmer, resting his elbows upon the board with his face between his hands, gazed wishfully on his wife, scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh off her cheeks, and in fancy converting her whole head into a mere caput-mortuum. The Dame leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the Yeoman quite as ruefully by the same process of imagination, picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the complexion of a plaster cast. Their minds travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived

together at the same reflection, but the Farmer was the first to give it utterance.

"Thee'd be missed, Dame, if thee were to die!" The Dame started. Although she had nothing but death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra cold coffin plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest: recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit—"I wish, master, thee may live so long as I!"

The Farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humour, and dove-tailed her own inclinations unto his, in a manner that could never be supplied; and he thought of her, if not the language, at least in the spirit of the Lady in Lalla Rookh:—

"I never taught a bright Gazelle
To watch me with its dark black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly "that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone!" The Dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without starting; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted Yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her, that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting Farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a memento mori face, she broached the matter in the following question—"Master, how bee'st?"

"As hearty, Dame, as a buck." The Dame shook her head—"and I wish thee life," at which he shook his head himself. A dead silence ensued. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently, an experiment which has never answered any more than with ironstone china. The Dame felt this, and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him in as many words that he was a dead man.

It was now the Yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the Dame's death warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as "the pale of

society"—the courtlis complexion of late hours. St. Martin had numbered his years ; and the remaining days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubled if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife :—

"Thee hast watch'd, Dame, at the Church porch, then !"

"Aye Master."

"And thee didst see me spirituously !"

"In the brown wrap, with the boot hose. Thee were coming to the Church, by Fairthorn Gap ; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge."

For a minute the Farmer paused—but the next, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter ;—peal after peal—and each higher than the last—according to the hysterical gamut of the hyena. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought it a delirium—a lightening before death, and was beginning to wring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry Yeoman.

"Dame, thee bee'st a fool, it was I myself that seed thee at the Church porch. I seed thee too—with a notice to quit, upon thy face—but thanks to God, thee bee'st a-living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten month !"

The Dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husbaud, she shewed that she shared in the sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate suffering of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the country ; but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.—BEAR AND FORBEAR.

EVERYTHING has its ludicrous point of view, and funny incidents occur even on such *grave* occasions as funerals. A certain Cockney Bluebeard, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him ?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," cried a bystander, "he'll soon *re-wife*."

To be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

A COQUETTE is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her *beau* in a quiver.

DOWN East they put a fellow in gaol for swindling. The audacious scamp dried snow, and sold it for salt.

A GENUINE Down Easter has invented a new kind of dwellings. They are made of Indian rubber, and are so portable that you can carry a row of three-story houses in your hat.

HE who remains in the mill grinds, not he who comes and goes. BE abstemious—"Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."

FOUR CHOICE THINGS TO LIVE FOR.

ALPHONSE, King of Arrogan, once said—"There were only four things worth living for. Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with."

CURING LAZINESS.

THE Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast, that, by briskly plying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

CURIOUS MUTATION.

WE have always been aware that on our canals Paddies generally raise riots; but, what was our astonishment to learn, from a recent agricultural work, that in certain districts in India, labourers, termed *ryots*, raise a sort of rice known as *paddy*!

LIFE.

Say, what is Life? A wasting thing,
That bringeth bitter sighs,
Fades as the fragrant rose of spring,
Or like a bird on wounded wing,
Flutters and then it dies.

Say, what is Life? A fleeting shade—
A sun-beam in decay,
In evanescent pride array'd
Like as the trees near yonder glade,
Stript of their vestments gay.

Say, what is Life? A thorny way
That points to misery—
That glows at morn, with brightest ray,
But drooping, at the close of day,
Submits to fate's decree.

SOON ANSWERED.

"JOHN," said the school master, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?"—"Oh! sir," replied John, "I shall put easy words into them."

THE AUGEAS STABLE.

IT was represented that one of the twelve labours of Hercules, was the cleansing of the Augeas Stable, which had been soiled by the dung of 3,000 oxen, for thirty years, which was cleansed by turning a river through it.

And that the House of Commons might be cleansed by turning the tide of popular opinion through it.

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"Dame, thee bee'st a fool, it was I myself that seed thee at the Church porch. I seed thee too—with a notice to quit, upon thy face—but thanks to God, thee bee'st a-living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten month !

The Dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husbaud, she shewed that she shared in the sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate suffering of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the country ; but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.—BEAR AND FORBEAR.

EVERYTHING has its ludicrous point of view, and funny incidents occur even on such *grave* occasions as funerals. A certain Cockney Bluebeard, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the *grave* of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him ?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," cried a bystander, "he'll soon *re-wife*."

To be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

A COQUETTE is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her *beau* in a quiver.

DOWN East they put a fellow in gaol for swindling. The audacious scamp dried snow, and sold it for salt.

A GENUINE Down Easter has invented a new kind of dwellings. They are made of Indian rubber, and are so portable that you can carry a row of three-story houses in your hat.

HE who remains in the mill grinds, not he who comes and goes. BE abstemious—"Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."



FOUR CHOICE THINGS TO LIVE FOR.

ALPHONSE, King of Arrogan, once said—"There were only four things worth living for. Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with."

CURING LAZINESS.

THE Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast, that, by briskly plying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

CURIOUS MUTATION.

WE have always been aware that on our canals Paddies generally raise riots; but, what was our astonishment to learn, from a recent agricultural work, that in certain districts in India, labourers, termed *ryots*, raise a sort of rice known as *paddy*!

LIFE.

Say, what is Life? A wasting thing,
That bringeth bitter sighs,
Fades as the fragrant rose of spring,
Or like a bird on wounded wing,
Flutters and then it dies.

Say, what is Life? A fleeting shade—
A sun-beam in decay,
In evanescent pride array'd
Like as the trees near yonder glade,
Stript of their vestments gay.

Say, what is Life? A thorny way
That points to misery—
That glows at morn, with brightest ray,
But drooping, at the close of day,
Submits to fate's decree.

SOON ANSWERED.

"JOHN," said the school master, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?"—"Oh! sir," replied John, "I shall put easy words into them."

THE AUGEAS STABLE.

IT was represented that one of the twelve labours of Hercules, was the cleansing of the Augeas Stable, which had been soiled by the dung of 3,000 oxen, for thirty years, which was cleansed by turning a river through it.

And that the House of Commons might be cleansed by turning the tide of popular opinion through it.

DON'T BE THE SLAVE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is a painful fact, but there is no denying it, the mass are the tools of circumstances ; thistle down on the breeze, straw on the river, their course is shaped for them by the currents and the eddies of the stream of life. But only in proportion as they are things, not men and women. Man was meant to be not the slave, but the master of circumstances ; and in proportion as he recovers his humanity, in every sense of that great obsolete word ; in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which in self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty, to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will.

ADVICE.

HENRY CLAY, in giving advice to young men, said—"I owe my success in life, I think chiefly, to one single fact ; viz., that at the age of twenty-seven, I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off hand efforts, were made sometimes in a corn field, at others in a forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice, of the art, of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my whole subsequent destiny."

LIKE THEIR IMPUDENCE.

AN English lady on arriving at Calais, on her way to make a grand tour, was surprised and somewhat indignant, at being termed, for the first time in her life, "a foreigner." "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners, we are English."

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years of age, my friends one holiday filled my pocket with half-pence. I ran directly towards a shop where they sold toys for children ; but being charmed with the sound of a whistle, on which a boy, whom I met, was playing, I offered him all my money for it, and came home highly pleased, with my whistle, but disturbing all the family with its noise. My brothers and sisters, on my telling them the bargain which I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind how many good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the affection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me ; and the impression continued so much upon my mind that when I have been tempted,

to buy some unnecessary thing, I have said to myself, "Do not give too much for the whistle," and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for their whistles.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps, his friends, to attain them, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind and fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I saw one fond of expence and show, of fine clothes, furniture, and equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his life in prison; "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

When I saw a beautiful sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, "What a pity it is," said I, "that she has paid so much for her whistle."

In short, I imagine, that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimate which they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

MASQUE OF NATURE.

Who is this beautiful Virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of white and green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful Virgin? If ye have, tell me who is she, and what is her name?

Who is this that cometh from the South, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, and the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the graceful acid of all fruits—the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry—which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming, and the sheep-shearer who clips the fleeces of his flock with his surrounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she

that cometh from the South ? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name ?

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares ? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn is fixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat-sheaf ? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name ?

Who is he that cometh from the North, clothed in furs and warm wool ? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bold—his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. If he were to stroke you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens do you see him ? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name ?

FLOWERS.

Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair handed spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes,
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock, which scents the garden round.

From the soft wing of vernal breezes sheds
Anemonies ; auriculas enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculas of glowing red ;
Then come the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
To family, as flies the fathers dust
The varied colours run ; and while they breathe
On the charmed eye, exulting florist marks
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

RATHER THIN-SKINNED.

WE know an actor, who, not meeting with that professional success to which he considered himself entitled, cannot bear to sit in a room where there is a tea-urn or kettle. The hissing recalls the scenes of the past too painfully.

DISPUTES.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments, that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince an enemy.

DEFINITIONS.

POLICEMAN—A man paid by the parish to sleep in the open air.

BABY—A young person who drinks.

ALBUM—A drawing-room mantrap set by young ladies.

OLD MAID—A quiver full of arrows with no-beau attached.

THE PEPPERBOX OF HUMANITY—A peripatetic wig block.

1774.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY DOCTOR JOHNSON.

This Monument is raised,
To the Memory of
Oliver Goldsmith
Poet, natural Philosopher and
Historian
Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorned by his Pen,
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears :
He was a powerful master
Over the affections
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant ;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively and
Equal to every subject :
In expression at once noble,
Pure and delicate.
His memory will last
As long as society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the Kingdom of Ireland
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

LAWS OF NATURE.

"NATURE, Sir, nature," observed a first-rate ornamentor of the hair, while quickly rubbing his hands together, in order to dissolve a nob of bear's grease, which he held between them, "she defies the power of man to set her laws aside ; and rest assured this grease, which has manured, and then matured the hair, on the bear's back, will perform the self-same office on your head." "He's right, Sir ; he's quite right, I assure you," said a wag standing by "for I know a friend of mine who was bald, and, in mistake, was sold a pot of goose grease ; this he applied, and in a little time his head was covered with feathers."

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

It is a Spanish maxim that "he who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he who loseth his spirits, loseth all;" so keep up your spirits and a fig for care.

THE BEST TEACHERS.

"WHAT is wanting," said Napoleon to Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good Mothers," was the reply. The Emperor was struck with the answer. "Here, then," said he, "is a system of education in one word."

A TRUTHFUL REPLY.

AN Irishman having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge, if he had anything to say for himself, replied with the characteristic humour of his country—"Never a single word, yer honour, and its my real opinion there's been a grate deal too much said as it is."

A REASON.

A MINISTER was walking out one day, and passed two little boys, one of whom made a bow. As he turned his back he heard the following amusing conversation:—"Why, John, didn't you know that was parson M?" "Yes, of course I did. Well, why, my mother don't belong to his church."

A CONTENTED MAN.

IN Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water, and a general complaint of the want of it. An Irish officer said "he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

MODESTY.

AN Irishwoman once called upon an Apothecary with a sick infant, when the Apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning. The woman replied—"Perhaps your honour will lend me a sixpence the while, as I hav'n't got one at all."

CHARACTER OF THE ARABS.

THE Arabs cultivate the feelings, and are a nation of bandits; they are exceedingly generous, exceedingly hospitable, and exceedingly unjust; they utter the noblest sentiments, and steal the saddle from under you; they talk of the magnanimity of the Bedouins, and they cut your throat.

SECOND-HAND MEN.

A **MATRON**, dwelling on the banks of the Tees, when under cross-examination as a witness at the Durham assizes, turned up her nose at an insinuation that her daughter was inclined to wed a widower. "Very likely, indeed," said she, with a toss of her head, "that my daughter should marry a second-hand man."

A GOOD TURN OFF FOR A SAILOR.

WILLIAM IV. seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when at table with several officers: he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty," inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service." "Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "I mean to say it has done its duty once and is ready to do it again."

POWER OF HEAT ON ANIMALS.

Home from his morning task the swain retreats,
His flock before him stepping to the fold,
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food—
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, the magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight,
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd
All the hot noon till cooling hours arise;
Faint underneath the household fowl's convene;
And in the corner of a buzzing shade
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound lies,
Outstretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale, 'till wakened by the wasp
They starting snap.

WHEN Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I'm no judge of colour," said Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

A **COUNTRY** boy was riding a horse to one of the English fairs, for sale, when he was accosted by a sprig of a dealer, who called out in a consequential tone—"Why Jack, the horse you're riding is badly; look what a white face he's gettin." "Aye," said the boy, breaking off whistling, "an' you'd hev a white face, too, if you'd looked through a halter as long as he hev."

SAVE the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.

BE frugal—that which will not make a pot may make a pot lid.

FREQUENT not public houses; no good ever came out of it, nor ever will.

YOUNG MEN IN BUSINESS.

IN the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake—decide upon some particular employment—persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

A new fender has been invented for breaking the force of collisions. The new fender is said to be a vast improvement upon the old buffer.

TICKLED BY A STRAW.

A new paper, manufactured entirely of straw, has been discovered. Perhaps the most appropriate purpose it can be put to, will be for men of straw, to draw and accept their bills upon.

VALUABLE EVIDENCE.

IN a case of assault, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman :—
 “ Did you see the defendant throw the stone ? ” “ I saw a stone, and I ’ze pretty sure the defendant throw’d it. ” “ Was it a large stone ? What was its size ? ” “ I should say a sizeable stone. ”
 “ Can’t you answer definitely how big it was ? ” “ I should say it was a stone of some bigness. ” “ Can’t you compare it to some other object ? ” “ Why, if I were to compare it, so as to give you some notion of the stone, I should say it were as large as a lump of chalk. ”

WHAT if you fail in business ? You still have life and health. Don’t sit down and cry about mishaps, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy your children frocks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting, and above all, keep a merry heart, and you’ll be up in the world.

BE not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. A cat in gloves catches no mice.

ATTEND to your business and never trust it to another. A pot that belongs to many is ill-stirred and worse boiled.

TREAT every one with respect and civility. Every thing is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy. Good manners insure success.

HE who waits for dead men’s shoes, may have to go for a long time barefoot. He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.

RISE early, the sleeping fox catches no poultry. Plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep.

NEVER anticipate wealth from any other source than labour : especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

ALTHOUGH he had not much sustained his literary culture, and of late years at any rate had not given his mind to political study, he had in the course of his life seen and heard a great deal, and with profit. Nothing escaped his observation ; he forgot nothing, and always thought. So it was that on all the great political questions of the day he had arrived at conclusions which guided him. He always took large views, and had no prejudices about things, whatever he might indulge in as to persons. He was always singularly anxious to acquire the truth, and would spare no pains for that purpose ; but when once his mind was made up it was impossible to influence him.—*Disraeli's Political Biography.*

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

E'en while I write the year departs !
 Along the marbled hall,
 I hear its fast faint accents steal —
 Its last faint footsteps fall :
 The year is fled !
 The year is fled ! but not the scenes,
 The deeds it brought to light !
 Its broken vows—its follies—crimes—
 Live ever in God's sight ;
 And judgment wait !
 On, on the monarch speeds again !
 The moments call—Away !
 But time shall reach his goal at length
 When God shall rise and say,
 Judgment is come !
 Bid earth her slumbering host awake !
 Let Heaven and Hell draw nigh !
 Blot on the sun, pluck down the stars—
 Its flame's dissolve the sky !
 Time is no more !

LET other people's business alone, you will have enough to do, if you attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Think twice before you throw away a shilling. Remember you will have another to make for it. Look over your books regularly, and if an error occurs, trace it out.

AN old toper, chancing to drink a glass of water for want of something stronger, smacked his lips and turned to one of his companions, remarking—" Why it don't taste badly, I have no doubt 'tis wholesome for females and tender children."

AN Emerald, being advised to purchase a trunk, asked—" An' what should I do with it ?" To this, his adviser replied—" Put your clothes in it, sure." Upon which Pat gazed at him with a look of surprise, and then with that laconic eloquence, which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed—" An' go naked."

FORCE OF HABIT.

MR. STUMPS, the celebrated Cricketer of the Zingari Club, dining lately at a house where the children were brought down to dessert, was requested by Mamma, to roll an orange down the table for Master Jackey. Mr. Stumps "delivered" the orange with such address that it bowled over the claret jug standing at the end of the table, between the port and sherry, and flooded Papa's legs with wine. Instead of apologising for his mishap, Mr. Stumps in the height of his cricketing enthusiasm, and with a characteristic, *sang froid*, called out "How's that Umpire?"

REMARKS ON THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF
THOSE OF ROYAL RANK.

APPLIED TO THE LATE QUEEN CAROLINE.

VERY little, indeed, can generally be known of their real characters; they move in a sphere far remote from common observation; the variations and uncertainties of report cover with a veil of misty indistinctness alike their virtues and their views; invention, detraction, and sycophancy, are ever at work, in their different ways, upon greatness; nor have we any sure means of detecting their falsehoods, rejecting their additions, reducing their exaggerations, discriminating between their tales, and that of honest truth, and making such allowances as will bring them to its dimensions. Even of Sovereigns themselves, the goodness must be most energetic, or the wickedness most atrocious, to be clearly discernible to those who have only the distant glimpse, which is all the million usually obtain. Their connexion with political wants is a different concern. This only applies to their private character. They "come like shadows so depart." The bells ring at their accession, and toll at their death. The first event is an occasion for merriment, and the latter a signal for being decorously clothed in sable.

Then another face is seen at a distance in the next grand ceremony; another voice is heard at the next levee; another name or numeral is appended to the next public document; and that is all. They do not live amongst us, they are not accessible to all classes, as she was; their imputed offences are not publicly and solemnly, and severely scrutinized to the very minutest circumstance, as her's were. The inmost recesses of their dwellings; their morning walks and evening amusements; their meals and journeyings; their actions, words, and looks; are not blazoned, by observers, both friendly and hostile, for universal inspection. There is not with them the interchange of unprompted zeal and unaffected kindness which there was with her: and therefore (to whatever the difference be imputed, however unavoidable it may be, and connected neither with praise nor blame in any quarter), they can be little more than names to us, hung round with no associations, but those

of the public events whose course they chronicle, while with her we strongly sympathized, and for her we deeply grieved.

It is the necessary tendency of a limited monarchy to render the personal character of the monarch as unimportant as possible. He is identified with the state; he acts only by his ministers; his name is a mark of reference, to so many pages of history, but his private feelings, disposition, wishes, and conduct, have scarcely more influence or interest than those of thousands of his subjects. In unmixed despotisms the case is widely different. There the personal character of the monarch is everything. He is the destiny of his people for evil or for good. He is to them improvement or degradation, happiness or misery, ease or oppression, peace or war, and his breath is health or pestilence. The degree of importance which attaches to the personal antipathies or predilections of a sovereign, in affairs of state, affords, perhaps, as accurate a measure as can be obtained of the approximation of a government to limited or absolute monarchy. The wailings or the execrations of a people may follow a despot to his grave, but a limited monarch can earn neither for himself: he is usually too abstract a personage for his loss to excite much real emotion; the history of his times is not his history, and though the one may be eventful, the other preserves its uniformity; and, in a perpetual limited monarchy, dynasties of sovereigns may pass away, and all the emotion that shall grace all their funerals still fail to exceed that called forth, in one day, by the mournful close of the late queen's varied but mournful history.

There is another circumstance which must ever keep down inordinate sorrow on the demise of royalty, and that is, that royal virtues are generally as hereditary as crowns, and the successors of the best of reigning kings and favoured queens succeed not only to their honours but to their goodness too. A royal race never deteriorates, at least in the professed opinions of those who take on themselves to be the organs of the public voice on such occasions. 'Tis only as if the same immortal soul of goodness had evacuated one corporeal tenement to inhabit another. To the sorrows of Caroline, there is no successor—may there never be, in the history of our country!

More of a sincere and respectful sorrow than can usually attend a limited monarch to the grave, followed his late Majesty George III. His decent or decorous conduct in matters of religion and morality; his sturdy (though in the opinion of many mistaken) conscientiousness in reference to the Catholic question, on which I doubt not, he would as soon have abdicated his throne, as violate (his own view) his coronation oath; his generous protection of her, whose protector now is the grave; his long reign which implanted a sort of regard upon habit, and made the present generation, who had advanced in it from infancy to maturity, and even to age, consider George III. almost as much a part of the country as its

hills and rivers ; and the sad affliction of his later years, all contributed to touch the mind with solemnity, when he ceased to exist. The honourable patronage, too, afforded by the Duke of Kent, to many benevolent institutions, and the frequent and familiar association with the people to which he was led in their promotion, made his loss much felt. Yet in neither case, either as to the intensity of the feeling, or the number who participated in it, was there an approximation to what has been witnessed now. The death of the Princess Charlotte, indeed, produced an awful and majestic burst of sorrow. The nation groaned in the anguish of lacerated affection and blighted hope. Still the public feeling now, distinguished from that on other occasions by its strength, is diversified even from this, by a sort of gloomy satisfaction, by the melancholy consolation, that the life which has closed was such a deeply embittered life, and its prospects so devoid of brightness, that the royal sufferer herself welcomed death with sad cheerfulness of a broken heart ; and when Providence commanded, readily sprung into the grave, as her only place of shelter and repose, as the asylum where "the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

Though years have past since first I gave
 My youthful heart to thee,
 Thy love is still the boon I crave,
 For thou art all to me.

And often like a gentle sigh,
 This thought will heaven-ward soar—
 My heart is thine, love, 'till I die,
 And I can give no more.

Should danger threaten, I'll be near,
 Protection round thee throw ;
 Or dark affliction, I will cheer,
 Or gladly share the blow.

Thus throughout life, I'll love but thee,
 And as we near death's shore,
 My after years no change shall see,
 Or changing love thee more.

PARTY DISTINCTIONS.

PARTY, described to be the madness of many for the gain of a few. This definition applies more to a dinner party, which is certainly a madness with a large class of people ; but we never could find out that it was a gain to any body, with the exception, perhaps, of the pastry cook who supplied the dinner.

SILENCE.

THE silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

ARSENIC USED BY HORSE DEALERS AT VIENNA.

IN Vienna, the use of arsenic is of every day occurrence, among horse dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in the pulverised state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of the arsenic feeding. It is a common practice with the farm servants in the mountainous parts, to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay, before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavourable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is not longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LONG HAIR.

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman to a dandy, who had more hair than brains, "Why?" was immediately asked, "Because they cannot see your ears."

MR. PARTINGTON, reading the death of a distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the Father of the Bar, exclaimed—"Poor man, he had a dreadful noisy set of children."

NOTHING was so much dreaded in our school-boy days, as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah! the force of education. In after years we learned to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

PHILOSOPHERS say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many dozed eyes which are seen in church every Sunday.

THERE is a Grocer up town, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

How often we hear the harsh expression "a good natured fool!" as if the milk of human kindness was always adulterated—like our common milk in London—with calves' brains.

AN Irish clergyman, having gone to visit the portraits of the Scotch kings, in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, whilst *his son* was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sanc a Maria," exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an *old man* when his *father was born*."

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING WILLS.

WE had intended giving our readers a few directions for making their Wills, but we have abandoned the idea, because the Wills of the married ladies would not be legal, and it is of no use giving directions for the use of the husbands, who seldom have a Will of their own.

A SHINING CHARACTER.

"My character," said an Alderman, who had cleared himself from a charge of jobbery, "my character, sir, is like my boots, all the brighter for blacking."

IS THIS LOVE ?

Why oh ! why this perturbation ?
 Why this tumult in my breast ?
 Why this unknown sweet sensation ?
 Charming though it chases rest !
 Why this tender soft confusion ?
 Why this downcast timid eye ?
 O'er my cheeks why this confusion ?
 Why the unconscious, frequent sigh ?
 Why this trembling fond emotion ?
 Why the pulse maddening play ?
 Throbbing bosom, soft commotion,
 Restless night and listless day !
 Why do crowds no longer please me ?
 Why so dear the lonely grove ?
 Why delight in thoughts that tease me ?
 Tell me, pray sir—Is this love ?

LITTLE HUSBANDS AND BIG WIVES.

THE veteran wag and patriarch of the American press, M. M. Noah, takes off the common propensity to intermarriage of big and little people, thus—"Can any of the acute Philosophers who discover in every man's physical conformations the cause of his actions explain to us the reason of this. Why will a little man, as a general rule, select the biggest woman he can find, as a matrimonial partner ? Is it that contrarieties are reconciled, and extremities meet in love ? Or is it that the man of pigmy proportions is more ambitious in his wedding desires, more daring in his aspirations than his taller fellows ? Does he take wider views of wedlock than others, or can nothing but a stupendous wife satisfy his expansive soul ? Does he add a cubit to his stature by marrying a woman whom he can look up to ?"

MEANNESS.

AN editor, down South, describing a family of his acquaintance, says—"they were so mean, they had to die by subscription."

THE VERY PRETTY FACES.

INTERESTING people have almost always eyes which tell that they are so. Such eyes may be black, blue, or gray; they may be of any form, though we fancy not quite set in any manner, but they always convey an idea of extraordinary capability, both in the way of receiving and of giving out; and whatever subject is conversed upon, they seem, when attentive, to be enjoyed in following that subject out to its remotest bearings; and then returning to beam forth, and tell what they have discovered. Eyes of this kind can easily make acquaintances without the ceremony of introduction. There are seldom such eyes without accompanying features of similar expression. The countenance may not have the slightest pretensions to beauty. It may not even harmonize one part of it with another. In some respects common observers may pronounce it ugly; and yet it may grow upon us, and brighten, and deepen in expression until it becomes profoundly interesting, without our knowing how or why. It is precisely this charm which so many pretty faces, and some handsome ones, want. They respond to nothing, reveal nothing, and evidently feel nothing; and thus a combination of mere fine features, form and complexion, thought beautiful at first, grows flat like a picture, and affects our feelings no more than one that is finely painted—nay, not even half so much; for the very movements of a living face, if they do not speak in the language of a present and pervading soul, speak of its absence, and reveal the wants and the vacancy of an uninteresting character.

POLITENESS.

CAREYING politeness to excess is said to be raising your hat to a young lady in the street, and allowing a couple of dirty collars to fall out upon the pavement.

CHANCE FOR YOUNGSTERS.

AN attorney, in the country, advertises for a young lad that can write a legible hand and can read illegible writing.

THE Spike Society (says a Boston Paper), will meet this evening and discuss the following question:—"If a man buys a leg of fresh pork of a provision dealer, has the seller a right to send to his house another leg weighing two pounds less than the one paid for, and would the case stand any different if it was salt pork?"

A BOTANY Bay anecdote tells us of a convict who got so well on in the other world (Australia) that he rose to the bench; and making some harsh reflections on a party brought before him, whom he fined 5s., the delinquent retorted "There's the money: I remember the time in England when I should have liked much less to meet you with 5s. in my pocket."

PRECEPT.

HE who has merited friends will seldom be without them, for attachment is not so rare as the desert, which attracts and secures it.

THE WEDDING RING.

Little, simple, valued thing,
 Made for little finger fair;
 How much sorrow thou dost bring,
 When for lucre you ensnare!
 In each maidens ear I'll sing,
 Oh! beware the wedding ring!
 Symbol of eternity!
 Death alone should part thy tie!
 Awful is that word to me;
 From thy tempting let me fly:—
 For some spirit on the wing
 Says—beware the wedding ring!
 Many hearts your round does bind,
 That were bound by love before;
 Many hands by you are twined
 That your twining will deplore:
 And from them I warning bring
 To beware the wedding ring!
 Yet if heart and hand unite,
 And if soul to soul is given,
 Then the solemn nuptial rite
 Is a sweet foretaste of Heaven!
 Then persuasively I'll sing,
 Maidens! take the wedding ring!

MORALITIES.

A SHIP ought not to be fixed by a single anchor, nor life upon a single hope.

IF you employ your money in doing good, you put it out at the best interest.

“MEN are mortal gods,” said an ancient writer, “but gods are immortal men.”

BEFORE an affliction is digested consolation ever comes too soon: and after it is digested it comes too late.

As a tree that is heavily laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so men, by their own greatness, destroy themselves.

TIME with all its celerity moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.

NARROW souled people are like narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

OUR virtues would be proved if our faults whipped them not; and our enemies would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

WE consider the following more to the point than one we have seen elsewhere cited :—A gentleman is a Christian in spirit, that will take a polish. The rest are but plated goods ; and however excellent their fashion, rub them more or less, the base metal will appear through.

A BITTER CUP.

THE friends of Louis Napoleon pretend that he has acted with impartiality towards the soldiers, and the people, for he gave wine to the military, and he did not fail to give the citizens a taste of the grape.

WHEREVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—*Pope*.

THERE is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are even to have an inscription over their graves.—*Swift*.

WHEN Hofer was led to be shot, he was asked to kneel, but he replied—" I have always stood upright before my Creator, and in that posture I will give up my spirit to him."—*Life of Hofer*.

HE who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has *vigour* ; he who can produce more and better, has *talents* ; he who can produce what none else can, has *genius*.—*Levater*.

ASSUREDLY if the Church of England be a nursing mother to her own children, she is also, generally speaking, a quiet neighbour to those of other families.—*Lord Brougham*.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body, by intemperance, as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—*Sherlock*.

WHEN you have lost your money in the street every one is ready to look for it, but when you have lost your character every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

THE first slip to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things, and the height of misfortune is to be able to indulge in such affections.

A DIVINE ought to calculate his sermon as an astrologer does his almanack, to the meridian of the place and people where he lives.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable ; it is, in the same measure doing the business of God.

AN ASSAULT.

IT being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb, had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom the story was told by Lord Strangford, observed—"Oh! nothing is more natural than for a literary lady to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

LONDON VIOLETS.

Sweet violets! we might pass ye by unseen although so fair,
If thy ambrosial "spirtings" around us in the air
Should fail to tell the sense and soul of something blest and true,
That makes us start, and loving trace all thy paths of blue.

Oh! freshly on the forest bank, or by the wide moor's edge
The child of spring and loveliness peers out from turf and sedge,
But there, though wild, they must be sought, while here unasked they bloom;
And to the vender's lips bring bread, and to thy breast perfume.

I know they spring not in the wold, that hands have toil'd and till'd;
These are no natives of the woods—for them no night birds trill'd;
Yet turn not from the bounty now, man spares ye from his toil;
For nightingales shun city streets, and here no wild flowers coil.

And just as well might virtue say, my offspring all must be,
The native few whose stainless souls are all one waveless sea,
That never had a storm to brave, and have been pure and calm
Since nature's birth unchasten'd still, by one rough gale's alarm.

Oh! well we know truth's inborn swell, our love will always prove;
But cultivated virtues, too, a world-wide, welcome move;
And while we hail the foster'd germs that wreath the close heart's bowers,
Why will ye scorn the city's wealth of cultivated flowers?

She leans against the stately wall, and white-faced houseless child
With brow of patient suffering, and looks so wan and mild;
Oh! if ye gaze until your own wax pale and mournful too,
Refresh that drooping mortal flower with love's enlivening dew.

Shrink not because there's contrast in the blooming hoard she bears,
And those lean hands unflourishing that grasp the incensed wares;
But look and learn that darkness thus oft steals round fortune's ray;
That hopes and fears are mingled—so creation and decay.

Learn charity! and as ye may, stretch out the hand of love
To help the victim from the gulph, ye too might reel above;
Learn hope! that all griefs labyrinth, contain some saving clue;
And if life hath its weeds and thorns, it hath its violets too.

ABOVE all things never despair. God is where He was. Heaven helps those who help themselves.

It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollections of our former life.

WOMEN are a great deal like French watches, very pretty to look at, but very difficult to regulate when they once take to going wrong.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLIGENCE.

HAVING watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, we are less and less in love with precocity, which is often mere manifestation of disease, the disease of a very fine but weak nervous organization. Your young Rociuses, and all your wonders of that kind, generally ended in the feeblest of common place. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth, has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting, and poetry; but no less fine productions, have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of 18. Burns and Byron died in their 37th year, and doubtless the strength of their genius was over. Raffaele, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at 37. Mozart, earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was 48 before he gave the world "assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich druggot, somewhat above the age of 30, and did not then know that he could write a single line of poetry; yet what towering vigour, and swinging ease, appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had indeed written "Comus" at 28, but he was upwards of 50 when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond 30, and his "Task" was not written till about his 50th year. Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of 30 before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.

PERFECTION.

A YOUNG gentleman who has just married a little under-sized beauty, says—"She would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it."

ORIGIN OF ILL-ASSORTED MARRIAGES.

THIS theory explains what would otherwise be inexplicable—the ill-assorted marriages, which are the subject of so much imbecile astonishment. An accomplished man commits his fate to an ignorant woman, a woman of refined sentiments interests her happiness to the keeping of a man of mere instinct; and all this often without any compulsion, arising from circumstances of fortune or station. The explanation is, that the accomplished man, a victim to the illusions of passion, invests his mistress with his own accomplishments; and the refined woman, her lover, with her own refinement; and their union takes place through mere mistake. Personal beauty, in like manner, is united to deformity; for there is limit to the power of this enchantment.

BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.

LADY Isabel Finch, daughter of the late Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening, having no silver, borrowed half-a-crown of her; he sent it her next day, with the gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that "though he could not give her a *crown*, he could give her a *coronet*, and she was ready to accept it."

MILTON'S DESCRIPTION OF DEATH.

The other shape,
If shape that might be called, that shape, had none
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seem'd either.

THE LIKE—ON BEWAILING THE LOSS OF SIGHT.

Thus with the year, says—
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and raised,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

A GOOD NAME.

ALWAYS be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object. Like trying to be graceful, the effect to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care of your spirit and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself. The utmost that you are called to do, as the guardian of your reputation, is to remove injurious aspersions. Let not your good be evil spoken of, and follow the highest examples in mild and explicit, self-vindication. No reputation can be permanent, which does not spring from principle, and he who would maintain a good character, should be mainly solicitous to maintain a character void of offence towards God and towards man.

"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor dear husband was. When he was living, poor man, he knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up among 'em from childhood."

QUESTION.—"I am about courting a girl I have had but little acquaintance with, how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults?"

ANSWER.—"Commend her among her female acquaintance."

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S MENTAL DEFECTS.

THUS gifted and thus accomplished, Sir Robert Peel had a great deficiency—he was without imagination. Wanting imagination he wanted prescience. No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him; no one penetrated the present with more acuteness and accuracy. His judgment was faultless, provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that while he was always looked upon as the most prudent, and the safest of leaders, he ever, after a prostrated display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaigns by surrendering at discretion. He was so adroit, that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term; but so little foreseeing, that often in the very triumph of his manœuvres, he found himself in an untenable position. And so it came to pass, that Roman Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the abrogation of our commercial system, were all carried in haste or in passion, and without conditions or mitigatory arrangements.

CHARACTER OF A GENT.

HE may carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton—he may be seen in the omnibus box at the opera, but not on the box of an omnibus—he may be seen in a stall inside the theatre, but not at a stall outside one—he may dust another person's jacket, but must not brush his own—he may kill a man in a duel, but he must not eat peas with his knife—he may thrash a coal-heaver, but he must not ask twice for soup—he may pay his debts of honour, but need not trouble himself about his tradesmen's bills—he may drive a horse as a jockey, but he must not exert himself in the least to get his living—he must never forget what he owes to himself, as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes, as a gentleman, to his tailor—he may do any thing, or any body, in fact, within the range of a gentleman—go through the Insolvent Debtor's Court, or turn billiard marker, but he must never on any account carry a brown paper parcel, or appear in the streets without a pair of gloves.

BE not scurrilous in conversation, nor satirical in thy jests; the one will make thee unwelcome to all company, the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends: as for suspicious jests, when any of them savour of truth, they leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched. I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather lose their friend than their joke. Those nimble fancies are but the froth of wit. — *Lord Chancellor Burleigh.*

IT is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

A TYRANT'S HAPPINESS.

DEMOCLES, the Sicilian, learnt that the life of a tyrant is not as happy as it appears to be ! Democles, who was one of the courtiers of Dionysius the elder, frequently extolled the happiness of his master, surrounded by wealth and power. "Will you, then," said Dionysius, "make trial of my felicity ?" The offer was accepted, and Democles ushered into a room where the most magnificent repast was prepared ; incense, perfumes, and slaves of the highest beauty, appeared in profusion. What followed ? In the midst of all his pleasures he cast his eyes towards the ceiling, and perceived the point of a sword hanging by a single horse hair over his head,—all his joy now vanished,—anxiety took possession of his mind, and he learned this useful lesson,—that even in the highest stations there is always something which corrodes our bliss, and renders us, in happiness, upon an equality with others.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

Hark ! upon the ear of morn,
Quickly, gaily, cheerily,
Clang the jocund bells to warn
That the infant year is born—
Greet him merrily !

Hail ! to thee, thou fair new year !
Hastily, right hastily,
We have watched through midnight drear,
To give thee welcome and good cheer,
Benedicite !

May the moments glide away
Lightly, blithely, happily,
May thy youth be fresh and gay,
Sage thy prime, and thy decay
Sweet and mellow be !

We will do thee homage now,
Freely, truly, loyally—
We will give our plighted vow,
We will swear, and so shalt thou,
Comrades, true to be !

We will prize thee, bright new year !
Dearly, wisely, carefully,
Use thee well, and hold thee dear
'Till thy latest hour draws near,
And, like thy sire, thou die !

Thou shall bring us, day by day,
Freely, fully, bounteously,
Every good for which we pray,
And hopeful lead us on the way
Unto our home, on high !

So that when thy end draws near,
Sadly, slowly, solemnly
We'll say, God rest thee, good old year !
Thou wert the best that we knew here,
Rest in eternity !

CHRISTMAS WITH THE COOK.

BUT if Christmas is a season of greatness to some, or hilarity to many, of importance to all, it is pre-eminently a season of equal anxiety and splendour to the cook. Her long kitchen range is a perfect bonfire from morning to night, while the various bright utensils which are placed upon the chimney-piece and on the walls at both sides of it, are profusely interspersed with twigs and boughs of holly. "Now *do* get out of my way, all of you! don't you see how much I have got on my mind with this Christmas dinner! Where's Jane, Jane Stokes? Oh! the plague of kitchen maids! they're always out of the way, at the moment they are most wanted. Barbara, are the vegetables washed?" "Not yet cook!" "It's always 'not yet' with them scullery girls!" Oh! how the cook wishes there was no need for any help from any soul alive, if so be, as she could but do every thing herself, which is—that is—where it is—and all about it! But the Christmas dinner don't get spoiled; by no means—everything turns out excellently, and compliments like full-blown cabbage roses, are showered upon the cook, from the visitors of the hospitable board. They are brought to her, as she sits wiping her forehead, and all her face and throat, in a cool and remote corner. Her heart expands; she loves all mankind; and she retires to rest, after a glass of cordial, at peace with herself, and all the world.

WASHINGTON.

IT is something singular, that Washington drew his *last* breath, in the *last* hour, of the *last* day, of the *last* week, of the *last* month, of the *last* year, of the *last* century. He died on Saturday night, twelve o'clock, December 31st, 1799.

MISTAKEN NOTIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

WHEN the poor Hindoo finds his hut surrounded by an inundation of the Ganges, instead of trying to escape, he gets upon the roof, and sitting down upon its apex, lights his pipe, and looks calm on the rise of the waters. Why so? Because Gunga is the goddess of his worship, and his religious duty is submission to the decrees of her providence. This may be excused and even admired, in the Hindoo, whose ignorant faith is sincere; but there is no excuse at all for the well-taught Christian, confounding the circumstance with the providence, which he knows to be beyond. Such mistakes are mischievous, if it is only because they give a certain appearance of reason to the sarcasm of writers like Voltaire. There is a well-known story in our own jest book much to the point. A man walking along the road is ridden over by a troop of horse, but unexpectedly escapes unhurt. "Down on your knees, reprobate!" cries a bystander, as the fellow, after gathering himself up, looks

sulkily after the enemy. "Down on your knees and thank Providence!" "Thank Providence!" replied he—"For what—for letting a troop of horse ride over me?" Here the idea of Providence is improperly suggested, because it is suggested in so direct a manner as to confound it with the circumstance. The thankfulness was really due for the scheme of Providence granting a farther period of probation to one who had appeared to be called so abruptly to his account. The bystander saw the finger of a higher power only in the immediate circumstance, and thus gave rise, very naturally, to the profane and ludicrous repartee.

PURGATORY.

MALONEY says, that the people who don't believe in Purgatory, may go farther and fare worse.

POETS.

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end—desponding and madness.

ENGLAND.

Happy Britannia!
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime,
Unmatch'd by guardian oaks.

THOMPSON.

OXFORD, 1852.

THE following questions were, it is stated, submitted to the Clergy of the Diocese of Oxford, invited to meet the Bishop at Cuddesden:—

1. Can we agree upon any rules touching the administration of baptism, which may tend to promote uniformity of practice, and to awaken our people's attention to the importance of the holy ordinance?
2. Can we agree upon any fixed times for baptism, e.g., after the second lesson, in all cases, on one fixed Sunday in each month; and with what adaptations, if any, to the needs of populous places?
3. Can we agree on any rules. First, for requiring notice of baptism according to the rubric? And secondly, for refusing sponsors of openly immoral life?
4. How can we best bring home to the sponsors a sense of their duties, connected with—First, the ordinance of baptism; secondly, the education of the children; and thirdly, their confirmation?
5. How can we best carry out the intention of the canonical prohibition of parents being sponsors?
6. What modes can be adopted for awakening and directing a sense of parental responsibility touching holy baptism?

THE SUNDIAL.

A GENTLEMAN, having a sundial in his garden, which afforded him much pleasure in the regulation of correct time, habituated himself to be often looking at it. Illness, however, at one period, obliged him to relinquish his purpose, yet the dial much occupied his thoughts. He had a very confidential Irish servant, and what he could not do himself, generally set Dan to do. One day, about the hour of twelve o'clock, the sun was shining most brilliantly, when Dan was by his bedside. His master said—"Dan, go and look at the sundial, and let me know from it, the exact time of day." Off set Dan, and after looking at it first one way, then t'other, and turning it about, could make nothing out of it, so took it off the pedestal, and carried it to his master, and holding it up before him, said—"Sir, I can make nothing out of it, so have brought it to your honour, thinking perhaps your honour may."

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

THE ways of advertising for a wife are various; but, perhaps, the following, mentioned in the *Hull Advertiser*, is the most extraordinary:—A rustic, living near the village of Kirby-under-Dale, wanting a wife, provided himself with a large placard, and printed upon it "Wanted a woman to make a wife of, with a little money to go to America." This he placed on his hat, and on Sunday planted himself in front of the church-door when the congregation were leaving.

THE DUKE'S MEMORY.

To the last, his powers of memory, and the cheerfulness of a well-balanced mind, remained unimpaired. A day or two before his death, referring to the subject of civic feasts, he told an incident, in the life of Pitt, which is worth recording. The last public dinner, which Pitt attended, was at the Mansion House, when his health was proposed as the saviour of his country. The Duke expressed his admiration of Pitt's speech in reply, which was in substance, that the country had saved herself by her own exertions, and that every other country might do this by following her example.

A GENTLEMAN being asked by a friend, "what o'clock it was?" replied—"Little or nothing." "How so?" asked the enquirer. "Why," said the wit, "it is not quite one, and that which is less than one, is little or nothing."

MANY have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.

GROG is a sea-term for rum and water, and originated from Admiral Vernon, who first introduced it on board a ship. He was called by the seamen, "Old Grog," from his wearing a crogram coat in bad weather.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

A MAN, named Mangan, was once charged in the Criminal Court of Dublin, with having committed a robbery. The principal evidence against him was his own confession, which had been taken down from him thus :—"Mangan said he never robbed but twice said it was Crawford." The confession was not in any way punctuated ; but when the prisoner was brought up, the officer read it thus :—"Mangan said he never robbed but twice. Said it was Crawford." The prisoner's counsel having looked at the written paper, declared "that so far from the words showing the prisoner's guilt, they positively declared his innocence!" "This," he added, "is the obvious reading : Mangan, said he *never* robbed ; but *twice*, said it was Crawford." The jury acquitted the prisoner on that point.

ON THE ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY.

With what an awful world revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launched along
Th' illimitable void ! thus to remain
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course,
To the kind temper'd change of night and day
And of the seasons ever stealing round
Minutely faithful ; such th' all-perfect hand
That poiz'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

THOMPSON.

A FUNNY FACT.

SOME years ago, when Etty, the painter, was at Venice, he fell into the canal, and he was immediately called "Cana letti." The celebrated double bass player, Dragonetti, happened to be there at the time, and dragged him out.

TO KEEP PLANTS IN BLOOM.

NOVEMBER.

THE great effort of all plants is to reproduce their kind, and the season is now at hand, when they vigorously strive to form seed. As the flowers are produced before seed-vessels, we can give a tendency to the plants, to throw out fresh blossoms, by cutting off from the plant the seed bearing stem, as soon as the flower is off bloom. With a little attention this way, mignonette, nasturtiums, geraniums, roses, and many other plants, may be made to keep in blossom until the cold season stays further the circulation of sap. The common scarlet-runner is a good illustration of this principle, for the more beans (seed-pods) that are picked, the more the plant produces ; but let any one of the seeds ripen, and it will soon cease to bloom—it has fulfilled its office—it has produced its kind, and it dies.

A WIFE.

SOLITUDE and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

MUCH WILL HAVE MORE.

A BEAUTIFUL woman once said to General Shields, who, by the bye, was an Irishman—"How is it that having obtained so much glory, you still seek for more?" "Ah! madam," he replied, "how is it that you, who have so much beauty, should still put on paint?"

CLOUDS AT SEA.

Heavy seasons there are when a curtain of gloom
Gathers back o'er the mariner's glee,
And the merry sun greets for a desolate tomb
All his revels of joy with the sea.
But courage! the bright one will soon re-appear
Like a bridegroom, devoted and fond;
Though the tempest may threaten, no danger is near,
For the blue sky is smiling beyond.
There are times when the mind is alarmed and distressed,
When the sunshine of pleasure is gone,
When the spirit looks back upon moments of rest,
Which she fears are for ever withdrawn.
But the angel of hope whispers comfort and gladness;
Look upward and never despond;
Though above thee is frowning the storm cloud of sadness,
The blue sky is smiling beyond.

UTILITY OF A GRANDMOTHER.

As two urchins were trotting along together, one of them fell and broke a pitcher which he was carrying. He then commenced crying, when the other boy asked him—"Why he took on so?" "Cause said, when I get home, mother will whip me for breaking the mug." "What," said the other, "aint you got no grandmother living at your house?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have, and I might break two mugs, and they daren't whip me."

A PILL.

Mrs. SPEKLES says—the best vegetable pill yet invented is an apple dumpling: for destroying a knawing at the stomach, it is a pill that may always be relied on.

HOW TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR.

OPEN the door with the silver key of Hope that it may close on the golden hinge of Prosperity.

A FABLE.

DOCTOR PARIS has just been with me. Pulse languid ; he has prescribed a tonic. He talked of the folly of patients, prescribing for themselves, and quoted a fable of Camerarius :—"An ass, loaded with salt, was crossing a brook ; the water diluted the salt, and lightened the burthen. He communicated his discovery to a brother donkey laden with wool. The latter tried the same experiment, and found his load double weight."

NOVEL DEFINITION.

THE other day, the teacher of a lady's school in Wick, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their facings in the spelling book, came to the word "lad," of which in accordance with the modern method of tuition, she asked the signification. "One little puss, on the question having been put, with a sidelong look, blushing answered—"For courtin' wi' ;" a reply which we accord of the future lexicographers.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S APPETITE.

WHEN the Duke was at Paris, as Commander of the Allied Armies, he dined with Cambaceres, one of the most distinguished statesmen and *gourmets* of the time of Napoleon. In the course of dinner, his host having helped him to some particular *recherche* dish, expressed a hope, that he found it agreeable. "Very good," said the Duke, who was probably reflecting on Waterloo, "very good, but I really do not care what I eat." "Good Heaven !" exclaimed Cambaceres, as he started back and dropped his fork, "don't care what you eat ! What did you come here for then ?"

WET CLOTHES.

NEGLECT of changing their clothes, when wet, is a great source of disorder among husbandmen. To remain in wet clothes, when the body is at rest, subjects the person, who is so imprudent, to the united bad effects of cold and moisture. Much worse consequences, however, may be expected, where they are heated by labour, and lie down to rest, as they often do, in their wet clothes. The diminished force of the circulation, and other powers of life, which always takes place during sleep, cause the bad effects of cold to operate with much greater danger to health and life. This hazard is much further aggravated, if they add to this imprudence, by sleeping on the ground. This not only communicates additional moisture and cold, but is, perhaps, still more prejudicial, from the nature of the exhalation. It is the opinion of great eminence, that the vapour which arises from moist earth, is the cause of the most dangerous fevers. Those, therefore, who put themselves wantonly in the way of such danger, are guilty of little less than suicide.

THE WAY TO THE WORKHOUSE.

JOHN REEVES, the actor, well understanding human imperfections, was accosted on the Kensington road by an elderly female, with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray sir, I beg your pardon—Is this the way to the Workhouse?" John gave her a clerical look of dignity; and pointing to the bottle, gravely said—"No ma'am, but *that is!*"

GOOD TEMPER.

There is not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year:
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield:
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from Heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.

It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born—
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care;
Turn tears to smiles—makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere.

And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
When threatening storm begins;
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins:
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side—
This angel of our home.

What may this wond'rous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

DOBBS, the portrait painter, says—that every thing should be in character. For instance, search warrants should be printed on "tracing paper."

A DUN.

A FEW days since, a dun called on a young gentleman, and presented him a bill, when he was somewhat taken aback by the gent taking him aside, and blandly saying—"My dear sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you when to call again."

A NEW FORM OF HEROSHIP.

THE robbery, as said, committed upon a French author, by our Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he was expatiating on the virtues of Wellington, was intended, after all, as a compliment; for Disraeli thought he could not pay the memory of this departed Hero a greater honour than by taking something more from the French.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

IN Wales, as in England, formerly, weathercocks were commonly placed on the church towers, and in one of the Welch villages there happened to be one so placed, but which from want of proper attention ceased to act. A new incumbent having come to the place, who had not paid much attention to its utility, (though as a matter of course, perchance, looked to be satisfied it was safe,) being on a visit to a friend, a neighbouring clergyman, was taking his morning walk, when his attention was attracted to the weathercock on his friend's church, but to his surprise and annoyance it kept twisting and whirling about, so that when he met his friend at the breakfast table, he said—"I don't like your weathercock." "Why?" "Because," said he, "it is always moving about. Now, mine never moves, so that I always know where to find it."

SHARP RETORT.

A YANKEE, and Patlander, happening to be riding together, passed a gallows. "Where would you be," said Jonathan, "if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, I guess," said the Irishman.

UNSOPHISTICATED ELOQUENCE.

A COUNTRYWOMAN was carrying on a very simple process, against a neighbour, in one of the small courts of Germany. The attorney of the opponent pestered her with so much of chicanery and legal subtleties, that she lost all patience, and interrupted him thus—"I bespoke of my opponent, the carpet-maker, a carpet with figures, which were to be as handsome as my lord the judge, and he wants now to force me to take one with horrible caricatures, uglier even than his attorney. Was I not right in breaking off the bargain?" The court laughed at the comparison, the attorney was stupified, and the woman won her suit.

PARTY PREDILECTIONS.

A YOUNG American lady, being asked by a politician, which party she was most in favor of, replied—"That she preferred a wedding party!"

INTERESTING SIMPLICITY.

"I SAY, mamma!" "Well, my pet!" "Was Uncle Tom the husband of Anti-Slavery?" "Tut, nonsense, child! tell Jane to put you to bed."

HAVE COURAGE.

Let's do all the good we can,
Let's always have courage to try,
Let each think and act like a man,
And each on his own strength rely.
Whatever life's journey beset,
Or in what direction it lay,
We must never give up nor forget,
With the will there is always a way.

Our pathway is onward, and we
Shall always find crosses attend;
There's nothing for you and for me,
But manly to bear till the end.
There is nothing too great to perform,
Its but the will that we need:
And, though opposition may storm,
If we try we're sure to succeed.

Have courage to trample down sin,
And let not its lure baits entice,
Lest its meshes entangle us in,
And perish the victims of vice.
Have courage to follow the path
Of virtue, of truth, and of love;
'Twill lead us through life, and through death,
To thrice happy regions above.

Let us learn to labour and wait,
Let nothing our spirit subdue,
Let's burst the dark trammels of fate,
And mind's glorious pathway pursue.
And despite the raging of strife,
Let's all do the good that we can,
And bear every conflict in life,
With courage becoming a man.

THE VALUATION OF A TRUE THOUGHT.

I LOOK upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever, for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.—*Dr. Conyer Middleton.*

AN AUSTRIAN HEAVEN.

AN Austrian, upon being asked for a definition of Paradise, said—"I believe it to be a kingdom where you can travel backwards and forwards without a passport."

COPY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT IN A NEW
JERSEY JOURNAL.

"To be sold, one hundred and thirty-one suits in law, the property of an eminent attorney about to retire from business." NOTE.—The clients are rich and obstinate.

FEES.

THE fee of a Spanish physician, at present, is said to be two-pence from a tradesman, ten-pence from a man of rank, and nothing from the poor. In France, the fee from a tradesman, is from three to five francs; from a man of rank, the amount varies, large sums being occasionally given.

PARIS AND LONDON.

IT must be acknowledged, that a walk from the Boulevards down the Rue de la Paix, through the Place Vendôme, to the Place Louis Quinze, and so on to the River, proceeding along the Quai to the Tuileries and the Louvre, exceed anything in London.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE IRISH POOR.

THE dwellings of the Irish poor are wretched hovels, built of earth and rudely thatched, without any boards, consisting of only one story, and frequently of only one room. Almost every Irish peasant possesses a pig, which usually shares his cabin and his meals; and upon which greatly depends the payment of the rent, and support of the family.

A traveller, who was visiting an Irish cabin, expressed his surprise that the pig was treated so much as an equal, when the master replied—"Sure we cannot turn out the gentleman that pays the rent."

SINGULAR.

A POPULAR writer remarks—"I don't think there is any thing more curious in history than the changes of opinion. One would think that right and wrong must be always the same, and yet how differently people think of it!"

The change of opinion may be generally traced to the progress of knowledge. The more the human understanding is cultivated, the more it is enlarged, and the better able to discern good from evil.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S SYMPATHY

"Drew iron tears down Plato's cheeks."

ON the morning after the fight of Waterloo, orders were transmitted to the proper authorities, to make the usual specific account of killed and wounded, and forthwith to bring it to the Commander-in-Chief. Dr. Hume, principal medical attendant on his Grace's staff, on preparing the list, hastened to the Duke's tent, and giving the pass-word, was ushered in by the sentinel. His Grace was asleep. The doctor was aware of the fatigue the Duke's system had undergone, and hesitated to awake him. The order of the Duke, on the other hand, had been issued with more than usual peremptoriness, and the doctor ventured to give the Duke a shake. In an instant his Grace, dressed as he had been in full regimentals, was sitting on the bedside. "Read," was the significant command. For more than an hour had the doctor read aloud the harrowing list, and then his voice failed, and his throat choked with emotion. He tried to continue but could not. Instinctively he raised his eyes to the Duke. Wellington was still sitting with his hands raised and clasped convulsively before him. Big tears were coursing down his cheeks. In a moment, the Duke was conscious of the doctor's silence, and recovering himself, looked up and caught his eye. "Read on," was the stern command, and while his physician continued for hours, the Iron Duke sat by the bedside, clasping his hands, and rocking his body to and fro from emotion.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST !

All's for the best!—be sanguine and cheerful,
 Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise;
 Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
 Courage for ever is happy and wise.

All's for the best!—if a man will but know it,
 Providence wishes us all to be blest;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
 Heaven is gracious and all for the best !

All's for the best!—then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears, and your foes in the van,
 And, in the midst of your dangers or errors,
 Trust like a child while you strive like a man.

All's for the best!—unbiassed, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the east to the west;
 And by both wisdom and virtue surrounded,
 Hope and be happy, that's all for the best !

A BELOCHEE, condemned for murder, walked to execution, conversing with calmness on the road ; when turned off, the rope broke and he fell, but started up instantly, and with inexpressible coolness, said—"Accidents will happen in despite of care ; try again."

EFFECT OF ACCIDENT—OBSERVATIONS UPON.

It is very entertaining to see how many useful things have been discovered by accident. There is a saying about "necessity being the mother of invention;" we are sure that accident must be one of her sisters; and we cannot help remarking that circumstances which may be thought trifling and accidental, frequently determine a man's conduct and situation through the most important parts of his life. Thus it was with Jacob.

DAYS.

Stronger by weakness wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the whole, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

TIME.

The past! what is it but a gleam
Which memory faintly throws?
The future! 'tis the fairy dream
That hope and fear compose.
The present! is the lightning glance
That comes and disappears:
Thus life is but a moment's trance
Of memories, hopes, and fears.

THE DUKE'S "ARTFUL DODGE."

WHEN the British Army was on the march in Spain, its commander sometimes called on the ecclesiastical authorities, who conducted him over the churches and cathedrals. "It is a noble building," Lord Wellington would say, for he spoke Spanish; "what lofty windows! how can you clean them?" "Oh! we have ladders!" "Indeed, but where can you deposit such long ladders?" The information was willingly given, and the next morning these long ladders formed part of the British baggage, to be useful at the next siege.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTE.—The proverb says—"Patience is a virtue." QUERY.—If a surgeon has any patients, does it therefore follow that he has no virtue?

A MAN who was rescued from drowning, in Boston, abused the man who rescued him for not saving his hat!

A GENT dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before the gent fell asleep, but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir," said he, "to excuse me; I can sleep very well where I am."

OPINION.

HE who believes his own views to be true, must believe the opposite views to be in error; but the great point in our judgment and feelings towards man, seems to be, not to confound error with fault.

VERY GOOD COMPANIONS.

THE two great ornaments of virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous points of view, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to prevent its natural hatred of vice from degenerating into severity and censoriousness.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THE WORDS OF MARTIN LUTHER.

I SHOULD not advise any one to place his child where the Holy Scriptures are not regarded as the rule of life. Every institution, where God's word is not diligently studied, must become corrupt. "Weighty words," says D. Aubergne, "which governments, fathers, and the learned of all ages, would do well to consider."

MRS. SULLEN, talking of her husband, says:—"He comes flouncing into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap. Oh! matrimony! matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneful serenade of that wakeful nightingale—his nose."

A SAILOR, having purchased some medicine of a celebrated doctor, demanded the price. "Why," says the doctor, "I cannot think of charging you less than seven and sixpence?" "Well, I'll tell you what," replied the sailor, "take off the odds and I'll pay you the even." "Well," returned the doctor, "we won't quarrel about trifles." The sailor laid down sixpence and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake. "No mistake at all, sir; six is even, and seven is odd, all the world over, so I wish you a good day." "Get you gone," said the doctor, "I have made fourpence out of you yet."

WE asked a pretty girl the other day to give us a kiss, but she could not afford it. She said, however, she would lend us one, provided we would return it. It is needless to add, that we borrowed the article and returned it promptly.

QUICK.

A RUDE fellow said to an unoffending Hebrew—"Do you know they hang Jews and Jackasses together in England?" "I didn't," replied the Israelite, "but if it be true, it is fortunate that you and I are not there."

ACCEPTATION.

"WILL you take my arm?" said a gallant to a young lady, after the dance was broken up. "La! yes, and *you too!* seeing it's leap year."

CONVENIENCE.

AN American physician announces, that he has changed his residence to the neighbourhood of the church-yard, which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients.

KEEP THE HEART LIGHT AS YOU CAN!

We have always enough to bear,
 We have always a something to do,
 We have never to seek for care,
 When we have the world to get through!
 But what though adversity test
 The courage and vigour of man,
 They get through misfortune the best
 Who keep the heart light as they can!
 If we shake not the load from the mind,
 Our energy's sure to be gone:
 We must wrestle with care, or we'll find
 Two lords are less easy than one!
 To sit in a disconsolate mood,
 Is a poor and profitless plan:
 The true heart is never subdued,
 If we keep it as light as we can!
 There is nothing that sorrow can yield
 Excepting a harvest of pain:
 Far better to seek fortune's field
 And till it and plough it again!
 The weight that exertion can move,
 The gloom that decision may span,
 The manhood within us but prove;
 Then keep the heart light as you can!

SOME hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

POLITENESS of the heart consists in an habitual benevolence, and an absence of selfishness, in our intercourse with society of all classes.

IF a man be compassionate towards the affliction of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree, that is wounded itself when it gives the balm.—*Bacon*.

PUNCH.

WITHIN these few years, thousands upon thousands of the previously temperate, have become fond of Punch.—(A paper of wit.)

THE PLAGUE.

"MY dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?" "No, I don't want to read it, it's enough to have a plague in your own house."

ADVANTAGE OF BEING BRAINLESS.

A TAILOR, following an army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that, as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The tailor said—"If I had possessed any brains I should not have been here."

A TYPOGRAPHICAL PUN.

"I STAND in need of *small caps*," as the printer's wife said, when she presented her husband with a little responsibility.

SIN and punishment like the shadow of the body, are never apart.

MARRIAGE is the nursery of Heaven.

CEREMONY is necessary as the outwork and defence of manners.

PRUDENCE is the virtue of civilized nations.

TIME is a quality of which the value rises as long as we live.

A TRADESMAN is never too high to fall or too low to rise.

SOCIETY, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colours will deceive us.

SLEEP is the fallow of the mind.

COVETOUSNESS, like a candle ill-made, smothers the splendour of a happy fortune in its own grease.

THERE are graves no time can close.

WE seldom find people ungrateful so long as you are in a condition to serve them.

THE religion of Christ is peace and good-will.

THE religion of Christendom is war and ill-will.

FLATTERY is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

COMMENTATORS are folks that too often write on books as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches.

ROYAL WIT.

LORD ELDON told Miss Ridley, his niece, that the King, speaking to the Archbishop, Doctor Charles Manners Sutton, of his large family, used the expression—"I believe your Grace has better than a dozen." "No, sire," said the Archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," replied the King, "is not that better than a dozen."

PROCRASTINATIONS,

BY DOCTOR MACKAY.

If fortune with a smiling face
 Strew roses on our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up ?
 To-day, my love, to-day !
 But should she frown with face of care,
 And talk of coming sorrow,
 When shall we grieve, if grieve we must ?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow !

If those who have wrong'd us own their faults,
 And kindly pity pray,
 When shall we listen and forgive ?
 To-day, my love, to-day !
 But if stern justice urge rebuke,
 And warmth from memory borrow,
 When shall we chide, (if chide we dare) ?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow !

If those to whom we owe a debt,
 Are harmed unless we pay,
 When shall we struggle to be just ?
 To-day, my love, to-day !
 But if our debtor fail our hope,
 And plead his ruin thorough,
 When shall we weigh his breach of faith ?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow !

If love, estranged should once again
 Her general smile display,
 When shall we kiss her proffered lips ?
 To-day, my love, to-day !
 But, if she would indulge regret,
 Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,
 When shall we weep (if weep we must) ?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow !

For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
 The minutes will not stay ;
 We've always time to welcome them
 To-day, my love, to-day !
 But care, resentment, angry words,
 And unavailing sorrow,
 Come far too soon, if they appear
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow !

THE evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—*Plato*.

MOTHER.

ROUND the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first sweet deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft, and capable of receiving the most profound impressions; and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. We do not know that even in our old age, we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have known through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels, or her oppositions; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues, and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground, by a past storm, raises up her head, and smiles among her tears. Round that idea the mind clings with fond affection, and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

AN English officer lost his leg at the battle of Vittoria, after he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in one corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said the master, "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean, instead of two."

AN Irishman fights before he reasons. A Scotchman reasons before he fights. An Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either, to accommodate his customers.

A PREMIUM being lately offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of *irrigation*, and the latter word, by mistake of the printer, having been changed into *irritation*, a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

"My dear Magny," said a city knight, "I never shall put down suicide, until we can punish it with death."

"BE sharp my blade," as the butcher boy said when grinding his knife.

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, the other day, "Sam, does your school-master ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' every day and says I merits too."

"LET me have a pound of muscles, my good woman, will you?" "Pound, sir, we don't sell them by weight, we sell them by measure." "Then let me have a yard."

CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.

THE phrase, "sending to Coventry," has for some time been known to express the punishment inflicted upon a person by not speaking to him, and which being frequently adopted by a master tradesman with respect to his journeymen, the latter presuming upon his general character that they could take liberties with him, agreed together to "send him to Coventry," for the course of a whole week. Accordingly, not one of them would speak to him, or answer any question he put. This, till Saturday evening, passed well enough; the master, however, then actually went out of town, and when the men came down to the counting-house, as usual, to be paid, they found these words written over the door:—
 "Gone to Coventry."

THE DYING WIFE.

You have brought me to the spot, William,
 Where we first owned we loved;
 And I weep to think, I am so soon
 To be from you removed.
 But let this soothe your grief, William,
 As wifeless on you rove,
 That Mary with her dying lips,
 Said—"All was right above."
 We hoped for many years, William,
 Together here to dwell;
 But God hath willed it otherwise—
 His way's inscrutable.
 Then cease to shed these tears, William,
 That give your Mary pain;
 Though soon we part, soon shall we meet,
 And never part again.
 Is there one wish unnamed, William?
 Then listen unto me!
 I would the little one I leave
 A child of God might be;
 And when she cries, "mamma, William,"
 And no mamma is near,
 Think then of her who dying wished
 She Jesu's love might share.
 And now, and now, for aye, William,
 I bid this spot farewell,
 And giving up each tie can say—
 "He doeth all things well,"
 While you supported by His hand,
 Hereafter shall exclaim—
 "The Lord doth give and take away,
 And blessed be His name!"

DOCTOR JOHNSON compared plaintiff and defendant in an action at law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under the water.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

IF I was possessed of the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution:—I would give the world truth and friendship, which are scarce, very scarce. I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders, and merchants. I would give to physicians skill and learning. I would give to printers their pay. To gossiping women short tongues. To young women, good sense, modesty, large waist, and natural teeth. To young sprouts or dandies, common sense, little cash, and hard labour. To old maids, good temper, smooth faces, and little and good husbands. To old bachelors, love for virtue, wives, and children.

AN ORIENTAL PROVERB.

You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your heads, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

NECESSITY OF SIMPLICITY.

A PROPOSITION must be plain to be adopted by the understanding of a people. A false notion, which is clear and precise, will always meet with a greater number of adherents in the world, than a true principle, which is obscure or involved. Hence it arises, that parties, which are like small communities, in the heart of the nation, invariably adopt some principle, or some name as a symbol, which very inadequately represents the end they have in view, and the means which are at their disposal, but without which they could neither act nor subsist. The governments, which are founded upon a single principle, or single feeling, which is easily defined, are perhaps not the best, but they are unquestionably the strongest and the most durable in the world.

"JIM," inquired a school-boy of one of his mates, "what is the meaning of relics?" "Don't know." "Well, I can tell you; you know the master licked me in school yesterday?" "Yes." "Well, he was not satisfied with that, but kept me in the school and licked me again. That is what I call a re-lick."

"YOU'RE casting reflections on me," as the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, said to the moon.

A WELSH rabbit is thus defined in *Brady's Varieties of Literature*:—"Bread and cheese wasted, that is a Welsh rare-bit."

"PAPA may I go a shooting?" "Yes, my dear, but mind you don't kill anything."

"I'LL jump at that conclusion," as the flea said, when the man made up his mind to catch him.

HOW TO ADMONISH.

WE must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address ; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop, whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow ; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are as few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate. Whereas, if instead of pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

COURAGE.

HAVE the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money, he will respect you more than if you tell him you cannot. Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to make a will, and what is more, a just one. Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your glass, and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary. Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary that you should do so ; and to hold your tongue, when it is better that you should be silent.

"WELL Blarney did you find the gentleman out ?" "Yes sir, by my soul did I." "And what did he say ?" "Say, the gentleman say ; may I never touch another drop of whiskey, if he said a word to me, or I to him." "Well, but what did you go for then. Did you not tell me that you found him ?" "Yes, by my soul, I found him out."

A PERSON who had got some little smattering of Zoological lore, said one day to a novice, "that Crocodiles were often *seen in tears*." "Oh ! that's nothing," rejoined the novice, "I have often seen Whales' *blubber*."

"HERE's to internal improvements," as Dobbs said, when he swallowed a dose of salts.

"You have not shaved this morning," said the muscle to the oyster. "I never shave *in bed*," was the oyster's reply, stroking down his beard.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

AN old lady, who was apt to be troubled in her dreams, and rather superstitious with all, informed the parson of the parish, that on a night previous, she dreamed she saw her grandfather, who had been dead for ten years. The clergyman asked what she had been eating. "Oh! only half a mince pie." "Well," said he, "if you had devoured the other half, you might probably have seen your grandmother too."

ON A WINDY PARSON.

"Preaching is foolishness," he made
The text of his oration;
And all confessed that he display'd
"A perfect demonstration."

HAVING THE FIRST WORD.

IT is recorded in the most veritable of our Saxon chronicles that:—

A very ready lady,
One Miss Baxter,
Refused a nice young man
Before he axed her.

BELDEYCH,

THE distinguished poet of Holland, was, in his youth, so careless and idle, that he proved a source of anxiety to his father, who, one day came with a newspaper in his hand to stimulate him, by shewing him the advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leydon, and decreed to the author of a piece, signed with the words—"An author, 18 years old," who was invited to make himself known. "You ought to blush, idler," said old Beldeych to his son, "here is a boy, who is only of your age, and though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you ——" "It's myself," answered young William, throwing himself upon his father's neck, who covered him with caresses and tears of joy.

THE punishment of criminals should be of use, when a man is hanged he is good for nothing.—*Voltaire*.

THE best government is that in which the law speaks instead of the lawyer.

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by an outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton*.

IF the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away, without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

A PUZZLING DEVICE.

THE proprietor of a tan-yard, adjacent to a certain town, in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or a sort of store, in one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment, and for days and weeks he was solely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an augur-hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles on, gazing intently on the sign; and there he continued to stand gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He slipped out and addressed the individual:—

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the store-keeper.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What the d—l are you then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that augur-hole, and I can't make it out to save my life."

IT is somewhat a singular fact, that restless as is the ocean, the path of your ship is the only part of it that is really "*a wake*."

A COUNTRY editor, in speaking of a steam-boat, says—"She has twelve births in her *ladies'* cabin." "Oh! life of me," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on reading the above. "What squalling there must have been."

A TRAVELLER, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar cane. "Pray what kind of cane was it?" "It was a *hurricane*," replied the traveller.

A ROGUE'S GRATITUDE.

"I PROMISE your honor, if you will pass a light sentence on me, I will reform and become an honest man," said a criminal, who had been convicted of theft. The promise made an impression on the judge, and he passed as light a sentence as possible. "May the hangman choke me, but that judge is a fine old fellow! I must send him something!" exclaimed the criminal, as he left the court; and behold, the next day, the judge received from an unknown hand a valuable gold watch of which he had been robbed two years before.

FANCY'S VISION OF THE SHADOWS.

Slowly and gently the shadows descending,
Daylight and darkness their images blending;
Stir up the fancies which busily throng,
Whispers the breeze, like a maiden's low sighing,
When to her sensitive lover replying,
She wakens emotions so fervent and strong.
Float through the haze of the night's shadow falling
Mystical voices, the accents recalling
Of the lov'd lost ones to memory dear;
Come too, sweet faces, and forms such as only
Enter our visions, when dreary and lonely,
Drops from our eyelid the sorrowing tear.
Day brings us trouble and many vexations;
Night bestows on us ideal creations;
Come then, sweet night! with thy quiet and rest;
Darker and faster descend, oh! ye shadows!
Densely enveloping moorland and meadows;
Give me society still with the blest!

HERBERT T. FRY.

DINNER VERSUS SMOKING.

A RESPECTABLE farmer, living in the parish of German, used to be amused at hearing his reapers remark, after dinner, that they would prefer a smoke to the food that was set before them. He resolved to put the matter to the test, and on the following day caused two tables to be laid out, one well supplied with the usual food, and the other with tobacco pipes and tobacco. Just before the reapers went to dinner, he communicated to them, that he wished them all before him, as he had something very important to tell them. "What is it?" was eagerly demanded. "It is this," said Mr. M. "I told you I would try you. Here are two tables well supplied, choose which you will, but you cannot have both." The result was, every individual enjoyed his dinner, and left the pipes "alone in their glory."

THOSE who will not learn to speak *a-propos* should learn to hold their peace, for it is better to speak nothing than to bolt out follies.

SWINDLING EXTRAORDINARY.

A MAN in the disguise of a Railway contractor, lately went into a tavern at Dunfermline, and was followed by a person resembling an Irish navvie, demanding his wages from him. The contractor seemed greatly insulted, and to be in a passion at the conduct of the navvie, asking him, "Why he did not come for his wages on Saturday, and how he could have the assurance to dog him, demanding his wages on the Sabbath, that he would settle with him this once, but would never do so again." He (the contractor) then asked change for a pound from the landlord, which was readily granted, and in the meantime the landlord was dispatched for something to drink. While at the bar, the navvie decamped, carrying off the change, and to the apparent mortification of the contractor, he from some mistake, was not in possession of a pound note which he expected, but promised to call upon the landlord next day with the cash. His manner was such that no doubt attached but that he would do as he promised. It was, however, ascertained, that the whole affair was a villanous imposition, and that the trick had been played on the same day in no less than five different houses. The authorities are taking every means to discover the imposture.

A STUDY FOR FRENCHMEN, IN ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

THIMBLERIG THISTLEWAITE, thievishly thought to thrive through thick and thin, by throwing his thimbles about; but he was thwarted, and thwacked, and thumped, and threshed with thirty thousand thistles and thorns, for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and thin, by throwing his thimbles about.

A REPARTEE OF CHANCELLOR HYDE.

MADAM CASTLEMAIN was very angry with him once (though he brought her into her dishonourable honour), and in great indignation told him, "I hope to live to see you hanged." "Madam," said he, "I hope to live to see you old."

Two Cardinals found fault with Raffaele, for having, in one of his pictures, given too florid a complexion to S. Peter and S. Paul. "Gentlemen," replied the artist, ill-pleased with the criticism, "don't be surprised; I paint them just as they look in Heaven; they are blushing with shame to see the church below so badly governed."

PRUDENT men lock up their motives, letting familiars have a key to their heart as to their garden.

A VIRTUOUS mind chooses such amusements as least tend to vitiate the affections.

BOOKS.

WE occasionally meet with books which awaken emotions equally discordant. The reader is oftentimes puzzled, beyond expression, to know whether he ought to laugh or to cry. Between tears and smiles, he is "perplexed in the extreme," and has no other escape from the predicament than that which suggested itself to Lord Byron, when bewildered between women and wine, in the reflection that "It is much better to have both than neither."

MR. DOHENY, at a public dinner, at Dunboyne, in allusion to the present condition of Ireland, said—"And if we do not better that condition, and prepare, we should only insult the memory of those patriots, who, sleep in their glorious graves, and who watch for the dawn of Ireland's independence." On which *Punch* remarks—"Surely, Ireland, then, is the land of patriotism. In what other country upon earth are these patriots,—who sleep and watch at the same time, and that in their graves,—patriots dead and buried, and alive and kicking, and asleep and wide awake? By the powers we should like to be acquainted with these patriots, and go with Mr. Doheny and plant laurels on their graves, and shake hands with the gentlemen under the roots of daisies."

AN IRISH EPITAPH.

Here lies,
And my heart at ease is,
Wid the point o' my nose,
And the tips o' my toes,
Turned up to the roots o' the daisies.

DAYS.

Not void of moral, though unheeded glides
Time's current, stealing on with silent haste;
For lo! each falling sand his folly chides
Who lets one precious minute run to waste.
Oh! how this spring of life resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and bye a cloud takes all away.

THE USE OF LITTLE TIME.

ONE of the hours each day, wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years, to provide the luxury of intelligence to hands torpid from lack of thought, to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust, to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvest of glorious deeds.

CUTTING IT SHORT.

AN old clergyman, who was very nice about his hair, which he wore in a large roll behind, after the old fashioned manner, was particular in his direction to a certain friseur, who was about to cut it. "And be sure," said he, "to leave it long enough behind to be rolled four or five times over my fingers." The friseur, handing a chair for the gentleman's accommodation, replied—"Sir, your orders shall be strictly attended to." Then entering into a long rigmarole story, the clergyman, after a while, desired him to cut it (the story) short. The story still continuing, to the great annoyance of the clergyman, he again said—"Cut it short;" this, however, being of no avail, he repeated—"I beg of you to cut it short and that instantly." "Only put up your hand, sir," answered the barber, "'tis as close to your pole as possible, and one more cut with the scissors would make a hole in your niddock."

FINE DAY.

THERE is nothing more commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without *envy*.

DISTRESS.

"How much can you pay us? What can you offer in the pound?" demanded the unfortunate creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Alas! gentlemen," replied the ruined man, "all I have is a *donkey in the pound!*"

THE RAZOR.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber, of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends on what you call the operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerably easy; but if you are shaving me, it goes rather hard."

ANN BOLEYN'S GLOVES.

ANN BOLEYN was marvellously dainty about her gloves. She had a nail which turned up at the side, and it was the delight of Queen Catharine to make her play at cards, without her gloves, in order that the deformity might disgust King Hal. The good Queen Bess was extravagant, fastidious, and capricious in the extreme, about her gloves. She used to display them to advantage in playing the virginal, and gloves at that time were expensive articles.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as spendthrifts covet money, for the purpose of circulation.

WOMAN.

Do not expect more in a woman than pertains to her sex, and you will find her as perfect and well-suited to her sphere, as the self-styled—lord of the creation.

AN EPIGRAM.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge, profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound,
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

Says a beau to a lady, "pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance the handsomest man?"
The lady replied, "if you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you."

"What is the reason," said an Irishman to another,
"That you and your wife are always disagreeing?"
"Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind,
She wants to be master and so do I."

NOTHING presents a more mournful aspect than a family divided by anger and animosity. We find brothers so indifferent towards each other, so wanting in affection, that they appear as if they had been cherished by the same fond heart, only to be forever divided, by their tastes and manner of thinking. We also observe sisters maintain so much ill-will, animosity, and resentment, and living in such secret but continual irritation of mind towards each other, that even the very stranger, when forced to be a witness of this melancholy state of feeling in the family, cannot but be shocked and pained. Indeed, it is but too common to behold individuals united by ties of blood, live together upon a much less intimate footing than with strangers, and shew themselves much less serviceable, and much less obliging the one to the other, than they are when occasion requires, to persons whom they know not. These people all desire to be happy, and yet they take the certain course to make themselves, as well as others, miserable,

"Young man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister of our acquaintance to a young member of the church. "Yes, sir," said the hopeful convert, "two cousins and a grandmother, but I don't intend to sustain them much longer."

COLERIDGE used to say, that the best pun in the English language, was made by Swift, when he saw a man walking along with a hare on his shoulder, and cried out to him:—

"Is that your own hare or a wig."

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

JEEMS, my lad, keep away from the gals. When you see one coming, dodge. Jest such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the door-step on t'other side of the street, fool'd yer poor dad, Jimmy. If it had'n't been for her, you and yer dad might ha' been in Californy, huntin' dinuns, my son.

EARLY RISING.

PLACE a basin of cold water by the side of your bed. When you first awake in the morning, dip your hands in the basin, and wet your brow, and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace. This is the advice given by an aged clergyman, who had been in the habit of rising early during a long life.

GRAMMATICAL QUESTIONS.

WHAT are the regular parts of speech ? The *tongue, palate, and lips*.—To what part of grammar do excise duties on intoxicating liquors belong ? *Sin-tax*.—What is a love letter ? *An indefinite article*.—A creditor's letter ? *A definite article*.—A boy informing against his companion ? *Accusative case*.—The companion whipped ? *Vocative case*.—The master whipping ? *An active verb, governing both the accusative and the vocative*.—A bachelor ? *A personal pronoun without the plural*.

INDIAN POLITENESS.

AN Indian paper lately refused to publish eulogies gratis, but added—We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends *with pleasure*.

COBBLING SURGERY.

A COBBLER has just located himself at Spalding, and attracts attention with the following address outside his shop :—"Surgery performed on old boots and shoes, by adding of feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, altering the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. No cure--no pay. Advice gratis on the most desperate cases.

A FEW days ago, an English gentleman, a visitor at the fashionable watering-place of Moffat, on passing the free church there, a very unecclesiastical looking building, asked a boy whose factory it was ? The sharp-witted lad, after an involuntary consultation with the crown lawyers, replied—"Mr. Kinnear's." "Ay, and what does he manufacture here ?" "Sinners into saints, sir, was the ready answer."

CONCERTS OF THE MILLION.

THE professed object of these concerts held at Exeter Hall, is the placing of select musical performances before the public, at the lowest remunerating terms of admission. Those already given, give good promise for the succeeding ones. Among the vocal and instrumental performers are several old favourites. Less of scientific, and more of popular pieces, are the only sure methods to attract the multitude. Let those who admire *tours de force*, have their select meetings with guinea tickets, when one half the audience are nodding.

ON A MUSIC AND DANCING MASTER, AT
BRIGHTON, WHO DECAMPED WITH A
SUBSCRIPTION.

His time was quick, his touch was fleet,
Our gold he nimbly fingered ;
Alike alert with hands and feet,
His movements have not lingered.
Where is the wonder of the case ?
A moment's thought detects it,
His practice has been thorough bass,
A cord will be his exit.

A PATIENT, describing his complaint to the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy, said—"that his sight was so affected, he could see only three-fourths of an object." "I understand you," observed Mr. A., "in my name, for instance, you would see a *bare-knee* only, and not the *thigh*."

AN Irishman was on board a vessel, which having been overtaken by a storm, the captain cried out—"All hands to the pump ! to the bottom we'll go every soul !" "No, no," said Paddy, "you shall not cheat me. I have paid for my passage to England, and I'll be taken too."

A YOUNG man, in expatiating on the advantages of being able to swim, said—"that if a person, who could swim, should happen to fall into the water, he would feel as cool as by his own fireside." "Yes," observed a wag, "and a little cooler too."

A LITTLE boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cramming his mouth full of "fine cut," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle, asked him—"what he chewed tobacco for ?" "What do I chew tobacco for ?" replied the boy, "why I chew to get the strength out of it, to be sure ! What d'ye think I chew it for ?"

MR. WATTS left Lord Brougham not 50,000, but the choice of the best book in his library. The error arose from the supposition, that his lordship, with his usual discrimination, would choose Mr. Watts' banking book.

A YANKEE TRICK.

UNCLE EB, as we used to call him, among lots of good qualities, had a failing. He loved good liquor, but such was the state of his credit, that no one would trust him. He therefore, one day, resorted to a trick, to answer the great desire of his appetite. He took two case bottles, put a quart of water in one, and started for the store. "I'll take a quart of your rum," said Uncle Eb, as he placed the empty bottle on the counter. The rum was put up, and the bottle replaced in his pocket, when Uncle Eb pulled from his purse, what at a distance might seem, a quarter of a dollar. "This is nothing but tin, Uncle Eb," said the trader. "Eh! no, it's a quarter," said Uncle Eb. "It's tin," said the trader, "I shan't take it." "It's all I have got." "Very well; then you can't have the rum." Uncle Eb, without much demurring, pulled from his pocket the quart of water, the trader took it, poured it into his rum barrel, and off walked Uncle Eb chuckling.

PAT M'C — declared in company, that he had seen anchovies grow on the walls at Malta. Lieutenant F—— contradicted him. Pat in a rage called the lieutenant out and shot him. At this good luck, Pat began to dance and sing, when one of the seconds said—"Pat, my boy, you had better be off, and not stay here cutting your capers." "Stop," says Pat, "say that again." "Why," said the second, "you had better be off and not stand there cutting such capers." "Faix," says Pat, very much dismayed, "and it was capers I meant."

Two physicians, of considerable skill and eminence, lived in a town in America. One of them used no spirituous liquors, the other drank freely; while one had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor. Meeting each other one day, as the former was returning from a distant town, with a richly painted and well-made carriage, the latter accosted him—"Doctor, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and as extensively as you, and charge as much, but I can hardly live and drive the old one." "The paint on my carriage," he replied, "did not cost half as much as the *paint on your face*."

AN auctioneer, from the Emerald Isle, while selling a stock of jewellery, was describing a pair of jet earrings to a very respectable company of ladies, when he exclaimed, very earnestly—"Indeed, if my wife were a widow, I would positively buy them for her!"

"How is your wife to day," said a friend to a French gentleman, "Oh! moche de sem," said he, "she no better, and I'm afraid ver little waas. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon; I feel so unhappie, my mind is so moche unset-tel. Ven she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied!"

GRAMMAR.

JOHN, parse—Girls are lovely. *Girls is a common noun, third person, plural number, and objective case.*—Objective case? *No nominative case.*—Nominative to what verb? “I don’t know, sir.” “Well, what follows girls?” “John Dickson followed our girls what we’ve got to hum last Sunday afternoon.” “Oh! young man. Well, I should suppose they were in the objective case.” No, sir-ee! when I seed ‘em, I should think they was in the possessive case, for he was hugging ‘em like thunder!”

ON MISS MOLLY FOWLE, A CELEBRATED
CAMBRIDGE BEAUTY,

BY THE REVEREND HANS DE VEIL.

Is Molly Fowle immortal? No!
Yes! but she is, I’ll prove her so;
She’s fifteen now, and was I know,
Fifteen full fifteen years ago.

THEODORE HOOK being in company, where he said something humorous, in rhyme, of every person present, he, on Mr. Winter, the late solicitor of taxes, being announced, made the following impromptu:—

“Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes,
I advise you to give it without any flummery,
For tho’ his name’s Winter, his actions are summary.”

IN a speech, before Lord Redesdale, Plunket had occasion to use the phrase *kites*, very frequently, as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes. Lord Redesdale, to whom the phrase was quite new, at length interrupted him, saying—“I don’t quite understand your meaning, Mr. Plunket. In England, kites are paper playthings, used by boys. In Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transactions.” “There is another difference, my Lord,” said Plunket, “in England, the wind raises the kites; in Ireland, the kite raises the wind.”

GRACE GREENWOOD satirizes, in the *Dollar Magazine*, the parrot-cry that women should know how to wash, &c., and asks, why not the stronger sex also? What could be a more beautiful illustration of womanly dependence, and manly courage, than a lady gracefully cleansing handkerchiefs and lace, while her loving lord boldly wrestles with the counterpanes and table cloths?

A GENTLEMAN, at an eating-house, asked the person who sat next to him, if he would please pass the mustard. “Sir,” said the man, “do you take me for a waiter?” “Oh! no sir,” was the reply—“I mistook you for a gentleman.”

WHY IS A GARDENER THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MAN IN THE KINGDOM ?

BECAUSE no man has more business on earth, and he always chooses good ground for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and when he pleases, fingers *penny royal*. He raises his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year, indeed, that does not produce him a *plum*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state, makes more *beds* than the Pulteney Hotel, in Piccadilly, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and more genuine *roses*, and *lilies*, than are to be found at a country fair. He makes *raking* more his business, than his pleasure, yet his wife enjoys as much *hearts' ease* as she wishes. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts*, than in any town taken by storm, during the last war ; and of more *laurels*, than the victorious Wellington.

ON Dr. Goodenough preaching before the House of Lords :—

'Twas odd enough, that Goodenough,
Before the Lords should preach ;
For sure enough, full bad enough,
Were those he had to teach !

THAT which we acquire with most difficulty, we retain the longest, as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it, than those who have inherited one.

A COQUETTE does not want to be loved ; all she aims at is, to appear lovely, and to pass for a beauty. What predominates in her is vanity and levity.

WHAT renders men so miserable is their pride and cupidity.

WHAT cost little is too dear, when it is of no use.

WHAT Seneca says, is, true anger is madness.

It is difficult for men not to hate what they fear much.

It is from good or bad education, that depends always the happiness or misfortune of our life.

HE is truly a good man, who has a natural abhorrence of vice, and love of virtue.

CADMUS taught the Greeks the use of letters.

If you desire to be esteemed, you must be civil, mild, complaisant, and affable.

VICIOUS habits are diseases which human helps cannot remedy.

PRUDENCE is the eye of virtue.

LOVE is the soul of the world.

YOUTH is the soul of beauty, and beauty is the stumblingblock of men of feeling.

GOING THE WHOLE HOG.

A **QUERIST** asks information as to the origin of the American figure of speech—"to go the whole hog." I apprehend its parentage belongs less to America than to Ireland, where a "hog" is still the synonyme for a shilling, and a "tester" or "taster" for a sixpence. Previously to the assimilation of the currency of the two countries in 1825, a "white hog" meant the English shilling, or twelve pence; and a "black hog" the Irish shilling, or thirteen pence. To "go the whole hog," is a convivial determination to spend the whole shilling; and the prevalence of the expression, with an extension of its application in America, can be readily traced to its importation by the multitudes of emigrants from Ireland.

THREE THINGS WHICH A GOOD WIFE SHOULD
BE LIKE, AND THREE THINGS WHICH SHE
SHOULD NOT BE LIKE.

A wife, domestic, good and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door;
But not like snail, in silver'd track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

A wife should be like echo true,
And speak but when she's spoken to;
But not like echo, still be heard,
Contending for the final word.

Like a town clock, a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But not like clocks, harangue so clear
That all the town her voice may hear.

My friend! if these allusions strike
She whom as bride you hail,
Must just be like, and just unlike,
An echo—clock—and snail!

AGE and merit render a man venerable, rank and dignity render him respectable.

NATURE begins, education finishes.

NATURE makes the poet, art the orator.

HEALTH is the support of life, and joy is the soul of health,

INNOCENT pleasures make the comforts of life.

VALOUR is the compound of prudence and courage.

THE too great indulgence of fathers ruins children.

MEMORY is the depository of the riches of the mind.

POLITENESS is an attention in doing that by our words and our manners, that others be pleased with us and with themselves.

AUTHORITY and power bind, interest and love engage.

A GERMAN PRINCE.

WHEN an Englishman was introduced to him, he thought the best thing he could say to him, was to remark that "it was bad weather;" upon which the Englishman shrugged up his shoulders and replied—"Yes, but it is better than none at all."

THE DOCTOR WHO FORGOT HIS ERRAND.

IN the biography of Hannah Moore, just published, it is related, that when about sixteen, a dangerous illness brought her under the care of Dr. Woodward, a physician of eminence at that day, and distinguished by his correct taste. On one of his visits, being led into conversation with his patient, on subjects of literature, he forgot the purpose of his visit, in the fascination of her talk, till suddenly recollecting himself, when he was halfway down stairs, he cried—"Bless me, I forgot to ask the girl, how she was;" and returned to the room—"How are you to-day, my dear child?"

THE LAST ABOUT BARNUM.

THE wags will never let Barnum alone. The last story in regard to him is, that he had picked up in his travels a small pot of tar, supposed to have been left where the Israelites *pitched* their tents.

IMAGINATION makes the greatest part of all the pleasure and displeasure of men.

LIBERALITY and thankfulness are the bonds of concord.

YOUTH and love are two fine excuses for many follies.

NEITHER riches nor dignity render us happy.

NOT only his dignities, his riches, but his virtue vanish away.

WEALTH, dignities, honour, every thing disappears at death. Virtue alone remains.

MOST people act more by habit, than by reflection; it is for that reason we see so many people, who, though with great abilities, commit very great faults.

A VERY great number of youth ruin themselves because they read impious books, and because they get acquainted with licentious people.

A GREAT number of Christians fell into errors because they would submit the dogmas to their weak reason.

THE greatest part of philosophers are not reasonable.

MOST men see only through self-love.

MOST men are active in suing for a favor, and indolent when they have obtained it.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMEN.

WHEN the simple question of superiority is at issue, the men always have given up. If ladies and gentlemen meet on the sidewalk, who have to turn out? If there are not seats enough for all the company, who has to stand up? When there is danger to face, who must go forward? If there is curiosity to gratify, who goes behind? If there is too much company for the first table, who eats at the second? Who has the right hand and the most enviable position? We could mention a hundred other cases, in which, on the simple question of right, every thing is yielded to the woman. But there are cases in which the condition of them is still worse. For instance, if on any public occasion, a pew at church, or a seat any where, be occupied by them, ever so respectable or aged, a smirking little beauty trips along, and presents herself at the top of the seat, when they all jump up, and run out as if they had been shot. Especially ought it to be noticed, that when matrimonial negotiations are to be made, the whole burden of performing the delicate and often embarrassing part of making proposals is thrown upon the men, while the women, sit and say "No," "No," as long as they like, and never say "Yes," until they have a mind to.

IN THE CHURCH YARD OF HORRINGTON.

Here lies the body of Edward Hide;
We laid him here because he died,
We had rather
It had been his father.
If it had been his sister
Few would have missed her;
But since 'tis honest Ned
No more shall be said.

AN EPIGRAM.

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure, I am beckoned,
And think 'twould be a jolly trick,
To go as Charles the Second.
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said,
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires *no head*!

HALF of the people take pleasure in slandering, and the other half in believing slanders.

WE too often say, it is they who have caused our ruin; it would be more true to say, it is we who are the first cause of all our misfortunes.

A MISER may have riches in his chest, but he is not the master of them, for they are in possession of his heart and of his mind.

VALUE OF EXERCISE COMPARED WITH OTHER STIMULANTS.

By a recent number of *Chambers's Journal*, we find the following remarks :—"The flesh of animals and fermented liquors being much more stimulative than fruit and farinaceous vegetable substances appear, and doubtless while the stimulant lasts a person is capable of much greater exertion under it, but the only sure way of permanently increasing the power of the muscular system, is by a natural and nutritious diet, along with judicious exercise. The mode in which stimulants act, is, by exciting the nervous energy and quickening the circulation, and thus producing rapid transformation of the tissues throughout the whole structure ; and while these changes are taking place, whether as the effect of animal food, fermented liquors, *anger, madness, fever*, or exercise, the muscular frame is (for the time) increased. But exhaustion constantly succeeds, and will invariably be in proportion to the degree and duration of their action. Exercise, however, is the only safe and legitimate stimulant in a normal state of the system, for it creates healthy demand for renewal, by promoting the requisite decompositions of structure ; while the others, destroy the balance between decay and reproduction, and thus lay the foundation of local or general disease. A striking example of the effects of exercise, in promoting the healthy circulation of the fluids, and thereby removing local disorders, has just come under notice, in the case of a young gentleman, who, after suffering severely from that distressing complaint, the *tic-douloureux*, has found entire relief from it in a regular attendance at a gymnastic establishment."

CURIOUS FACT.

BEEES are geometricians, their cells are so constructed, as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces, and least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird, called the nine-killer, is an arithmetician ; as also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo and the ray are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator ; he raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter ; he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer ; he does not only build houses, but constructs aqueducts, and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman ; with a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses the stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and the heron are fishermen. The ants have regular day labours. The monkey is a ropedancer.

HEAVING OF THE OCEAN.

HUMEROUS DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE WHEN THE HEAVING OCEAN CAUSES STOMACHS TO HEAVE IN STRANGE CONFORMITY.

WE have lots of land-lubbers on board—young agitators, fond of “intestine commotions,” who are constantly “spouting”—maidens, whose bosoms “heave”—young clerks, who “cast up accounts”—custom-house officers, who “clear out”—sharpers, given to “over-reaching”—Jews, who at the traffail, “keep a passover”—lawyers, who take nothing “by their motion”—doctors, who have “sick visits”—choleric people, who cannot “keep down their bile”—bankrupts, who give up “all they have”—spendthrifts, who “keep nothing long”—idlers, who do nothing all day, but “go up and down”—men of business, exhibiting “bills of lading”—swindlers, who “cut and run”—military men, who “surrender at discretion”—boys, that quarrel and “throw up at cards”—servants, that cannot “keep their places”—auctioneers, with their “going, going, gone!”—preachers, who say “they want but little here below, nor want that little long”—hypocrites, that make “long faces”—grumblers, that are “open mouthed”—babblers, that “keep nothing in”—painters, ever reluctant to shew their “palette”—authors, that cannot conceal their “effusions”—printers, that never leave their “sheets;” and publishers, that first “puff,” and then bring forth their “trash.” In short, men of all sorts, “in one common mess.” Lord, what fun it is, dear Jack, to see these creatures! Good Christians, they are, too, for they give and take, return all kindness with interest, charitable to a degree, for they give all they have, and strain a point to do their utmost. Candid souls! they “keep nothing back,” but bring everything forward without any consideration for themselves.

THE PRESENT.

There is a good time coming boys!
And many a one has passed,
For each has had his own good time,
And will have to the last.
Then tarry not, oh! eager youth,
For fairer gales to blow,
But bear in mind the first of truths—
The best of time is now!

COUNSELLOR LAMB, an old man, when the present Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners, and nervous disposition, and usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect, and on one occasion when opposed in some cause to Erskine, he happened to remark that “he felt himself grow more and more timid, as he grew older.” “No wonder,” replied the witty but relentless barrister. “Everybody knows the older a lamb grows, the more sheepish he becomes.”

OF HYM THAT HAD HIS GOOSE STOLE.

A MAN that had a goose stole from hym, went and complained to the curate, and desyred him to do so much as helpe that he had his goose again. The curate said he wolde. So on Sunday, the curate, as though he wolde curse, went up into the pulpit, and bade everybody sit down; so when they were set, he sayde—"Why sat ye nat downe?" "We be sit all redy," quod they. "Naye," quod the curate, "he that did stale the goose, setteth nat." "Yes, that I do," quod he. "Sayste thou that," quod the curate. "I charge thee, on payne of cursing, to bring the goose home again."

TO A GENTLEMAN EXPLAINING THE LAW OF
THE ROAD.

The law of the road is a paradox quite,
For when you are journeying along,
If you keep to the left you are sure to go right,
If you keep to the right you are wrong.

A DABBLER in literature and in fine arts, who prided himself on his knowledge and proper use of the English language, came upon a youngster sitting upon the bank of a mill-pond, angling for shiners, and thus addressed him:—"Adolescens, art thou not endeavouring to entice the finny race, to engulph into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement." "No," said the boy, "*I am fishin'.*"

DR. LUCAS having, after a hard contest, carried the election for the city of Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady, whose family was very warm in the interest of the defeated candidate. "Well, doctor," says she, "I find you have gained the election." "Yes, madam." "No wonder, sir," was the reply, "all the blackguards voted for you." "No, madam, your sons did not," replied the doctor.

"I DECLARE," said Aunt Betsey, "he was the oddest creature that was ever put into a skin. He wa'n't like other men in any thing; he never eat his breakfast till the next day at noon!"

"ONE word more and I have done." How we dread to hear this expression at public meetings! It's always a sure sign that he is bracing up for a fresh start!

A POOR poet having written some doggrel verses to a young lady, in which he repeats the phrase, "I saw thee once;" she returned to him for answer, "that she would take care he never saw her again."

AN American court has decided that marriage contracts made on a Sunday, are valid, on the ground that they come under the head of "works of necessity and charity."

A SENSIBLE PRAYER.

THE Rev. E. G. Wood, at Fairfield, Indiana, after praying for the general government, prayed for the governor of the state, and thus for the legislature:—"And the Lord have mercy on our legislators. Spare their lives until they may return to their homes, and then put it in the hearts of the people to keep them there, and return men of temperate habits, and sentiments, who will do some good."

TRUE CHIVALRY.

No more in knightly tournament
 May lover proudly bear,
 The silken scarf, or emblem flower,
 Bestowed by lady fair.
 No longer must the fatal lance
 Her spotless honour prove,
 Nor high hearts stilled the offering be
 Of chivalry to love.
 No more beyond the rolling deep
 Must true love prove its faith,
 But bearing in its sacred name
 A talisman of death.
 No more must glory's wreath be won
 Where death and danger meet,
 Nor sword incarnadined in gore,
 Be laid at beauty's feet.
 But in life's bloodless battle field
 To take a nobler stand,
 To strive for victory among
 The wisest of our land.
 By prowess of the mind and heart
 To gain a loftier place,
 Be these the guerdon of his truth
 Who seeks a lady's grace.
 To self be not your gauntlets flung,
 Ye heroes of the list!
 Nor 'till your foe be quite o'erthrown,
 The gallant strife desist.
 A field more dread and glorious
 Ne'er chivalry could meet,
 And smiles of spirit loveliness
 Your victory will greet.

A LADY, reading that a man had been sentenced to six months hard labour, for dog stealing, observed to a friend with a shudder, "Gracious! my love, what would certain of our sex have to endure for entrapping puppies!"

A LADY had all her cherries stolen in one night. The gardener was charging it on the robins. She was not to be "done" in that way, and replied—"I guess they were two-legged robins!" Probability certainly favoured her conclusion.

WELLINGTON AND THE ENGLISH ARMY.

M. THIERS, in his recently published work, pays a tribute, not less honourable to him who gives, than to those who receive it, to the military genius of the great Duke and his gallant followers. It is as follows :—"The English army passed the Bidassoa on the 7th of October, 1813, and Pampeluna surrendered on the 31st. This was the most constant and the most hated of Napoleon's enemies in arms on the French soil, under the command of a General, who at once revived that uniformity of success which Marlborough, Talbot, Henry the Fifth, and the Black Prince, had already given to their country. There is no use in denying it; every circumstance considered, the Duke of Wellington was the greatest General, whom the late wars brought forth, for human contemplation. His mind was so admirably poised, notwithstanding the vivacity of his genius, that he was always equally ready and equally great on every occasion. He united the powerful conception of Napoleon's to the steady judgment of Moreau. Each of these mighty captains was, perhaps, in some degree, superior to Wellington, in his peculiarity to devise a plan on the battle field and change his whole order of battle, as he did at Marengo. Moreau may have understood better the management of a retreating army, before an exulting enemy; but the exquisite apprehension and intelligence of Arthur Wellesley, served him in a moment, and took at once the conduct and the measures which the occasion required. Many of our countrymen have contested his genius, but no man can deny to him the most equable judgment that ever shone forth in a great soldier. It is this admirable faculty, this discerning wisdom of the mind, which has misled all Europe, as to his genius, in the same manner, as it did, two centuries ago, in the case of the great Lord Bacon. Men do not expect to see in the same person, the active and the passive spirits equally great; nor does nature usually bestow such opposite gifts on the same man. In Napoleon, a steady judgment, and a patient endurance of calamity, were not the concomitants of his impulsive genius and tremendous activity in war. Moreau had all this passive greatness; but the Duke of Wellington, only, had united the two gifts. Nay, more, the noble army he had so long commanded, had gradually learned to partake of the character of their leader. No soldiers in the world, but the English, could have stood those successive charges, that murderous artillery, which they so bravely bore at Waterloo."

THE admiralty have determined that, in future, an acquaintance with the principle and application of the steam-engine, shall be deemed a necessary qualification for all midshipmen, before they can be allowed to pass for the rank of lieutenant.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

THE CONTRAST.

LINES WRITTEN BY THE REVEREND CHARLES WOLFE, WHILE STANDING
UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE.

I saw him once on the terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with court, and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness;
Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The symbol replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I stood at the grave beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken,
But every eye was dim with a tear
And the silence by sobs was broken,
The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision enthron'd as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.
A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,
And a son's sole child have perished,
And it saddeneth each heart, save his alone,
By whom they were fondly cherished.

We have fought the fight from his lofty throne,
The foe to our land we humbled,
And it gladdens each heart, save his alone,
For whom that foe was tumbled.
His silver beard o'er a bosom spread,
Unvaried by life's emotion,
Like a yearly length'ning snowdrift shed,
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's water lay,
Tho' the tide of life kept flowing,
When they spoke of the King 'twas but to say—
"The old man's strength was going."
At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust,
Death's hand his slumber breaking,
For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just
Is a sure and blissful waking.
His people's heart is his funeral urn,
And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found when, in turn,
We lay our heads beside him.

A MAN is taller in the morning than at night, to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

CREDIT.

THE most trifling actions, that affect a man's credit, are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer. But if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day. Finer clothes than he or his wife wears, a greater expence in any particular, than he affords himself, shocks his pride, and he duns you to humble you. Creditors are a kind of people who have the sharpest eyes and ears, as well as the best memories of any in the world. Good-natured creditors feel pain when they are obliged to ask for money. Spare them that pain and they will love you. When you receive a sum of money, divide it among them, in proportion to your debts; do not be ashamed of paying a small sum because you owe a larger. Money, more or less, is always welcome; and your creditor would rather be at the trouble of receiving ten shillings voluntary brought him, though at ten different times of payment, than be obliged to go ten different times, to demand it, before he can receive it in the lump. It shows that you are mindful of what you owe, it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit. Remember the saying—"That the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse."

AN Englishman, having asked an Irishman, if the roads in Ireland were good—"Yes," said he, "so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them to England." "Stay let me see—there's the road to love, strewed with roses—to matrimony, through nettles—to honour, through the camp—to prison, through the law—and to the undertakers, through the physic." "Have you any road to preferment," said the Englishman. "Yes, but that is the dirtiest in the kingdom."

A SUITOR, for the hand of a young lady, at Harrowgate, had been repeatedly warned that she was of a violent and ungovernable temper, but persisted in attributing the information to envy or mistake. "At length," said the lover, relating his mishap to a friend, "I got into an argument with my dear Maria, about a mere trifle, when she so far forgot herself, in a moment of passion, as to throw a cup of tea in my face." "And what was the effect?" inquired his auditor. "Oh! that completely opened my eyes."

VANITY is the besetting sin of more than one nation, but in France it sometimes exhibits itself in strange guise. The names and addresses of 500 young girls, who figured in the procession of the Fraternization Fête, at Paris, the other week, were actually hawked about the streets! "What!" exclaimed a wag, "has virtue become so rare, that one has need of its address in order to find it."

MRS. CROWE ON WOMAN'S LOVE.

How few women have ever been in love ! How few even marry from selection ! They marry because they are asked, and because the marriage is suitable. It is their vocation to be married ; parents approve, and they have no other attachment. Any observant person living in society, where there is a continual marrying, and giving in marriage, must be struck with this fact. Cupid's quiver must be exhausted, or his arrows blunt, as he pierces few hearts now. I incline to think that a girl really in love, one who bore the evident symptoms of the malady, would be thought very improper ; yet I have often fancied that there must be a man born in the world for every woman ; one whom to see would be to love, to reverence, to adore ; one with whom her sympathies would so entirely blend, that she would recognise him at once as her true lord. Now and then these pairs come together ; and woe to her who meets this other self too late. Women would be more humble and more merciful if they did not, through ignorance and thoughtlessness, measure the temptation of others by their own experience.

THE ROSE.

Hast thou no fears, O thou exulting thing !
Thus looking forth for life ? Is there no spell
In the strong wind to tame thee ? Thou hast yet
To learn harsh lessons from the changing hours,
And bow thy stately head submissively
Unto a heavy touch, for here, bright shape,
Thy resting place is not.

AN eccentric preacher, in the West, concluded an impressive charity sermon, in the following language :—" My dear brethren, it has been the usual fashion, for an audience, to testify their approbation of that which has been said, by the clapping of hands, but I recommend for your adoption a new method of clapping, less tumultuous and much more pleasing. When you leave this building, *clap* your hands into your breeches pocket, and draw them out again ; *clap* your money into the box which is at the door to receive it ; and may the Lord give it his blessing !" It is stated, that the address had the desired effect, and the audience, having given the needful, as requested, *clapped* their hats upon their heads, and started for their homes, much edified with the discourse.

CHATEANEUF was keeper of the seals in the minority of Louis XIII. At the age of 9, he was introduced to a French bishop, who said—" He would give him an orange if he would tell him where God is." " My lord," replied the boy, " I will give you two if you will tell me where He is not."

DOCTOR LITSOM ascribes health and wealth to water ; happiness, to small beer ; and all disease and crimes to the use of spirits.

ORIGIN OF CORONERS' INQUESTS.

THE coroner's inquest is said to have originated in the following manner:—A gentlewoman, in London, having buried six husbands, found a suitor hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was mutual, a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to her former husbands, who had disgusted her, she said, with their drunkenness and infidelity. With a view of ascertaining the real character of his mate, the gentleman began to absent himself, and return at late hours in a state of intoxication. Reproaches at first, and menaces in succession, were the effects of this conduct. One evening, when she thought him senseless or asleep, she unsewed a leaden weight from a fold in her gown, and having melted it, approached her husband to pour it into his ear. Convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up, seized her, and having procured assistance, confined her till morning, when she was taken before a magistrate and committed to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and as marks of violence were discernable upon the whole of them, she was brought to trial and convicted of murder. To these circumstances we are indebted for a most useful institution.

DEAN SWIFT once made a wager, that he would collect a crowd in the street, and keep it there for hours, merely acting on the love of mankind for the marvellous. Accordingly, he fixed himself in front of a certain church, and remained there for a time, casting his eyes alternately on the spire and on his watch. Parties noticing his abstracted attitude, speedily gathered around him, and some half indistinct mutterings revealed to them that he was waiting for the renewed appearance of some special object on the steeple. This intelligence spread like wild-fire, and his point being gained, the reverend wag slipped quietly away. Not so the crowd, which continued swelling and lingering about the spot, circulating all sorts of absurdities, until hours on hours passed away, proving the accuracy of Swift's anticipations.

A YOUNG man advertises, in the *Boston Post*, for a place as a salesman, and says, he has had a great deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different stores within a year.

ELEPHANTS live for 200, 300, and even 400 years. A healthy full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

BATS in India are called flying foxes, and measure six feet, from tip to tip.

THREE Hudson's Bay dogs draw a sledge, loaded with three hundred pounds, fifteen miles a day.

SHEEP in wild pastures, practice self-defence, by an array in which the rams stand foremost in concert, with ewes and lambs in the centre of a hollow square.

SOCIAL ECONOMY.

THE great Exhibition of 1851, whose splendid pageantry has been the crowning marvel of an age of wonders, has established many important principles which mark the advent of a new era in the history of Industry. Amongst these, perhaps the most remarkable and gratifying, consists in a recognition of a mutual relationship, between mind and labour, much more extensive and intimate than had ever before been supposed to exist, or to be possible. The glorious result of this most holy alliance, will be to cheer the brow of toil with the light of genius and the smile of promise, and to elevate the character of the working man, by giving him a taste for the beautiful in connexion with the useful principles, which, in the economy of nature, are so wondrously associated;—in a word, to extend his resources and his usefulness, by inspiring him with an ambition to bring his peculiar industry, however humble in itself, to bear in some manner upon the highest and most honoured fields of enterprise. By such means we may hope to see the jealousies between classes and rival trades removed, and the best exertions of all uniting for the common good.

Extending our regards beyond our own shores, we see another and still more gratifying result of the Great Industrial Congress of 1851, in the conviction brought to the productive classes, of all nations, of a community of interests existing between them, superior to all interests of nationality, above all prejudices of race and birth. Thus, to sum up, we attain, in the first place, increased knowledge of our own resources, and of the resources of the rest of the world; which, whilst it creates a just confidence in ourselves, will also create a feeling of respect for our neighbours. Secondly, an acknowledgment of the true principles of reciprocal dealing, by which the peculiar advantages of one community may be interchanged by those of others. Finally, an enlarged field of commerce, and the infusion of a more liberal spirit into commercial transactions, by which commerce will grow, and with it civilization and peace be extended, as the connecting bond of the whole human family.

A MERRY jesting fellow, being half drunk, went to the house of a Roman priest, and demanded him to give him a pound. "Give you a pound," said the priest, "why, surely the fellow is mad." "Well, then, give me a half crown." "And pray what for?" "Well, then, give me a shilling." "Nor a shilling, neither," replied the priest. "Well, then, give me a farthing." "I will give you nothing at all." "Pray reverend father, do not be angry, it was only your blessing I asked." "If you come then, my son," replied the priest, "kneel down and receive it humbly." "No," replied the arch wag, upon second thought, "I will not receive thy cheap blessing, for if it was worth one single farthing, you would not bestow it on me."

RIDICULE.

I KNOW of no principle, which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question, manner, and appearance; it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic, it may appear—do it, not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm: resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can tear from you those feelings, which every man carries within him, who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause. — *Rev. Sydney Smith.*

THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.

A NEAT, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other: the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations, which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other: the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.

RATHER remarkable that the French, with all their supposed passionate love of liberty, never utter a word of complaint against conscription system, their police espionage, or their law of passports—three of the most grinding engines of tyranny that can be conceived.

A SINGLE female house fly produces, in one season, 20,080,320 eggs.

1861.

SOCIALIST SUCCESS IN FRANCE, AND THE PROSPERITY OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

ONE of the most striking proofs of the effects of the socialist success is found in the condition of the Savings' Banks of Paris. In all the weeks of January and February confidence prevailed; the artisans and the shopkeepers were tolerably well employed—they could save something, and relying on the government, they invested their savings. In the second week in March the deposits fell to nearly half the amount of the first week in February, and in the third week of March they declined nearly one-third more. As there was a prospect of the success of those who claim for themselves, exclusively, the character of the workman's friends, the workman's wages dwindled away, and his savings were lessened. When the workman's friends actually succeeded, those effects were augmented, work was almost suspended, and saving almost ceased—adding to the many proofs, afforded by every page of modern history, that none suffer so much, by political disturbances and revolutions, as those, on whose behalf, they are said to be made. The usual pretext for them is the distress of the labourers, and in all cases they increase that distress. They suspend productive industry; and if the capitalist lose his profit, and the landowner his rent, the labourer loses his wages, and becomes a pauper, or starves. He may, by the suspension of his industry, cease to benefit others, but he infallibly ruins himself. The politicians, who claim to be the friends of workmen, and are continually planning political changes to serve them, are their worst enemies.

A NIGHT IN WEXFORD.

Of all rivers in Europe (and I have seen many),
 Sure least is his chance of forgetting the *Slaney*,
 Who knows, for his sins, how convenient for export
 It runs alongside the old city of Wexford!
 Now Wexford's a town, which though given to riot,
 Has of late years, we're told, been remarkably quiet;
 But should Pat, even at times, still belabour his brother,
 'Cross the street they have but to shake hands with each other:
 So handily narrow's each sociable alley
 Of this town, whose wide bridges bestride a whole valley.
 Now let any mortal who ever his eyes has
 Chanced to open in Wexford in time for the assizes,
 (With a fair in the bargain, the better to cram,
 Streets expressly constructed to favor a *jam*.)
 Just imagine a poor hungry traveller arriving
 On the top of the mail, after twelve hours long driving,
 (Past seven by his watch, by his stomach much later,)
 And to back the "all full" of the jackanapes waiter,
 Seeing up at White's windows, while threading the lane,
 One lawyer at least looking out at each pane!
 "Whither next?" cries the stranger's disconsolate voice—

Why Wexford, like Hobson, has only one choice;
 And half its inhabitants marshal his way
 To Sutherland's illigant inn on the quay;
 "Beggars should not be choosers"—and what must be *must*,
 So the horror-struck traveller gulps his disgust;
 Is wished joy of his luck in just catching, to sleep in,
 A hole which for Counsellor Casey was keeping;
 And assured that not long he'll with hunger be pining,
 Thirty counsellors more being then upstairs dining!
 Thus far well: and so happily altered are matters,
 By the sharp crack of corks and sweet clatter of platters,
 That the bar, whom so late to Old Nick he was sending,
 Are now hailed as good angels, their blessed aid lending,
 As dish upon dish, to the other succeeding,
 Proves that here (as elsewhere) lawyers understand feeding.
 "Hold! hold!" cries the traveller, at length in compassion,
 "Don't cram me alive in this turkey fashion!
 Take those six joints away—keep the cover—the lamb on—
 And I'll dine like a prince on that and the salmon,"
 These washed down with guineas, and genius potheen,
 What a new mellow light is shed o'er the scene!
 At the window when seated he gazed with delight
 On the beautiful river (as truly he might);
 While faintly expiring the sun's latest beam
 Died away on the breast of the full flowing stream,
 Whose soft dashing murmur he hoped would compose,
 Every travel strained music to welcome repose.
 "Who would smother and swelter this midnight,
 In yon hot town hotel, even though kept by a White?"
 Cried the stranger, when thus I can sit at mine ease,
 My glowing cheek fanned by the cooling sea breeze,
 Borne across yon wide waters, that stretch to the main,
 And waft back its dash and its freshness again!
 But hark! not the far-away wave of the west
 Sighs so loudly, I'm sure, o'er the river's calm breast;
 No! hoarser and deeper the sound as it nears,
 And lo! on its bosom a steamer appears!
 Like a creature of life, to the quay see her glide,
 Then drop, like a bird, at her mates well-known side.
 "Pon my word!" cries the stranger, "a beautiful sight,
 How lucky she did not come in 'till to-night!"
 (Though not such opinion of crew or of master,
 Caught at sea in a gale, and scarce 'scaped from disaster,
 And now doomed to make up, by a whole night of toiling
 The lee-way they lost by their kettle's slow boiling.)
 All was stillness at length on the river and quay,
 And the traveller gazed on the bridge as it lay
 In its length and its beauty across the calm flood,
 And thought on the days when that river ran blood;
 When that bridge was the arena, where brother and brother,
 In fierce civil conflict, had slaughtered each other;
 And asked, "Could it be that the pale, silent stars,
 That now looked down so calmly, had witnessed those wars?
 Or the waters where slept, now their placid reflection,
 Been stained by the carnage of wild insurrection?"
 Lulled and smoothed by the scene to a mood most quiescent,
 And in hopes of soft rest (disregarding even faces), he
 Sunk down—blest his good luck, and Counsellor Casey!

Scarce an hour had he slumbered in feverish dose,
 When a din from the river invades his repose;
 He looks out, and perceives in the steamer a light,
 And pities its weary crew, toiling all night;
 Then thinks of the peace he'll enjoy on his pillow,
 When they—wretched mortals! are breasting the billow.
 Waked he fears he must be with terrible clangour,
 When the moment arrives for the boat to weigh anchor;
 But that passed—hopes to sleep unmolested, I dare say,
 'Till the swift sailing packet has crossed to the Mersey.
 He forgets that to get there she must be so cruel
 As all the night long to be laying in fuel;
 And groans with dismay, as with dull heavy roll,
 Down, down, still go tumbling the buckets of coal!
 'Till the wagons wheel off, and the lights out at last,
 And he thinks—easy man! all his troubles are past.
 Vain hope! soon there wakes, in the yard just below, a
 Commotion like that in the days of old Noah,
 When he (though me thinks 'twas not done in the dark)
 With lots of live lumber was stocking the Ark.
 The stranger looked forth, and 'mid rain that resembled,
 The deluge when Noah his live stock assembled;
 Sees with dread and dismay that beneath him the stable
 Yard tunes with confusion far greater than Babel.
 Slow stalk through the twilight, all worn and foot sore, a
 Great lot of long-horned gawky oxen from "Gorey,"
 For their native towns honour (like true Irish cattle),
 Provoking some cows from fame Kerry to battle;
 White, like a fat constable, keeping the pound,
 A huge Irish bull gives them all a punch round!
 With the lowing and bellowing heron attending,
 Imagine the storm o'er the senses impending;
 When by files and detachments, let into the meeting
 Ten score of strange pigs interchanged their first greeting,
 While sheep swell the chorus with pitiful bleating!
 Whose treble is piped by disconsolate lambs,
 And the tenor by calves newly reft of their dams!
 Can the traveller doubt that still worse is ensuing—
 That the tempest, in fact, is as yet only brewing—
 That harmonious the sounds are his organs assailing
 To those which await on the period of sailing?
 Day dawned, and the stranger, consigning to air
 All hope of a night's rest, got up in despair;
 And resolved while in Erin, to act as her son,
 Gave up with a good grace his comfort for fun!
 And fun sure it was to the gravest of mortals,
 To see as the yard for each pig op'd its portals,
 One Pat, unencumbered as wild Indian hunter,
 Seize up by the hind legs an obstinate grunter!
 While two by the ears were as cleverly clinging,
 When piggy, incensed, out his legs would be flinging,
 And laying the hero that stuck by his fud,
 To his own vast amusement, flat down in the mud;
 'Till, o'er mastered, at length, amid squeaking untold,
 One by one the ten score were safe stowed in the hold!
 While the pigs were coercing 'twas fun to observe
 How the cows stole a march from their due course to swerve,
 And kept in full chase, up each lane and each entry,

Whole squadrons of Wexford's long barefooted gintry!
 The poor sheep and lambs (reckoned silly at best)
 Had not sense their tormentors to spite and molest,
 Nor cunning enough to give Paddy the slip,
 Only, huddling together, made straight from the ship,
 'Till one by one caught round the fat woolly waist,
 On the deck side by side, they were finally placed—
 Which while horns, hoofs, and snouts, thus its precincts enrich,
 Looked like Smithfield itself set afloat on Fleet Ditch!
 But my story grows longer than stories should be,
 So one sigh for the bipeds who thus put to sea!
 One hint to the traveller through Ireland progresssing,
 The assizes to shun, as he values my blessing!
 And whene'er for his sins he may lodge on a quay,
 To be sure that no steam-packet sails before day!

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

THE *Lowell American* says, that at a recent examination of a young law student, preparatory to his admission to the bar, Judge Meyrick asked the applicant if he had read the new code. "Yes." "Do you understand it?" "No." The judge said he was very glad to hear it; for if he had said he understood it, he should not have admitted him.

THE peace principle, observes the *Nonconformist*, has struck its roots into the most nutritive soil in Europe—the soil of virtuous and courageous hearts. It grows apace. No sneers can blast it. No violence of will can tear it up.

ONE pair of pigs will increase in six years to 119,160, taking the increase at fourteen pigs each per annum.

A PAIR of sheep in the same time would be but sixty-four.

"SHALL I cut this loin of mutton saddle-way," said a host to his friend and guest. "No," replied the latter, "by all means cut it bridle-way, for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

GRASS grows where there was troy, and did in Ovid's day. In ours, we find from the *Border Advertiser*, that a gipsy has appealed against a fine imposed upon him by the Jedburgh petty sessions, for having encamped and pastured cattle on the Roman road.

THE Duchess of Kingston asked Garrick, one day, "why love was always represented as a child?" "Because love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience," replied he.

COLLINS was much attached to a young lady, who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend. "It is indeed," replied he, "for I came into the world a day after the fair."

TIME cures every wound, and though the scar may remain, and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more.

DON'T FRET.

It is unamiable. A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovely objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable house-mate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual fretter buzzes, if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It is useless, it sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk, cements no smashed pitchers, cures no spoiled hay, and changes no east winds. It effects nobody but the fretter himself. Children or servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrying, worrisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

A PHYSICIAN, observed to Fontenelle, that coffee was a slow poison. "Yes, very slow, indeed," answered the philosopher, smiling, "for I have taken it every day for the last fourscore years past, and am alive still."

It was the Phœnicians who invented the art of writing.

It was envy which occasioned the first murder in the world.

It is the pernicious flatteries of courtiers which corrupt princes and precipitate them into an abyss of miseries.

WHEN our vices leave us we flatter ourselves we leave them.

OUR reputation does not depend on the caprice of man, but on our good actions.

THERE are many things of little or no consequence to know.

A MAN in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy.

THERE are Christians who love their neighbours more than themselves.

KNOWLEDGE is the treasure, but judgment the treasure of a wise man.

FRUGALITY is a fair fortune, industry a good estate.

It is more difficult to conquer one-self than an enemy.

WE must expect everything from God, but nothing from ourselves.

A LADY, on being separated from her husband, changed her religion, being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

DIGBY says, it is true, that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving; but he also thinks, that it applies to medicine, kicks, and advice.

ART OF SWIMMING.

MEN are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs, as in the act of walking, (or rather of walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

JACK BANNISTER'S ANECDOTE.

PRAISING the hospitality of the Irish, after his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, he was asked if he had been in Cork. "No," replied the wit, "but I saw a great many *drawings* of it."

FRIENDSHIP.

HERE is a recipe to get rid of an old acquaintance, whose society you do not like:—If he is poor, lend him some money: if he is rich, ask him to lend you some. Both means are certain.

It is a mighty shame and dishonour to employ excellent faculties, and abundance of wit and humour, and all to please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic features, is the most odious being in the whole creation.

WE may give good advice, but not the resolution to follow it.

"WHY Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!" "Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in my life."

"ANY ting bite you dar?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, no ting at all." "Vell," returned the other, "noting pite me too."

IN one of our schools, the other day, a *small* scholar was asked by the mistress, "Who discovered America?" and replied—"Yankee-doodle." The teacher did not faint.

AN honest old lady, in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed—"Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It aint a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hooper has gone, too, poor man."

HEART TESTS.

IT is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is, at such times, that noble minds give all their reins to their good nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then, that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villany and baseness.

NECESSITY OF TRUTH.

WE are so constituted, that obedience to the law of veracity is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Were we to lose either our feelings of obligation to tell the truth, or our disposition to receive as truth whatever is told to us, there would at once be an end to all science and all knowledge, beyond that which every man had obtained by his own personal observation and experience. No man could profit by the discoveries of his cotemporaries, much less by the discoveries of those men who have gone before him. Language would be useless, and we should be but little removed from the brutes. Every one must be aware, upon the slightest reflection, that a community of entire liars could not exist in a state of society. The effects of such a course of conduct upon the whole, shows us what is the will of the Creator in the individual case.—*Doctor Wayland.*

"How much to publish this death?" said a customer, at the *Sun* office, New York. "Four shillings." "Why, I paid out but two shillings the last time, and published one that was a common death, but this is *sincerely regretted*. I'll tell you what," said the applicant, "your executors will never be put to that expence."

THE *Preston Guardian* says, that a Mr. Lewis, of the Cornhill, is the ugliest and most vegetable made man in existence. This horticultural monstrosity is described as possessing "gooseberry eyes, a mulberry nose, a medlar mouth, teeth like nuts, ears like figs, head like a dirty cauliflower, a pumpkin figure, and further, that he speaks as if he had plums in his mouth, and possesses a breath, ravalling in potent fragrance, that of musty truffles."

FAT VERSUS LEAN.

BULLOCK (well-known on the turf at one time), a heavy and corpulent man, offered to start against Lord Barrymore, to walk on foot for one hundred guineas, a hundred yards, provided he would give him thirty-five; at the same time, he (Bullock) was to choose the ground. The bet was instantly accepted, and the following day was fixed, for the grand exploit. The Prince of Wales, who was ever pleased with manly sports, was present with a numerous party, many bets on both sides depending—the odds against Bullock, who did not hesitate to take them. When to the surprise of Lord Barrymore, who did not weigh ten stone, (the other eighteen) and considered himself sure of winning the wager, Bullock fixed on one of those narrow alleys (with only room for one person to walk, and a high wall on each side) well-known at Brighton, on the east side of the town; and as the previous wager was specified and witnessed on paper, no objection could possibly be made. At starting, each party took his place, Bullock thirty-five yards in advance; and though Lord Barrymore soon got close to him, the other, by his contrivance, his breadth of shoulder, his arms extended, and being the more powerful, kept the other behind, and laughing, at his ease, took his time to win, to the annoyance of the many who lost their money.

AN IRISH SAMPSON.

MR. MEAGHER intends, it appears, to destroy the whole of the forty-five thousand soldiers, at present in Ireland. We do not believe this can be accomplished by mere talk, although there is certainly one instance on record of ten thousand men having been slain by the jaw bone of an ass!

AN American writer says, "poetry is the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple dumplings."

ONE Sunday when the minister of Udney entered the Kirk, he was no less surprised than indignant to find that "Jamie Fleming" had taken possession of the pulpit. "Come down, Jamie," said his reverence. "Come ye up, sir," answered Jamie, "they're a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, sir, an' it will tack us both to manage them."

THERE was once a considerate gentleman, who when about to put milk in his tea, carefully took out about half a dozen flies, which were drowning in the jug; but then after he had helped himself, replaced the insects in what was becoming their (milk and) watery grave, justly remarking, that though he did not like flies himself, yet there might be other people who did.

AGRICULTURAL REPORTEE.

A FARMER, in the West, recently meeting a certain agricultural chemist, took occasion to sneer at the advantages of science to agriculture. "I am told, sir," said the farmer, "that you can carry enough manure in your coat pocket for an acre of ground." Mr. — bowed assent. "And," continued the farmer, "we farmers, I suppose, may bring home the produce in our waistcoat pockets." "Perfectly correct, sir," was the reply, "for although the proximate progress be turnips, yet the ultimate produce is gold, with which precious metal, I shall be most happy, if you will permit me, to fill your capacious waistcoat pockets every market day."

ENUNCIATION.

WITH one exception, enunciation is as little understood by our native singers, as by our oysters, though it certainly is not for want of opening their mouths.

MUSICAL ENTHUSIASM.

A FRIEND of ours says, "What a blessing it is that the massacre of S. Bartholomew took place, for without it, we should not have had the 'Hugenots' Man in the Moon."

NATURAL WISH.

A POOR shoemaker, who has a lot of gutta serena on his hands, utters the humble wish, that orders for boots would only increase, like the population, at the rate of one thousand souls a day.

SCANDAL, like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams, but it is extremely difficult to trace to its source.

THE dullest people can run fast enough to catch cold.

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

IT was said of a rich miser, that he died in great want—the want of more money.

As people sprinkle floors before they sweep them, so do some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears, in order to sweep the cash out of their pockets.

THERE was a man, down West, who had a whistle, the sound of which was so sharp and piercing, that it went through his thigh after he had put the whistle in his pocket.

A PHILOLOGICAL reader of the *Times*, has discovered, after a few months anxious perusal of the Chartists and confederate news, that six of their leaders are named—"Duffy, Cuffy, and Ruffy, Looney, Mooney, and Rooney." He might have added "Spooney."

A MODEL DUN.

A SHOPKEEPER had owed a bill for sometime, and had promised, even more than once, positively to pay it on a certain day. At eleven o'clock we happened to be in the shop, and who should make his appearance but our dunning friend. The following dialogue immediately ensued. Dun—Good morning, Mr. Jones, I just call'd in presuming that you wish'd to see me, sir. Jones—I wish'd to see you! no, indeed! Dun—I thought you wish'd to pay something on account, sir, (showing the bill). Jones—No: I haven't got a shilling—I haven't sold a thing to-day. Dun—Well, as I am not by any means in a hurry this morning, and the weather's warm, I think I'll just take a seat, with your permission, and remain till you *sell something!*

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.

THE opponents of the window tax designate it as a tax upon light. The worst of it is, that although a light tax, it is at the same time exceedingly heavy.

THERE is a class of dreadful humble people, who make immense claims at the very time that they are explaining that they have no claims. They say they know that they cannot be esteemed, they are well aware they are not wanted, and so on; all the while making it a sort of grievance and a claim that they are not what they know themselves to be; whereas, if they did but fall back upon their humility, and keep themselves quiet about their demerits, they would be strong then, and in their place and happy, and doing what they could.

A COTEMPORARY, noticing a piece of paper, representing "innocence," now on view in Liverpool, says, that the sculptor is about to execute, or has already completed, another model, representing the opposite virtue. We should like to know what virtue is the opposite to innocence.

A SCOTCHMAN has left on record this important aphorism—"Love and sheep's head broth effectually impair a man's appetite."

A WAG rose from his bed on the 31st of last August, and exclaimed—"There is the last rose of summer shooting."

ROBERT HALL said, of family prayer, it serves as an edge and border to preserve the thread of life from unravelling.

A YANKEE, who came over to the mother country, some time ago, and who was asked on going back how he liked Great Britain—"Well," he said, "England was a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very wealthy." "But," said the Yankee, "I never liked to go out to take a morning walk after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.

A COUNTRYMAN, at the Exhibition, stood for some time very attentively surveying a cane-chair. At length he said—"I wonder what chap took enough pains to find all them holes and put that straw round 'em!"

THE BRIDE'S DOWRY.

THE best dowry, to advance the marriage of a young lady, is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behaviour modesty.

NORWICH was said to be one of the most notorious lying places in England. A man one day said to another, "Jack, I seed a flea on the top of the steeple." "Oh! did ye," said he, "Why that's nothing, for I seed it wink."

THE *Literary Gazette*, quotes a story of a well-known Hebrew divine, whom a member of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, informed with more zeal than discretion, that the Society had of late converted a large number of Jews in certain ill-reputed London streets. "Have they, indeed," said the Rabbi. "Well, I am happy to hear that these men have become Christians; I know them very well—they never were Jews."

THE *Nonconformist*, in an excellent article upon the press prosecutions in France, remarks, that across the Channel, man is nothing—society everything—individual independence is a mere figment, and government overshadows the nation, concentrating all its energies and vitality, and using them to the furtherance of objects which are detrimental to the common weal. That this radical defect, in the character of the French people, is in process of correction, we readily grant; but, until its results are more tangible and operative, there is little hope for the establishment of free institutions, little chance that the country will be saved from those periodical convulsions, which would appear inevitable, so long as the country offers no check to the dictation of the capital.

AN itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied—"That scattering shot would hit the most birds."

THE gentleman, who was determined to outdo the agriculturist who raised chickens from egg-plants, has succeeded in producing a *colt* from a *horse-chesnut*, and a *calf* from a *cow-ard*.

BABIES are nice little creatures when good, and as it is well known that every body's baby is the best baby in the world, perhaps we are running some risk in saying that babies should be excluded from the church, the theatre, and if possible from the omnibus, the rail, and several other places, which a bachelor friend enumerates.

UNIVERSITY ANECDOTE.

AN innocent young gentleman, not much accustomed to worldly business, and considerably astonished at the expence of matriculation, at Oxford, was congratulating himself on having paid all the fees, when he was politely requested, by the official, to step into another room, where he must subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. "Well, sir," said our friend, "I hope this is the last of your abominable exactions. *How much* am I to subscribe?"

Another and a "smarter" youth, upon being asked if he were ready to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, gave a prompt and polite acquiescence, observing—"Sign them, oh! certainly, or *forty* if you wish it!"

SYMPATHETIC PILLS.

THIS is the name of a new pill, just got up by Dr. Francis, for the purpose of getting up an attachment between the sexes. It is composed of sighs and moonlight, and is taken through a flute.

"SPICK and span new," is a corruption from the Italian "*spicata de la spanna*,"—snatched from the hand—fresh from the mint; and was coined, probably, when the English were as much infatuated with Italian fashions, as they now are with French.

A YOUNG gentleman, the other day, asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general? "Not knowing, I can't tell," was the reply, "but if I and you were to put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

VERY few persons have sense enough to despise the advice of a fool.

THE wise teacher becomes as the child in part, that in part he may cause the child to become as himself.

WHERE there is not great sympathy there will be little influence.

WE often speak of being settled in life. We might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down hill.

At Lowell, a young married girl and bachelor ran off, the husband saw them as they got seated in the car, gave them three cheers, waived his hat, bade them enjoy themselves, *if they could*, and then went home a happy man.

THE Honorable Edward Everett, when a young man just out of college, was invited to deliver an oration in the city of Salem. At the dinner, Judge Story called up Mr. Everett, by the following sentiment:—"Fame follows applause where ever it (Everett) goes." Mr. Everett rose instantly, and gave the following:—"The members of the legal profession! However high may be their aspirations, they can never rise higher, than—*One Story!*"

DON'T HURRY.

No, don't hurry. Its no sort of use. You won't get along half so fast. We never knew a fellow, who was always in a hurry, that wasn't always behind hand. They are proverbial, the world over, for bringing nothing at all to pass. And its just what may be expected,—hurry, skurry, bluster, splutter,—what does it all amount to? Not a straw—not a shadow—don't be in a hurry, we repeat. If you want to accomplish anything, as it should be accomplished, do a thing as it should be done; you must go about it coolly, moderately, firmly, faithfully, heartily. Hurrying, fretting, fuming, spluttering, will do no good, not the least. Are great works, or great men, made in a hurry? Not at all. They are the product of time, patience—the result of slow, solid development. Nothing of moment is made in a hurry. Nothing can be. Nothing ought to be. Its contrary to nature, reason, revelation, right, justice, philosophy, common sense. Your man of hurry is no sort of a character, or rather a very shiftless one. Always in confusion, loose at every point, unhinged and unjointed, blowing and puffing here and there, racing, ranting, staving, but all ending in smoke, and gas. No, my dear sir, if you have any thing to do, don't try to get at it in a hurry.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE BEST BLESSING.

A QUIET mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

MRS. PARTINGTON is out against the male sex for meddling with women's dresses. She says—"Its a crying shame, when I was a blooming lassie, I had so many beaus about me, that they called me the walking nosegay, but they shan't make a bloomer of me now, if I live to Mathusalem."

CATHARINE DE MEDICIS, being told of an author, who had written a violent philippic against her, exclaimed, with momentary regret—"Ah! if he did but know of me all that I know against thyself."

"WHAT is the matter, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, who had sat half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "Oh! I don't know," said he. "I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," returned the wife, consolingly, "I am afraid you'll never be any better. You look the very picture of what you feel."

A SCOTCH lady entered a store and inquired for a table cloth of dambroad pattern. We have some pretty broad, was the reply of the astonished salesman, but none quite so broad as that. The lady explained that dambroad was the Scotch term for chequered pattern.

AMBITION'S FATE.

IN the historic page, we, of course, find hundreds of men celebrated in their victories :—amongst others, Alexander, Philip, Cæsar, Hannibal, Pompey, Anthony, Pyrrhus, Sylla, Selencus, and in your own time, Napoleon. But it is equally true, that in the page you will find it recorded, that in all the campaigns, the conduct of all and each of these individuals was governed by ambition, not patriotism—personal aggrandizement, not the good of their subjects or fellow countrymen. And what was their several rewards? Alexander and Hannibal, a cup of poison; Anthony died the death of a suicide; Pyrrhus was killed by a brick, thrown by a Spartan woman; Sylla was killed by vermin; Philip, Cæsar, Pompey, and Selencus, were assassinated; and Napoleon died on the rock of St. Helena, an exile from his country.

THE PRESENT TIME.

Full many a bard of memory sings,
And hope hath oft inspired the rhyme;
But who the charm of music brings
To celebrate the present time?
Let the past guide, the future cheer,
While youth and health are in their prime;
But oh! be still thy greatest care
That awful point—the present time!
Fulfil the duties of the day—
The next may hear thy funeral chime;
So shalt thou wing thy glorious way
Where all shall be the present time!

BEGGAR WOMAN—"Please, sir, give me a penny, to keep me from starving." GENT.—"Can't stop, in a great hurry. I've got to make a speech at the Society for Relief of the Destitute."

A MAN having published another as a liar, a scoundrel, and a poltroon, the latter complains that he does not spell *poltroon* correctly.

"Box, why did you take an armful of my brushwood on Sunday?" "Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling wood, and I did not like to split wood on Sunday."

AN ingenious Yankee has invented a whetstone to *sharpen the appetite!*

THE phrase "from the cradle to the grave," is now rendered "from the baby-jumper to the jumping-off place."

THE long morning of life is spent in making the weapons and the armour which manhood and age are to polish and to prove.

WORLDLY joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over; spiritual joy is an evergreen—an unfading plant.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

AN instance of animal sagacity and humanity, unequalled in our remembrance, took place before our door on Saturday. An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels towards Galt. He reached the village utterly exhausted, and lay down before Mr. Young's tavern, eyeing most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step further, or rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch collie, came up at the time, and seeing the distress of his crony, laid himself down gently beside him, and gaining his confidence by a few carresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and by about a quarter of an hour's exertion, severed the cord, and started to his legs with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers around his friend, departed on his travels, in the highest glee at his success.

FAMINE IN GERMANY, 1852.

THE condition of the peasantry in many parts of Germany has, chiefly through the failure of the potatoe crop last year, at length become one of such fearful and indescribable distress, that we feel sure a few particulars respecting it will prove a subject of painful interest to many of our readers.

Poor southern Germany, still suffering from the baneful effects of the late political convulsions, has now, in addition, been visited by dearth, disease, and famine. Truly heart-rending accounts continue to arise from many parts, well-known to, and much frequented by, English tourists, for the beauty of the scenery from Wirtemberg, Bavaria, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Nassau, and more especially, from the Vogelsberg and the Odenwald, rough mountainous districts, the one situated in the north-eastern part of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the other to the north and forming part of the Bergstrasse, a road extending from Darmstadt to Heidelberg, within thirty-eight hours reach of London, and traversed generally by excursionists on their way to Switzerland. In these localities whole villages are being deserted for want of food; their unfortunate inhabitants, who in times of comparative prosperity eke out but a scanty and miserable existence, have been wanting their staple food—potatoes. In other parts trade is standing still; of 18,000 looms, in a single province of Bavaria, almost exclusively inhabited by weavers, not half are at full work. The people are deprived alike of the productions of nature and the fruits of industry, and to consummate wretchedness and despair, and an extreme dearth of provisions, whole herds of cattle and sheep are killed by a rapidly spreading disease. All feelings of human nature begin to be more and more perverted, and more convulsed. The most loathsome food, meat infested by

murrain, is eagerly sought after ; in some instances dogs have been slaughtered and ravenously devoured by a famishing population. In one case, in the Wirtemberg, a dog buried for some days, had been dug up, and what will scarcely appear credible, the flesh in its advanced state of decomposition has been actually made use of for food. To satisfy the cravings of hunger, the last miserable remnant of furniture is not unfrequently disposed of. And what kind of food is it to sustain their mere life and unenviable existence, these wretched people are forced to and but too glad to procure ? Wholesome meat is out of the question, a luxury rarely obtained. Bread made of bran must supply its place, and bran soaked with water, in which salt has been dissolved to give it a taste, and the skin of potatoes, and coffee boiled over and over again to extricate the least remaining particle of nourishment. Unfortunately, there is little or no prospect of an immediate, or even of an approximate alleviation of such harrowing misery. The most abundant harvest will but slowly counteract its destructive effects, and although vigorous humane exertions have been made, in various quarters, by government, and private individuals, their result is wholly inadequate to meet in any degree this fearful amount of distress. You will no doubt understand more readily why Germans, in yet unheard of numbers, are literally besieging every port available for emigration, both here and abroad. Hunger knows of no ties of patriotism and *sauver que peut !* is alas ! the anxious cry repeated from village to village by hundreds and thousands in many districts of this native land, and driving them recklessly and helplessly away from their peaceful home in search of another in foreign and distant countries. May a kind Providence, by timely interference, mercifully avert the deplorable and disastrous consequences, to which, under the present gloomy aspect of affairs, numberless families are exposed.

Such, reader, are the mysterious ways of Providence ! Watch then, and pray, that such pestilence and famine may not come over the land in which you dwell.

ENJOYMENT.

"No enjoyment," says Sydney Smith, "however inconsiderable, is confined to the life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure."

OCCUPATION.

It is an undoubted truth, that the less one has to do, the less one finds time to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one cannot do it when one will, and therefore, one seldom does it at all ; whereas those who have a good deal of business, must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it, and then they always find time enough to do it in.

LADIES' ANECDOTE.

AN old gentleman, who has dabbled all his life in statistics, says—He never heard of more than one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions on every insurance paper being "*What is your age?*"

SONG OF THE WINDS.

Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Exulting let us sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, alone are free.
The earth hath a zone, and the sea hath a bound,
But our rest and our home have never been found.
We play with the clouds on the mountain's brow,
We wreath on the flowers in the vale below,
We lash up the waves in our boisterous mirth,
Or idly roam through the bright lands of the earth.
Oh! whatever we will do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, alone are free.

Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Let us boldly, proudly sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the mightiest be.
A nation's navies went forth to fight,
We swept o'er the waters—and where was their might?
We flew o'er the earth in sport as we passed,
The kings of the forest were strewn on the blast;
We paused in our wrath where a city lay,
And its beauty and pride have passed away.
Oh! whatever we will do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the mightiest be.

Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Let us gladly, gaily sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the merriest be.
We dance on the flowers of the joyous spring,
We cradle to rest where the bright birds sing;
We play with the tress upon beauty's brow,
Or kiss the rich gems on her breast of snow;
We scatter perfumes in our wayward flight,
Or melody breathe through the starry night.
Oh! whatever we will do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the merriest be.

Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Triumphantly let us sing, for we,
O'er the human soul hold mystery.
For the blood of the merchant-prince grows cold
As we toss on the waves his heaps of gold;
And mother and maid turn pale with fear
As the tone of our midnight wail they hear;
And the mariner's heart beats quick with life
As we revel and rave in our reckless strife.
Oh! nothing in all the wide earth or sea
Can boast of such mighty powers as we.

A WAG, reading in a shop window, "*Table bear sold here,*" asked if the *bear* was the man's own *bruin*!

THE SAD POSITION OF SINGLE WOMEN.

Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighbourhood. The Armitages, the Birthwhistles, the Sykes. The brothers of these girls are every one in business or in professions; they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment but household work and sewing; no earthly pleasures but unprofitable visiting; and no hope in all their life to come off anything better. This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health; they are never well; their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness. The great wish, the solemn aim of every one of them is to be married, but the majority of them will never marry; they will die as they now live. They scheme, they plot, they dress to ensnare husbands. The gentlemen turn them into ridicule; they don't want them; they order them to stay at home. What do they expect to do at home? If you ask, they would answer, sew and cook. They expect them to do this, and this only, contentedly, regularly, uncomplainingly, all their lives long, as if they had no germs of faculties for anything else; a doctrine as reasonable to hold, as it would be that the fathers have no faculties, but for their eating what their daughters cook, or for wearing what they sew. Could men live so themselves? Would they not be very weary? And when there came no relief to their weariness, but only reproaches at its slightest manifestation, would not their weariness ferment in time to frenzy?—*Shirley*.

ORIGIN OF SIGNS.

"Few persons," observes Mr. Ackerman, "will require to be reminded, that every tradesman once had his particular sign, and that, when the houses in streets were not numbered, such a practice was not without its use. A few shops and houses of business may yet be found in London, especially the old-established ones, that have not entirely discarded their signs, and they may still be seen in occupying the place of a pane in the window. One or two bankers, too, do not disdain to exhibit their ancient cognizances over the door. Messrs. Hore, display the Golden Bottle, over the entrance of their elegant new house of business. Childs, the bankers, bore the Marigold, which may still be seen within their office."

Signs, like everything else, must submit to change; and to quote the words of one whom Captain Smyth would call a "brackish poet":—

"Vernon, the butcher, Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And filled their sign posts then, like Wellesley now."

But we are reminded that there are other mutations: who does not remember Rip van Winkle's astonishment, on noticing that the

comfortable visage of George III, on a swinging sign, had, by a touch of painter's craft, been made to do duty as General Washington; and another instance, when the likeness of that good old English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, became the Saracen's Head? Mr. Ackerman says, "Every body knows that the 'Satyr and Bacchanals,' became in due time the 'Satyr and Bag o' Nail,' and that 'The Puritan God encompasseth Us,' was profaned to 'The Goat and Compasses!' that the Gallant Sir Cloudesley lives in the 'Ship and Shovel;' and that the faithful governor of Calais 'Caton Fidèle,' is immortalised in the 'Cat and Fiddle!'" Poets have not disdained to exercise their pens on the subject of signs: the specimen quoted above affords one instance: here is another, written about the beginning of the last century:—

"I'm amazed at the signs
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture—
A Magpie and Crown;
The Whale and the Crow;
The Razor and Hen;
The Leg and Seven Stars;
The Axe and the Bottle;
The Sun and the Lute;
The Eagle and Child;
The Shovel and Boot."

NATURAL GAS JETS, 1852.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, that at the village of Wigmore, in Herefordshire, there are fields which may be, and two houses which really are, lit up with natural gas. This vapour, with which the subjacent strata seem to be charged, is obtained in the following manner:—A hole is made in the cellar of the house, or other locality, with an iron rod; a hollow tube is then placed therein, fitted with a burner similar to those used for ordinary gas lights, and immediately on applying a flame to the jet, a soft and brilliant light is obtained, which may be kept burning at pleasure. The gas is very pure, quite free from any offensive smell, and does not stain the ceilings, as is generally the case with the manufactured article. Besides lighting rooms, etc., it has been used for cooking; and indeed seems capable of the same application as prepared carburetted-hydrogen. There are several fields in which the phenomenon exists, and children are seen boring holes, and setting the gas on fire for amusement. It is now about twelve months since the discovery was made; and a great many of the curious visited, and still continue to visit the spot.

AN auctioneer, at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, with the following candid observation:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or iron-founder, I cannot tell."

THE SAD POSITION OF SINGLE MEN.

Look at the numerous families of gilders, who are acted at a "merry The Armitages, the Birthwhistles, who were not free from these girls are every one in business, and that the temper of something to do; their sisters are all "thawed by wine." household work and sewing are conspicuous for his sobriety; visiting; and no hope in the future, observes Dennis, he was much This stagnant state of affairs, which he has to do with him even more than ever are never well; the great object of his life is to hasten his end. Lamb was a ness. The great object of his life was a touching confession of the misery be married, but he was addicted to the free use of die as they die, and his erratic son, Hartley, was a miserable ensnare himself, and his days of Thomas Campbell were embittered don't wait for death, and his great conviviality, to use no harsher name. they expect to live, and they regret their condition.

LONGEVITY.

Longevity is very conducive to longevity, in holding office. It is necessary to give him five till eighty, all that's necessary is to give him a thousand a-year.

PROGRESS.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in progress; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but that most deadly error of human intolerance and corruption—that our business is to preserve and not to improve. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.

"Go away!" said Muggins, "you can't stuff sich nonsense in me. Six feet in his boots! Bah! no man as lives stands more nor two feet in his boots, and no use talking about it. Might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat!"

HEZ called upon the gentleman who advertised to restore oil paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

To say little and perform much is the characteristic of a great man.

In reflecting on the past, we acquire a knowledge which we call experience. "Sleepest thou my friend?" "Yes, and what would'st thou if I did not sleep?" "I would that thou mightest lend me a guinea." "Oh! I sleep my dear friend."

Those who torment their debtors advance not always their affairs.

PEEP AT GARRAWAY'S.

nonsense at Garraway's. There is no time to fly about like lightning. Buying and selling like conjuring—the lots are disposed of rapidly does the little nimble hammer might well imagine himself near an extremely lively business. We said that the *rising* men, with dark bushy whiskers, that was everywhere at once, and a strong He let off his words in sharp cracks like detonations. By way of starting pleasantly, he flung himself into one that looked like one of stark defiance, scowling with dark eyes, on the assembled buyers, as though they were plotting together to poison him with his own drugs. Up went the first lots—a pleasant assortment of nine hundred cases of castor oil, two hundred chests of rhubarb, and three hundred and fifty “serons” of yellow bark. The rising broker stormed and raved, as bid followed bid, piercing the murmuring din with sharp expletives. One, two, three, four—the nine hundred cases were disposed of in no time by some miraculous process of short-hand auctioneering known only at Garraway's.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

AN American vender of a universal medicine declares that, if his prescriptions be followed liberally, a cure is certain. This medicine is to be taken internally, externally, and eternally.

INTEMPERANCE IN POETS.

BYRON is a prominent example in point—we all know whence he was wont to draw his inspiration. Burns had a similar taste. Pope remarks, that Parnell was a great follower of drams, and very strange and scandalous in his debaucheries. Pope also tells us, that Cowley's death was occasioned by a mean accident, while his great friend, Dean Pratt, was on a visit with him at Chertsey. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of the times, made them too welcome. They did not set out on their walk home till it was too late, and had drank so deep, they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever, and carried him off. Pope himself, according to Dr. King, hastened his end by drinking spirits. Indeed, in the time of Queen Anne, drunkenness, was rather popular and fashionable than otherwise. In the manuscripts of the British Museum, there is a letter from the private secretary of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, addressed to Pope, which begins thus:—“Sir, my lady the Duchess being drunk, was unable to see you when you called yesterday.” Shakspeare and Ben Johnson

sometimes drank too hard ; and if the vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon may be credited, the former died of a fever contracted at a " merry meeting," with Johnson and Drayton. Prior was not free from the charge of intemperance. We are told that the temper of Addison, was jealous and taciturn, until " thawed by wine." Dryden, in his youthful days, was conspicuous for his sobriety ; but for the last ten years of his life, observes Dennis, he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him even more than ever he used to do, probably so far as to hasten his end. Lamb was a victim to the habit, and has left a touching confession of the misery it occasioned him. Coleridge was addicted to the free use of opium, and his gifted but erratic son, Hartley, was a miserable drunkard. The last days of Thomas Campbell were embittered by his habits of too great conviviality, to use no harsher name.

LONGEVITY.

THERE is something very conducive to longevity, in holding office. To make a man live till eighty, all that's necessary is to give him a salary of ten thousand a-year.

PROGRESS.

THERE is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress ; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but that most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to preserve and not to improve. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.

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IN reflecting on the past, we acquire a knowledge which we call experience. " Sleepest thou my friend ?" " Yes, and what would'st thou if I did not sleep ?" " I would that thou mightest lend me a guinea." " Oh ! I sleep my dear friend."

THOSE who torment their debtors advance not always their affairs.

CANVASS OF AN INSURANCE AGENT.

THE Manchester agent of an Assurance Company, gives the following curious results of a personal canvass at 1,349 houses, in seventy streets, in the district of Hulme and Charlton, chiefly rentals from £12 to £24 per annum. The inquiry shewed that there were 29 insured; 8 persons too old; 11 who never heard of life assurances, and who were anxious to have it explained to them; 471 who had heard of it, but did not understand it; 419 who were disinclined to assure; 19 favorable, if their surplus incomes were not otherwise invested; 89 persons who had it under consideration, with a view to assure, as soon as their arrangements were completed, and who appointed times for the agent to call again; 21 refused the circulars, or to allow an explanation; 175 doors not answered; 102 houses empty; 3 had sufficient property not to require it; 1 favorable, but afraid of litigation; 1 preferred the saving's bank; 1 used abusive language; 2 would trust their families to provide for themselves; and 1 had been rejected by an office, although he never was unwell, and was consequently afraid to try again, although very anxious.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

"Force open the bud, and you spoil the rose."

IF we desire health and growth for our children, if we wish to ward off from them the whole train of nervous disease, to repel the hereditary tendencies to insanity and consumption, too prevalent in this country, we must exercise their minds only in the gentlest manner, we must follow the dictates of nature, which shew that we may cultivate the observation of children, that faculty being perceptible in its exercise, but forbids us to torture the memory, which is far from being improved by too early a culture. All poetry, except of the simplest character, such as the invaluable nursery rhymes, ought to be reserved to a riper age. A very spare allowance of hymns should be allotted, and reading should not even be begun till five, or in delicate children, till six years of age. Some parents will tell you, that their children will learn, and that they are never so happy as when they have a book before them. This disposition to sit still and to be amused with quiet and mental pleasures, should not be encouraged at any age, when the exercise of every muscle is required to develope the frame—when the brain is as yet only partially formed, and is too delicate to bear the pressure of mental cultivation. The happy carelessness of childhood, often imputed by the ignorant as a fault, is the most promising trait in the child. To boys, and indeed to girls, the diversion afforded by building with bricks, and the use of the hammer as they grow older, and of such tools as it is safe for them to use, are far more healthy, and consequently more improving employment, than spelling hard words, or reckoning up unfathomable sums—

occupation which should never be undertaken under eight or nine years of age. In fact, the powers that are overstretched in infancy, generally degenerates as years pass on; a kind of collapse takes place, which is in some cases, never recovered. It is finely said, "that happiness is the best moral atmosphere for man." How far the point may be argued, we are not prepared to decide, but of this we may be sure, that it is the best moral atmosphere for children. "Who," says a popular writer of the day, "are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, have considerable influence on the corn laws, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of the day for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest women, in the maturity of their charms, break not so many slumbers, nor occasion so many sighs, as they do in the cradle; and the handsomest men, with full-grown mustaches, and Stultz, for tailor, must not flatter themselves that they are half so much admired, as they were in petticoats!"

THE DREAM.

When night's sable wing the hour repose,
 And the bright stars of Heaven are watching the earth,
 And fancy a pilgrim to fairyland goes,
 To give to the brightest creations their birth:
 I dreamt that I roved in a far distant land,
 Where the orange tree grows and the green myrtle waves,
 And bright pearls are strewn on the gold coloured strand,
 Whilst the purest of gems star its emerald caves.

In the evergreen bowers of that orient clime—
 Most gorgeous in plumage, and lovely in song—
 Where golden-winged birds whose sweet voices kept time,
 To the voice of the waters that murmured along.
 Every bright hue that rainbow or sunset has shown,
 Every perfume the light wings of zephyr can bear,
 Every sweet tone that music can claim as its own,
 In the fulness and freshness of beauty were there!

These stole o'er the sense like the balm of the rose,
 Or the bulbul's sweet song when his own love he sings,
 But no one was there to whom hearts might disclose
 The emotions called forth by such beautiful things.
 And I felt that in Paradise bliss might not be,
 If love did not form its most exquisite flower,
 But on earth every spot were celestial to me,
 If my Mary were there to lend joy to the hour.

A HORSE dealer, who lately effected a sale, was offered a bottle of wine to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drank, and he then said, the horse had but two faults. "When turned loose he was bad to catch, and when he was, of no use when caught."

NEWSPAPERS REPORTING.

THE daily press complains of the loquacity of parliament as a serious impediment to business. The steady remedy is—"cease to report the nonsense, that is spoken, and the members will talk less." The *Spectator*, remarking on the threat of the *Times*, says, "Honourable members often speak less to be heard than to be reported, and by subversing to those talkers against printed space, the daily journals encourage idle loquacity, until their own columns are surcharged with a burthen of tediousness that disgusts all readers. A concentrated style of reporting, apportioned to the ideas rather than words, would please readers, would cause the speeches of members to be in truth more read, and would tend to chasten the flow of eloquence." The hint is equally applicable to the provincial press, in its treatment of local orators. The practice of reporting everything that is said, by fools as well as solons, may be described as reporting run mad. The highest style of reporting is, that which gives in the briefest possible space, the substance of all things spoken and done. Column after column of full reports, form literally a mass of rubbish, gratifying to nobody but him whose vanity it flatters. The exceptions to this rule are but few.

EPIGRAM ON TIME.

Kill time to-day, and to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow;
Kill him again in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day;
Until at length, as is most due,
Whom oft you kill, at last kills you.

Here Richard Brinsley Sheridan is laid,
Who no one debt—but that nature paid.

A WOMAN'S OPINION OF HUSBANDS.

As a general rule, we know that men have, by nature, a superiority in strength, which enables them to go through labours and dangers, mental as well as bodily, from which females should be exempt: and that, by education, they are qualified for exercising the several trades or professions, by which they are to maintain their families. On the other hand, women are endowed (besides all the graces and amiabilities of the sex) with a great superiority of quickness, tact, and delicate discernment, in all the everyday affairs of life. In all these, therefore, the husband ought to be completely guided by his wife. And this shows the wisdom of our ancestors, in making the husband "endow with all his worldly goods," the wife he has chosen. The wife is dependent on the husband, and clings to him for support, just as a hop-plant climbs on its pole, and a sweet pea on the sticks to support it, and as the vine in Italy was, according

to the language of the poets, "married to the elm." But if you could conceive a hop-pole, or a pea-stick, or an elm, imagining that those plants were put there on purpose for its adornment, you would tell them that this was quite a mistake—that the climbers are cultivated for the flowers or fruit—and that the stakes are placed there merely for their sake, and must not claim any superior dignity or worth over the plants they support. Now just such is the office of the husband, and this state of things is what people approach to more, in proportion as they advance in civilization. Among mere savages the wife is made to yield to brute force, and is a mere drudge; in barbarian countries women are shut up; in more civilized they are let free, and have more control; and in dear England, the glory of all nations, they have a higher place, proverbially, than any where else.—*A Matron's Advice to a Young Married Lady.*

A LARGE ONION.

Do you call them large turnips?" "Why, yes, they are considerably large." "They may be so for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day." "And how large was the onion?" "Oh! a monster, it weighed forty pounds." "Forty pounds?" "Yes, and we took off the layers, and the sixteenth layer went completely round a demijohn, that held four gallons!" "What a whopper!" "You don't mean to say that I tell a falsehood?" "Oh! no, what a whopper of an onion I mean!"

A DISCUSSION arose at Bolton, on a recent occasion, of the question, "Whether the moon was inhabited or uninhabited?" A Scotchman, expressed an opinion that it was, and was asked by a Boltarian, if ever he or any of his countrymen, had been there? "Why, no," said Sandy, "I never visited the moon myself, nor can I say that any other Scotchman was ever there." "Then," rejoined his antagonist, triumphantly, "aw'm d——d if its inhabited."

AN Irishman, newly imported, made application to a farmer for work. On being asked if he could "hold the plough," Paddy said he could do that or any thing else. He was accordingly engaged, and the next day, his master went with him to the field, to see him commence operations. It was soon found that the Hibernian was new at the trade. "Did you not tell me, sir, you could hold the plough?" said the master. "Arrah! be aisy now," said Pat, "how the d——l can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me? but give it me into the barn, and by jabers, I'll hold with ever a boy."

By cheerfulness half the miseries of life may be assuaged.

A MAN may be a fool with wit, but never with judgment.

GRANGER ON THE "FINEST PISANTRY," 1758.

OF all the people I ever saw in my life, the common Irish are the most indolent and most dirty ; they live in the meanest huts, and feed on the coarsest fare, I ever beheld ; this shocked me more than I can describe to you, for I had always given them the preference to the Scots ; but in all these particulars they are as far out-done by my countrymen, as the English surpass us ; in short, the men are all Dermots, and the women all Shilahs ; and I am now less surprised that Dean Swift gave such a humbling picture of human nature, in his account of the Yahoos, considering the country he lived in.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. FOOT WITH
MISS PATTEN.

With a Patten to wife, through the rough road of life,
May you safely and merrily go ;
May the ring never break, nor the tie prove too weak,
Or the Foot find the Patten a clog !

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

A JESTER, in the Court of Francis I, complained that a great lord threatened to murder him, if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does," said the King, "I will hang him five minutes afterwards." "I wish your Majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

RECOMMENDATION.

A GENTLEMAN once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and as likely to do honour to the University of which he was a member. "But he is shy," added the father, "and idle, and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards, the parent, anxious for the reverend gentleman's opinion, inquired, what was thought of his son ? "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland Hill, "at all corners, and there is nothing in it."

PECULIARITIES.

A PERSON whistles when he has cold fingers ; and he whistles when he has burnt his fingers ; and strange to say, when he has lost his money he whistles for it also.

VERY HEROIC.

LIKE the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederick the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death in others. In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out—"Why do you run away, you old blackguards ? Do you want to live for ever ?"

AMERICA AND EUROPE—A CONTRAST.

THE moment you travel in America, the victory of Europe is sure. For purposes of practical pleasure, we have no mountains of an Alpine solemnity, no lakes of the natural and artificial loveliness of the European, although one of ours may be large enough to supply all the European lakes. We have few rivers of any romantic associations, no quaint cities, no picturesque costumes and customs, no pictures or buildings. We have none of the charms that follow long history. We have only vast and unimproved extent, and the interest with which the possible grandeur of a mysterious future may invest it. One would be loath to exhort a European to visit America, for other reasons than social and political observation, or buffalo hunting. We have nothing so grand and accessible as Switzerland, nothing so beautiful as Italy, nothing so civilized as Paris, nothing so comfortable as England. Then we have no coast scenery. The Mediterranean coast has a character which is unequalled. The sea loves and laves it with beauty. It has an eternal feud with us. Our shores stretch, shrinking in long low flats, to the ocean, or recoil in bare, grey, melancholy rocks. Our coast is monotonous and tame in form, and sandy and dreary in substance. Trees refuse to grow; fruit yearns for the interior; a sad dry moss smoothes the rocks, and solitary spires of grass shiver in the wind. But the Italian sea is mountain shored; and all over the mountain sides the oranges grow, and the tropical cactus and vines wave, and various foliage fringes the sea. You float at morning and evening on the Gulf of Salerno, or the Bay of Naples, and breathe an orange-odoured air. The vesper bell of the convent, on the steep sides of the Salerno mountains, showers with pious sound on the mariners below. They watch the campanille as they sail, and a sweetness, of which their own gardens make part, follows their sight. You can fancy nothing more alluring than these coasts, and nothing more mysterious and imposing, than the mountains of the Granada looming large through the luminous mist of the Spanish shore. This last is the scenery of Ossian. All this implies one of the grandest and most beautiful natural impressions, and one of which our own sea coast is totally destitute.

THE human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but in the horse but four hundredth.

TEN days per annum is the average sickness of human life.

ABOUT the age of thirty-six the lean man generally becomes fatter and the fat man leaner.

RICHTER enumerates six hundred distinct species of complaints in the eye.

THE pulse of children is one hundred and eighty in a minute; at puberty it is eighty; and at sixty it is only sixty.

BLINDNESS

Is very common in Persia. Six or eight blind men are often seen walking in a string, each with his right arm on the shoulder of his precursor; partly caused by ophthalmia produced by the dust, and partly because the Schah has it in his power to inflict the punishment of pulling both or one of the eyes out. It is stated, in the *Household Words*, that the great grandfather of the present Schah, Ama Mohammed, the founder of the Kujar dynasty, had *large baskets full of the eyes of his enemies* presented to him after his accession to the throne!

ROBERT GILES.

My friend, Robert Giles, is a man of good sense,
Seldom he smiles at another's expence,
His trade I can't tell, but I think he is a grocer,
He is a surgeon as well, none stick to it closer.
He is a dentist and copper and old clothes man too;
He never has supper but whiskey and lieu;
He sells donkey milk and can teach the bass-viol,
He is a dealer in silk and can prepare clock and dial.
He has a school in the town, and his charges are fair,
The money put down, he sells oil for the hair,
He teaches young ladies and gentlemen too,
Mixes powders for babies and makes a good shoe.
He has a son, Obediah, a jolly good tar;
And a daughter, Maria, who plays the guitar;
His hair is quite grey, he ne'er saw his mother,
He lost one eye, and could not see out of t'other.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

How many singers are aware that they have an eight-feet organ pipe in their throat? An American writer says—"How small is the diameter of the human throat, and how short its measure! Yet it will give the same note with the pipe of an organ *eight feet in length!* and the valve which covers it, and plays with electric swiftness, (imitated by the reed of the organ,) is, all know, a very little thing; yet with the contraction and expansion of the throat, it will utter a scale of seventeen degrees, and divide every whole tone into a hundred parts!"

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

THE following scraps were recently received by a medical practitioner in the country:—"No. 1. Sir,—I have sent you word how Mrs. — is, for she was very ill for twelve hours after takin von meadsen, then she take some seany, then it cause very great pain. No. 2. Sir,—Ples to tend to Mr. —'s servant, a parish curl. I am reather shi a giving a nonier for gurl. I reather got blood up befor — overseer."

HABITS OF MANKSMEN.

"MANKSMEN like a dog behind the fair," is commonly used by English residents on the Islands. A native rarely attends punctually to his appointments, an eleven o'clock is generally taken as twelve by him, and often if he gets there, in the course of the day he will say, "It is not so bad." Another phrase, continually in his mouth when there is anything to be done, is—"Time enough! time enough!" Dr. Short, the present Bishop of St. Asaph, while resident at Bishop's Court, had in his garden several large beds of *thyme*, and in passing them with his friends, he used to say, in allusion to his Mankish sin, "You see I have *time* enough."

HOW TO TELL GOOD CIDER.

THERE is an old Dutchman, living in the north of Vermont, very famous for having large orchards and making good cider. The old fellow is fond of the beverage himself, but was never known to offer any to his neighbours. One evening, a friend called upon him, and hoping to flatter the old man out of a glass, began to praise his cider. "Guas, Gads," said the phlegmatic Dutchman, "I hash coot cider—Hans, pring me a mug." The boy fetched the cider, and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turning to his astonished visitor, exclaimed—"Te-reten, if you don't tink dat ish coot cider, *chust smell of de mug*."

WONDERS.

IF a womman gets a new gaan home throo t' dress macker, and sho duzzant find onny felt wa it, its a wunder.

IF a womman hazant hur husband's dinner reddy when he cums to it, and sho duzzant say as thave been olterin t' church clock, its a wunder.

IF a womman macks sad bread, and sho duzzant say as its own tut yist, its a wunder.

IF a womman happens to be up stairs, and thear duzzant a beggar cum rappin at door, its a wunder.

IF a womman happens to let her husband go we a hoyle in hiz stockin heel, as on hiz telling hur on it, sho duzzant say as hez dun it we pullin it on, its a wunder.

IF a womman when shoone black lead in t' huvan or rainge, an hur noaze duzzant tickle its a wunder.

A FAST young gentleman, who indulges occasionally, asked the following simple question of his purveyor:—"Mr. Turbakanist, how do you spell hororneker? with a naich or a hoe?" We suspect he is a cockney elocutionist.

W. H. PRESCOTT ON THE PERSONAL CHARACTER
OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE first quality of his character, or rather that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was the energy—we see it, in his early youth—triumphing over the impediments of nature, and in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of atheletic exercise, clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism, which makes our joints ache to read of it. As he advanced in life, we see the same force of purpose turned to higher objects. A striking example occurs in his organization of the journals and publishing house in opposition to Constable. In what Herculean drudgery did not this latter business, in which he undertook to supply matter for the nimble press of Ballantyne, involve him; while, in addition to his own concerns, he had to drag along, by his solitary momentum, a score of heavier undertakings, that led Lockhart to compare him to a steam-engine with a train of coal waggons hitched to it. We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to get the better of it, enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Giles, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labour, not a page of *Ivanhoe* would have been written. Now, if I had given way to mere feelings, and ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable?" But the most extraordinary instance of this trait is the readiness with which he carried through, until his mental strength broke down under it, the gigantic task imposed on him by the failure of Constable.

AN AMERICAN EDITORIAL.

A NEWSPAPER may be destroyed at night, it may light a cigar, or it may curl a lady's hair! Ah! only think of that girls! An editor's ideas completely, sweetly, and exquisitely wreathed in your rich tresses—and—yes, and nestling down with you in your midnight slumbers, to gently guard and peacefully keep watch over your dreams. Jerusalem! who would not be an editor?

SPECULATORS generally die poor. If they make 10,000 dollars to-day, on coal mines, they must try and make 20,000 to-morrow, by dabbling in the Do-Em Brown Railroad. Like the boy, who undertook to steal figs through a knot hole, they get their hands so full of sweets, that they can't pull them back again.

A COUNTRYMAN applied to a solicitor for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked, if he had stated the facts as they had occurred. "Oh! ay, sir," rejoined he, "I thought it better to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it yourself."

ROYAL RAILWAY.

A SMALL circular railway, about half a mile in radius, has recently been laid down in the private grounds attached to Buckingham Palace; it is destined for the recreation of the Prince of Wales, his brothers and sisters. The railroad itself is formed on an alternating fall and rise: the constant acclivity and declivity of the slope giving sufficient impetus to the progress of the "child bearing" car; and thereby causing no necessity for the employment of an engine. For our Queen declares that "they are far too young yet to be blown up;" and Lord Cottenham approving highly of the plan, affirms that it will give them an idea of the "ups and downs of life."

EPIGRAM.

A COMPANY of sappers and miners have erected a tent above the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, for the purpose, it is said, of surveying the city:—

Said one friend to another, " 'Tis very strange brother,
A very strange thing, not to say an abuse,
At the top of God's shrine, to place things not divine,
And the holy church put to a secular use."

" 'Tis the way of the world, and anathemas hurl'd
At the doers," he answered, " would be but a loss,
For although 'tis a crime, 'tis not the first time,
The profession of war has surrounded the cross."

MACHINE FOR SALE.

To be sold, a thrashing machine, in good working order. Has birch, cane, and strap barrels. Warranted to lick a school of fifty boys, in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences in the literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big or little to beat.—Apply at the College of Preceptors.

MISS SUSAN NIPPER caught a glance of a newspaper article, which is going the rounds, headed "Tea Rose," when she exclaimed—"That's too bad, I wonder how much tea has rose now. I do declare the peskey merchants have been getting higher and higher on their tea ever since I was a young woman." Here the tip of the lady's nose became intensely red, at the inadvertent admission, that she was no longer young, and after looking round fervently until she was satisfied that no person had overheard the confession, she proceeded to read "deaths and marriages."

THERE is an heroic innocence as well as an heroic courage.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before hand than to revenge it afterwards.

GROWING TOO FAST.

A MAN, with a large family, was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons *big* enough to earn something for you now." "The difficulty is they are too *big* to work," was the answer.

THE FOLLOWING WHIMSICAL EPITAPH WAS INSCRIBED ON THE TOMB OF A DANCING MASTER AT BRYGNELLSIN, BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

Man's life is a vapour,
And full of woes,
He cuts a caper,
And down he goes.

IRISH WIT.

"MOLLY," said a lady to her servant, "I think you'll never set the river on fire." "Indade, ma'am," innocently replied Molly, "I'd never be afther doing any thing so wicked. I'd be burning up all the little fishes."

THE *Newark Daily News*, U.S. says, that on the previous Sunday, a hot summer's day, Old D. L.—g, of the Dutch Church, celebrated for his goodness and his homely originality, when announcing his text, read off four verses, and said—"This is the foundation of the first head of my discourse;" and reading four more, he said—"This is the ground of the second head of my discourse;" and reading another four, he continued—"This is the foundation of the third head of my discourse." Then stepping back, and pulling off his warin cloth coat, he hung it on the side of the pulpit, and conspicuous in his white linen sleeves, he began, "Now, gentlemen, depend upon it, we have got a job before us. Great is the number of those who might attain to true wisdom, if they did not already think themselves wise. They who do not the best they can with what they have, would hardly do better with more."

HE who has made himself good company, can never be too much alone.

It is a common thiug to estimate things by their rarity, rather than by their utility.

THE mind may be overburthened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes.

"REALLY its so loodikerus," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on hearing of Cardinal Wiseman preaching in the streets, "that he should set such a bad egg-sample as to go upbraiding himself without a hat, instead of which, by going without his shoes, he would imitate the *epistle* of old.

COSTLY BUT USELESS.

CABINETS entirely covered with carving, the very stiles and rails being as decorated as the panels and pilasters, until the work resembles a pudding all plums. Metal chandeliers with leaves and flowers in as great profusion as in actual nature. Papier-maché hidden under a surface of pearl or gold. The laws of ornament set as completely at defiance as the laws of use and convenience. Many of these works, instead of being used or useful, would require a rail to keep off the household. A sideboard, for instance, with garlands of imitative flowers, projecting so far from the slab as to require a long arm to reach over it, and liable to be chipped and broken with the removal of every dish, and cabinets and bookcases so bristling with walnut wood flowers, and oak wood leaves, as to put use out of the question. This "holly-bush" style, which would render walking in the room as dangerous to ladies as walking in a wood, may shew difficulties overcome, which had better never been attempted, but which is quite out of place in any work intended to be put in use.

EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The world is like an open show,
We come, look round, and then we go.

Here lies, thank God! a woman who
Quarrelled and stormed her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll raise another storm.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,
I oft have read on other stones,
And others soon shall read of thee,
What thou art reading now for me.

A WRITER, in the *Dublin Warder*, expresses his delight that a friend of his, who was a noted tippler, had taken the pledge. "That family," he says, "had ever and always a cruel taste for the 'dhrop and conshumin' to the Patrick's Day." I never took a ramble through Dublin, without meeting his aunt Kitty in one corner or another, hardly able to balance the basket of fruit, and the crying through the fain dint o' drink—"Oh! blessed St. Patrick, just look down from your celestial elevation, and see what a lone woman like myself is suffering in honor of you."

HAZARD is an adventure which ought not to happen, or which should have happened otherwise.

THOSE who read history, learn to avoid the follies that others have made.

GOOD coats cover often foolish people.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAMEL.

BY A TRAVELLER.

ON another occasion, we passed some camels, grazing at such a distance from the Nile, that I asked the Arab, attending, where they went to drink? He said he marches them all down together to the Nile, and they drink every eleventh day. It is now the cool season, and the heat is tempered by fresh northerly breezes. The Arab, of course, brings water skins for his own supply. All these camels were breeding stock. They live on thorns and the top shoots of the gum-arabic tree, although it is armed with the most frightful spikes. But very little comes amiss to the camel, he will eat dry wood to keep up digestion, if in want of a substitute. Instinct or experience has taught him to avoid the only tempting looking plants that grow in the Desert—the green cusha bush, which is full of milk coloured juice; and a creeper that grows in the sand, where nothing else will grow; and which has a bitter fruit like a melon. I was surprised to learn that the leopard does not dare to attack the camel, whose tall and narrow flanks would seem to be fatally exposed to such a supple enemy. Nature, however, has given him a means of defence in his iron jaw and long powerful neck, which are a full equivalent for his want of agility. He can also strike heavily with his feet, and his roar would intimidate many foes. I never felt tired of admiring this noble creature, and through the monotony of the Desert, would watch for hours his ceaseless tread and unerring path. Carrying his head low forward, and surveying every thing with his black brilliant eye, he marches resolutely forward, and quickens his pace at the slightest cheer of the rider.—*Peel's Ride through Nubia.*

THE answer of a Circassian Chieftain to the Russian Commander, is a magnificent specimen of heroic courage and poetic sublimity. "Surrender!" was the summons of General Resen to Hamsad Bey. "Surrender! resistance is in vain, the hosts which I bring against you are numberless as the sands on the sea shore!" "But my hosts," was the answer, "are like the waves of the sea, *which wash away the sands!*"

A JUDGE and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass to be sure," replied the lawyer. "Why?" rejoined the judge. "Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but of a horse—never."

DIOGENES asked money from the statues. Some one having heard him, asked him—"Why he did that?" and he replied—"That I may not be sensible when men refuse me."

EFFECTS OF THE LICHEN.

IN contemplating the venerable beauty of some old castle crumbling into ruins beneath the weight of centuries, the attention of the reader may have frequently been attracted by spots and markings of various, often vivid, colours upon the old time worn stones, and which frequently give the latter a grey appearance, and indicate a more advanced age than might otherwise be assigned to the structure. These rude paintings of nature upon the dilapidated wall, once so rich in sculptural ornament, are none other than an array of vegetable forms, complete, and perfect in their kind, silently, slowly, but surely, bringing to the level of surrounding dust the proud structures raised by the powerful hand of man; teaching him a lesson, to which he often inclines, asp-like, to close his ear, that the things of this life are transitory indeed, and unstable; that the most enduring and indestructible structures which human genius can devise and human labour accomplish, crumble into dust when grasped by the tiny fangs of the simplest vegetable form.

THE DEFINITION.

Dame Fortune, in one of her vagaries wild
 Adopted young Chump, as her favorite child,
 But avarice, while heaping her coffers with gold,
 His mind left as rude as the heath-cover'd wold.
 Says Chump, "Now my income will leisure afford,
 I'll have my large bookcase with knowledge stor'd."
 But intricate terms, as in spite, would impede,
 And perplex Master Chump, in his efforts to read.
 "'Tis a barbarous custom," he peevishly cried,
 "When men's names are marked like a sheep on one side,
 With letters of import no readers can guess,
 Pray after this name, what can mean F. R. S.?"
 "F. R. S.," replied one of his quizzical friends,
 "Is a sort of a title that something portends,
 And whose signification, if rightly made out,
 Means a Fellow remarkably stupid no doubt."

MEN keep better the secrets of others than their own. Women keep better theirs than those of others.

A WOLF resembles a dog as a flatterer resembles a friend.

TYRANTS can subdue the body, but they cannot subdue the soul.

THE passions are inexhaustible, they consume men, they weaken and often destroy estates.

IT is a shame to be vanquished by love.

THE wise like better to hear the truth which offends, than the falsity which flatters.

THE wicked are punished or fear always to be punished.

A BENEFIT is never lost.

TAKING A SHOWER BATH.

DOCTOR—"Well, how did your wife manage her shower bath, Deacon?" Deacon—"She has had real good luck. Madame Moody told her how she managed. She said she had a large oiled silk cap, with a cape to it, like a fireman's, that came all over her shoulders, and ——." Doctor—"What? used an umbrilly! what the mischief good did the shower bath do her?" Deacon—"She said she felt better. Her clothes weren't wet a mite. She sat under limbrilly for half an hour, till all the water trickled off, and said 'twas cool and delightful, and just like a little shower in summer. Then she took off her things, and rubbed herself for half an hour arter."

SINK AND THE DEUCE.

A SEAL engraver, hearing that the Thames so poisoned the atmosphere, that it was dangerous to live near it, called out—"A first-rate *sink* for *die*!"

POPULARITY!

A COUNSEL, in advocating a cause, remarked upon the fleeting nature of "Popularity!"—"Pompey, admired to-day, was killed on the morrow;" and the same voice which called "Hosannah to the Highest!" one day, to-morrow called out "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

OVER THE DOOR OF AN APOTHECARY.

ALL sorts of drugs and dying stuffs sold here.

EPIGRAM.

Treason does never prosper—what's the reason?
Why when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

SUICIDE.

When all the blandishments of life are gone
The coward sneaks to death, the brave lives on.

THE Normans never forget their interest; they seek it even when they treat with their parents and their friends.

It was said to Zeno, that all his wealth was lost. "Well," answered he, "Nature wills that I may become a philosopher."

"A MAN, who ill-treats beasts, can also ill-treat men," said a little girl, seeing that a young man had ill-treated a cat.

THE wise man quits life, as the traveller quits his inn.

RICHES are accompanied by fear, and poverty is followed by hope.

DIRT is a thing always in the wrong place.

MERCANTILE INDIGESTION.

WITH THE PRESCRIPTION OF PROFESSOR GREGORY OF EDINBURGH.

*SCENE.—Doctor Gregory's Study.**Enter MR. ———, a dunce-looking Glasgow Merchant.*

Patient. Good morning, Doctor Gregory; I'm just come to Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was there, at any rate I might just as weel tak your anvice, sir, anent my trouble.

Doctor. And pray what may your trouble be, my good sir?

Pa. 'Deed, Doctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm thinking a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach. I'm just no right.

Dr. You're from the West country, I should suppose, sir?

Pa. Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr. Aye, sir, pray are you a gourmand, a glutton?

Pa. God forbid, sir. I'm one of the plainest men living in all the West country.

Dr. Then perhaps you're a drunkard?

Pa. No, thank God, no one can accuse me of that; I'm an elder, so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr. [*Aside.* *I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of life.*] I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear, in detail, what do you eat and drink, when do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?

Pa. I breakfast at nine o'clock. I take a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham, or kipper salmon, or may be both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?

Pa. Oh! yes, sir, but I don't count that as anything.

Dr. Come, is this a very moderate breakfast? What kind of dinner do you make?

Pa. Oh! sir, I eat a very plain dinner, indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes, I think some way they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa. Oh! yes, though I don't mind much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa. Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr. You West country gentlemen generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner?

Pa. Yes, we do; its good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa. Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa. Oh! very little, not above half a dozen glasses, or so.

Dr. In the West country it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch ?

Pa. Yes sir, indeed, 'tis punch we drink chiefly ; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. Oh ! exceedingly moderate, indeed ! You then after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter ?

Pa. Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And, on your return, you take supper, I suppose ?

Pa. No, sir, I canna be said to take supper ; but just something before going to bed ; a rizer'd haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred oysters, or the like of that, and may be, two thirds of a bottle of ale, but I take no regular supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that ?

Pa. No, sir, punch don't agree with me at bedtime. I take a tumbler of warm whisky toddy at night, its lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every day life ; upon great occasions, perhaps, you exceed a little ?

Pa. No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I'm a sober family man, does not often happen ?

Dr. Not above twice a week ?

Pa. No, not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite ?

Pa. Yes, sir, thank God, I have ; indeed, any wee harl o' health that I hae is about meal time.

Dr. [*Assuming a very severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eye brows.*] Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed ; you come here, and tell me you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country ; but, upon examination, I find, by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton ; you breakfast, in the morning, in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner ; and, from five o'clock in the afternoon, you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach, till you go to bed. This is your moderation ! You told me, too, another falsehood—you said you were a sober man, yet, by your own shewing, you are a beer swiller, a dram drinker, a wine bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch, a liquor, which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication. You tell me, you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep : I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this ? Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea for your breakfast—some plain meat and soup for your dinner, without adding to it any thing to spar on your flagging appetite ; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks, and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale, and

toddy at night; give up chewing that vile narcotic, nauseous abomination, and there are some hopes, that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbours.

Pa. I'm sure, Doctor, I'm very much obliged to you—[*taking out a bunch of bank notes*] I shall endeavour to ———

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me. Put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee from you for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know, that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous; and whatever you may think, you have this day confessed to me, that you are a notorious glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, and reform, or take my word for it, your life is not worth half a years' purchase.

[*Exit PATIENT dumb-founded and looking blue.*]

Dr. [*Solus.*] Sober and temperate! Doctor Watt tried to live in Glasgow, and make his patients live moderately, and purged and bled them, when they were sick, but it would not do. Let the Glasgow doctors prescribe beef steaks, and rum punch, and their fortune is made.

[The name is concealed from delicacy, but Graham, Hunter, Kingan, and others, can vouch for the truth of the story, as they know the man well.]

THE *Glasgow Examiner* states, that a Latter Day Saint, in Campsie, suspected the morals and knowledge of the brethren. As a test, he one day recited in French, a few verses of the 23rd Psalm, as an unknown tongue. It was interpreted to mean that the orator should become a missionary, and successfully initiate the Heathen into the beauties of the Book of Mormon.

No courage is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

A CONTENTED mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear who dare to die.

WITHOUT a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A MAN may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend amongst them. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

PROSPERITY gains friends, and adversity tries them.

INGRATITUDE is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their place.

THOUGH a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

THE following was sent to our late excellent King George III., by a person, in Ireland, of the name of George King, who was condemned to death, and this is said to have procured him a pardon :—

“ George King to King George sends this humble petition,
Hoping King George will pity George King’s sad condition ;
If King George to George King, will grant a long day,
George King for King George for ever will pray !”

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Oth. If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !—
I’ll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint ? are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that’s with watching ; ’twill away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

[He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I’ll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo’d me to steal it : but she so loves the token
(For he conjured her, she would ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I’ll have the work ta’en out,
And give it Iago :
What he’ll do with it, heaven knows, not I ;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me—It is a common thing,—

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief !

Why, that the Moor, first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Emil. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence ;
And, to the advantage, I being here, took’t up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench: give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't;* I have use for it.
Go leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation stroug
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,†
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst‡ yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; [Taking him by the throat.
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

* Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.
† Mandrake. ‡ Possessedst.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CONSTABLE was the first person who told me about Falstaff and Hotspur, and other characters, in Shakespeare. What idea I annexed to them I know not, but I must have annexed some, for I remember quite well being interested on the subject. Indeed, I rather suspect, that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind, in hearing things, which they cannot entirely comprehend; and therefore, that to write down to children's understanding is a mistake; set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out. To return to George Constable, I knew him well, at a much later period. He used always to dine at my father's house, on a Sunday, and was authorised to turn the conversation out of the austere and Calvinistic tone, which it usually maintained on that day, upon subjects of history, or auld lang syne. He remembered the Rebellion of '45, and told many excellent stories, all with a strong dash of a peculiar caustic humour. These conversations made a strong impression on me.

PEDIGREE.

AN Irishman was once heard to say, on discussion, that pedigree was like the potatoe, the best part of it was under the ground.

THE HISTORY OF FAIRS.

FAIRS among the old Romans were holidays, on which there was an intermission of labour and pleadings. Among the Christians, upon any extraordinary solemnity, particularly the anniversary dedication of a church, tradesmen were wont to bring and sell their wares even in the churchyards, which continued especially upon the festivals of the dedication. The custom was kept up till the reign of Henry VI. Thus, we find, a great many fairs kept at these festivals of dedications; as at Westminster on S. Peter's day, at London on S. Bartholomew's day, and at Durham on S. Cuthbert's day. But the great number of people being often the occasion of riots and disturbances, the privilege of holding a fair, was granted by royal charter. At first, they were only allowed in towns and places of strength, or where there was some bishop, or governor of condition, to keep them in order. In process of time there were several circumstances of favour added, people having the protection of a holiday, and being allowed freedom from arrest, upon the score of any difference not arising upon the spot. These fairs make a considerable article in the commerce of Europe, especially those of the Mediterranean, or inland parts, as Germany. The most famous are those of Frankfort and Leipsic; the fairs of Novi, in the Milanese; of Riga and Archangel, in Russia; of St. Germain, at Paris; of Lyons, of Guidbray, in Normandy; and of Beauclaire, in Languedoc; those of Porto Bello, Vera Cruz, and the Havannah, are the most considerable in America.

AN INDEX TO THE MARKETS.

IN the neighbourhood of Alfreton, there resides a miller, who is so obliging to his customers, that when corn is fluctuating in its price, (and especially when on the advance,) he will take the trouble to go immediately and acquaint them how the London markets were going the day before. In the spring of last year, when the price of corn was advancing rapidly, this miller would set out from home, very early on a Tuesday morning, to give information to his shop customers. The inquiry at that time was—"Has Mr. H. gone past this morning?" "Yes." "How did he go?" "He was in his gig, and he drove very fast." "That's a bad sign." "He had only time to call at Mr. —'s gate and say wheat rose yesterday from 8s. to 10s. per quarter; you must raise flour 6d. per stone." On another week, "Has Mr. H. gone by this morning?" "No, he is coming yonder on foot." "That's a good sign." "He has stopped to talk with Mrs. —." "We will go and ask her how corn is this week?" "Mrs. — has been asking me, if we want a sack of flour, for it is 2d. a stone lower." We thought it a good sign when we saw him on foot, and felt sure of it when he had time to stop and talk to a person on the road. This same obliging miller, commenced his journey again, a few weeks since, but owing to a change in the weather, the corn began to slacken in its advances, and now he has again slackened in the alacrity of information; and this, the people say again, is a good sign.

THE SOUL.

THERE is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of the mind, and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

THE prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

THE difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

COMPLAISANCE renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

EXCESS of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

TRUTH is born with us, and we must do violence to nature to shake off our veracity.

THERE are foolish things well arranged as there are fools well dressed.

TROUT FISHING !

WE have a friend, who is a somewhat noted practical joker, residing in a pleasant country residence, near the ocean. Some time since, he had a visit from his and our friend, Professor ———, of poetic memory. The Professor is a keen trout fisherman, and seeing a large pond at some distance from R's fishing residence, inquired — "Can you fish for trout in that pond?" "Oh! yes," said R., "as well as not, possibly." "Where's your rod?" "I have none. I'm no fisherman. But if you want to try, we'll go over to S. and get tackle, and you may try your hand at it to-morrow." It was thereupon agreed to do so, and the day was passed by, the worthy Professor in preparation for angling. The next morning early, R. drove with him over to the pond, and he whipped it all round to windward and leeward, and finally waded it up to his waist, and threw his flies most skilfully, but never raised a fin. At length, as the sun grew intolerably hot, he turned to R., who lay under a tree solacing himself with a book and cigar, and exclaimed—"I don't believe there is a trout in your pond." "I don't know that there is," replied R., imperturbably. "Why, you told me there was." "Oh! no," said R., very leisurely turning over and lighting another cigar. "You asked me if you could fish for trout here, and I said you could as well as not. I have seen folks do it often, but I never knew of one being caught here." The result might be anticipated. R. walked home, and the Professor drove the horses, nor did R. venture within the reach of the Professor's rod until after dinner.

THERE cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence and then deceive it.

IT is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men, and the idle of fools.

AS to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of men.

ANGER may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of a fool.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

WE should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

HE that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

Do good to all, that thou mayest keep thy friends, and gain thy enemies.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Two young men, of Napoleon Vendee, named Chigot, one 26, the other 20 years of age, were tried before the Court of Assize of La Vendee, for an attempt to murder Lieut. Ligier, of the 59th Regiment. The facts of the case were as follows:—The father and mother of the accused, keep a tobacco and snuff shop, at Napoleon Vendee, and have a daughter, between 16 and 17 years of age, who serves in the shop, during their occasional absence. Lieut. Ligier, who was one of their customers, was, it appears, in the habit of visiting the shop frequently, when M. Chigot and his wife were not there, and one day, on their returning suddenly, they found Lieut. Ligier kissing their daughter. They expressed to M. Ligier their indignation at his conduct, and he withdrew. When the sons came home, the father told them what had occurred, and after interrogating their sister, they came to a conclusion that there had been a criminal intimacy between her and M. Ligier, and they resolved to compel him to repair, by marriage, the dishonour which he brought on their family. They purchased two pistols, which they loaded with ball, and going to the lodgings of Lieut. Ligier, they called upon him to make reparation, and presented to him a promise of marriage for his signature. Lieut. Ligier refused; and, according to the statement of the prisoners, (which however was denied by M. Ligier, who appeared as a witness on the trial,) in making this refusal, he indulged in a sort of boast of having dishonoured their sister. The brothers then fired their pistols. One ball struck Lieut. Ligier in the hand, the other entered his side, and inflicted so severe a wound that he was confined more than six weeks to his bed. Thinking they had killed their victim, the brothers went to the prison to give themselves into custody for murder, but the jailer refused to receive them without a warrant of commitment. They went away, but did not attempt to escape, and were soon afterwards arrested. All these facts were substantiated by the evidence, but Lieut. Ligier declared that no other familiarity than what had been witnessed by M. Chigot and his wife, had existed between him and the daughter. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and the Court ordered the acquittal of the prisoners. There was a great applause when the verdict was returned, and a crowd assembled and escorted the two brothers to their home in triumph.

LOVE God who made thee with all thy strength.

IT is right to be content with what we have, not with what we are. The exact reverse is the case with most men.

WHAT cannot power and courage do when guided by wisdom.

OSTENTATION and taste are irreconcilable enemies.

LIFE is a heavy burden for every man who does not know how to employ himself.

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY, GRANDSON OF
LOUIS XIV.

WHEN the Duke of Burgundy was committed to the tuition of the celebrated Fenelon, he had hitherto displayed all the symptoms of a perverse nature, invincible obstinacy, a revolting pride, and the most violent passions, joined however, with a great capacity for acquiring all kinds of knowledge. By various means happily combined, by gentleness and unremitting attention, the preceptor succeeded in gradually breaking the violent character of his pupil, and in rendering him equally eminent for worth and for learning. We are told, that at the age of 10, the Prince wrote Latin with eloquence, and translated the most difficult authors with a facility that surprised the best judges. He was perfectly master of Virgil, Horace, and the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid, and was sensible of the beauties of Cicero's Orations. At 11, he read Livy throughout, and began a translation of Tacitus, which he afterwards finished. The Abbé Henry, in attesting these facts, says, "that his mind was of the first order, and that he was not contented with superficial knowledge, but sought to penetrate to the bottom of every thing. At the age of 14, his mind was stored with excellent principles in religion and morals, with all that most enchants in mythology, and which supplies the principle subjects for poetry and the fine arts; and with all the leading facts of ancient, and modern history. It would not have been easy to find in the whole kingdom, a man better informed than the Prince."

TO MONS. ALEXANDRE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Of you, in old England, it was not thought good,
To carry two visages under one hood;
What would folks say to you, who have faces in plenty,
That from under one hood you one night shew'd us twenty.
Stand forth, arch deceiver! and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man? woman? or child? or a dog, or a mouse?
Or are you at once each live thing in the house?
Each live thing did I ask? each dead implement too,
A workshop in your person; saw, chisel, and screw;
Above all you are one individual I know,
You must be, at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop, an assembly, a mob,
And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot act and bid you disperse.

THE Count de Grasse being wounded in the knee with a musket ball, the surgeons made many incisions; losing all patience, at last, he asked them, why they cut and carved him so cruelly. "We seek for the ball," said they. "Why did you not tell me so before," asked the Count, "I have it in my pocket."

A WELL TURNED COMPLIMENT.

ONE day, when Sir Isaac Heard was with his late Majesty, it was announced, that his Majesty's horse was ready to start for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the good Monarch, "are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your Majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal amongst them." "What do you think of this, then?" said the King, who was by this time preparing to mount his favorite, and without waiting for an answer, added—"We call him Perfection." "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his Majesty reached the saddle, "for he bears the best of characters."

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas, we read, with wondrous art of old,
Whate'er he touched, at once transformed to gold;
This, modern statesmen, can never reverse with ease;
Touch them with gold, they'll turn which way you please.

IMPROMPTU ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN
WHOSE POCKET HAD BEEN ROBBED OF A WATCH.

He that would wear a watch, must this thing do—
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

TWO ladies of fashion, as they entered the rooms at Bath, met a citizen's fat wife, finely dressed, coming out. "See," said one of them, in a half whisper, "there is beef à-la-mode, going out." "Yes," answered the fat lady, overhearing her, "and there is game going in."

THE MIND.

NOBLE and active minds are ever looking up: they set high examples before them, and make all their efforts tend to reach the excellence of their model. Sloth and folly only rest in an indolent and silly self-satisfaction.

"Do you retail things here?" asked a green looking specimen of humanity, as he poked his head into a shop. "Yes," was the laconic reply. "Well, I wish you would re-tail my dog, he had it bit off a long time ago."

If it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE most striking illustration of the saying—"that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript"—which we ever heard of, was that of a young lady, who having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded in these words—"You will see by my signature that I am married."

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOLAR.

THE school is like the earth, in spring time, it requires merely to be sown; but on that sowing depends the harvest of centuries. The only single word that falls upon the mind of the child may determine its course for lifetime, may determine something far higher, whose consequences are felt through ages, for the progress of the thought is endless, it reckons its posterity to a thousandth generations, to the end of days. Therefore the child is a holy thing, for it bears God's unbroken seal on its forehead. Treat it with all truthfulness and care, for care has its reward, if not to-day, hereafter; if not for you, for coming race. You are labourers in God's kingdom. But God's kingdom has no fairer symbol upon earth than a child with its innocence—than a youth with his open countenance. Of such are the kingdom of Heaven.

A SAILOR'S PETITION.

A CAPTAIN of a frigate had a great aversion to a cat. One of his sailors, who was to be flogged, was saved by presenting him with the following lines:—

By your honor's command,
A culprit I stand,
An example to all the ship's crew,
I am pinioned and stript,
And condemned to be whipt,
And if I am flogged 'tis my due!
A cat, I am told,
In abhorrence you hold,
Your honor's aversion is mine!
If a cat with *one* tail
Makes your stout heart fail,
O save *me* from one that has *NINE*!

AFFECTION.

It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness except by a few. That merit, which gives greatness and renown, diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat.

WHO finds all the umbrellas that every body loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?

A WAGER being made that no one could rhyme to di-do-dum, distinctively, a gentleman immediately wrote—

When Dido's spouse did not to Dido come,
She wept in secret, and *was* Dido dumb.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

THE most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy, within ourselves; when home is our comfort, and all in it, even the dog and cat, share our affection. Do not refine away happiness, by thinking that which is good may be better.

ON AN EXCELLENT MUSICIAN PLAYING TO
AWKWARD DANCERS.

"How ill the motion with the music suits,"
Thus fiddled Orpheus, and thus danced the brutes.

BOUSSEUT.

THE majestic eloquence of Bousseut, is like a river, which carries every thing along in its rapid course.

FENELON.

IT has been said of the Telemachus of the virtuous Fenelon, that it is the most useful present the Muses have made to mankind; for could the happiness of man be produced by a poem, it would be by that.

MADAM GREOFTIN disagreeing once with a literary gentleman, the dispute became very warm, and many high words were exchanged with great acrimony. "How now," said a mutual friend of theirs, slipping between them, "can it be that you are *clandestinely married*."

JUDGMENT and imagination are rarely united.

IN the path of life, we have the brilliant meteor of hope to dazzle us, and behind us truth.

AN honest man is the noblest work of God.

THE safest asylum is the bosom of a mother.

WHERE can one be happier than in the bosom of one's family?

THE best method of all is a good master.

AN honorable life is the best legacy a father can leave to his children.

THE slanderous tongue is a poisoned dagger.

LIFE is divided into three terms; that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

ALEXANDER often said—"I am not more indebted to Philip, my father, than to Aristotle, my preceptor. If I owe the one my life, I am indebted to the other for virtue."

FENELON.

HE was a wise legislator, who having given to his countrymen laws calculated to make them good and happy, made them swear not to violate any of those laws during his absence ; after which he went away, exiled himself from his country, and died poor in a foreign land.

DURING the Bath season, in 1822, the word "Set," being a cant term, a lady, in high life, wrote the following lines on

"THE BATH SETS."

The little word *set*, how in Bath it pervades,
There's a *set* of devotionists, a *set* of old maids,
A musical *set*, a rare *set* of quizzes,
A card playing *set*, and of blue stocking Misses;
A *set* of poor humdrums, by nobody known,
Who walk in the country, and drink tea alone;
There's a *set* beyond all of belles and of beaux,
Whom every one sees where every one goes;
If you're in it you may dance at a ball,
If not 'tis a chance if you e'er dance at all;
There are *sets* of Quadrilles, White's 9th and 11th,
There's Colonel's first, and Payne's 107th;
To dance then a *set* is made up for a few,
And when eight bars are played they all must *set to*;
But if not in the *set*, and you wish for a *set*,
You will fume, you will fidget, you'll sigh and you will fret;
For to make up a *set* what a fuss, what a pother,
In the asking, engaging, refusing each other;
When ladies you have got, four men you must get,
March boldly up to them and make a dead *set*;
Now that is the way the Bath heroes to treat,
For men asking women is quite obsolete;
If the *sets* not complete, if you want but one beau,
You must give up the dancing and *set in a row*;
And *set* an example befitting your station,
Of patience and temper, and meek resignation;
And thus you will find if you first *set* about it,
That *set* is the word—there's no doing without it.

A BEAUTIFUL PRECEPT.

AN all-wise Creator has ordained that as parents watch over the helpless infancy of their children, so the children are to nurse the declining days of their parents, support the tottering steps, and administer to the weakness of second childhood in those who administered to their wants.

HOMER, is considered the father of epic poetry ; Æschylus, of tragedy ; Æsop, of apologue ; Pindar, of lyric poetry ; and Theocritus, of pastoral poetry.

MOLIERE has taken from Aristophanes, the comic ; from Plautus, fire and activity ; from Terence, the picture of manners.

THE HAPPY MAN.

THE happy man is not he whose happiness is his only care, but he, who, with perfect resignation, leaves the care of his happiness to HIM who made him, while he pursues with ardour the road of his duty.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

THE observation of the calm, energetic regularity of nature, the immense scale of her operations, and the certainty with which her ends are attained, tend irresistibly to tranquillize the mind, and render it less accessible to repining, selfish, and turbulent emotions.

DO GOOD FOR THE SAKE OF GOOD.

THE horse, when he has run his course ; the bee, when it has made its honey ; and the good man, when he has done good to others, do not make a noisy boast about it, but go on to repeat the action as the vine, in its season, new clusters again.

A POSTHUMOUS WORK.

SOME one (whom we will not disgrace by printing his name) says, that the lobster is a posthumous work of creation, for it is only *red* after its death.

VIRTUE.

THERE is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits, which not being strictly observed, ceases to be virtue.

LASTING.

WHICH is the most economical suit you can have ? A suit in Chancery, as it generally lasts for life.

" FAITH," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin, at Ballingary, his wife having turned the key upon him ; " faith, but I'm regularly locked *in*." " In," said his companion ; " in where ?" " Why, *in the street !*"

A GREAT "scientificker" explained the phenomina of expansion, by heat ; and contraction, by cold ; with the irrefragable illustration, that in summer, when it was hot, the days stretched out very long ; but in winter, when it was cold, they contracted until they become very cold indeed !

A WIFE having run away from her husband, taking with her all that was portable among his effects, he followed in time to stop and secure the latter ; when a wag remarked, that the position of the husband was decidedly preferable to that of the paramour, since the former had got the luggage, while the other had only secured the baggage.

EQUALITY OF MAN'S DESTINY.

THE different ranks and orders of mankind may be compared to so many streams and rivers of running water. All proceed from an original small and obscure source; some spread wider, travel over more countries, and make more noise in their passage than others; but all tend alike to an ocean, where distinction ceases, and where the largest and most celebrated rivers are equally lost and absorbed with the smallest and most unknown streams.

FOOL.

"BOY, you are not far from a fool!" "Well, as we aint more than three feet apart, I give into that," was the reply.

SYN-TAX.

"WELL, my boy, do you know what *Syn-tax* means?" said a schoolmaster to the child of a teetotaller." "Iss, sir; the *dooty on sperrets*."

EPITAPHS AT MELTON MOWBRAY.

Here lies the wife of Simon Stokes,
Who liv'd and died like other folks.

His last debt is paid—poor Tom's no more!
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before!

JOCKEY CLUB.

AT a dinner given to the members of the Jockey Club, by his late Majesty William IV., the Marquis of Westminster was boasting of the performances of Touchstone, and offering to back him for a large sum, against any thing that could be named. "I accept the challenge," said the King, "and will name to beat him by a neck." The match was concluded, and his Majesty, amidst a roar of laughter, named the "Giraffe."

ONCE when Admiral Packenham landed at Portsmouth, a friend asked him how he had left the crew of his ship. "Oh!" said he, "I left them all, to a man, the merriest fellows in the world." "How so?" asked his friend. "Why," replied the Admiral, "I flogged seventeen of them, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy because they have escaped."

The *Nonconformist* gives a specimen of how sacrilege may be forbidden and sense set at nought. The following "notice" adorns the walls of Millbrook Church, Hants:—"It is respectfully requested that persons entering the sacred edifice do uncover at the entrance of the second door; and to observe the same on leaving the Church."

AFFECTATION.

IF any thing will sicken and disgust a man, it is the affected mincing way in which some people choose to talk. It is perfectly nauseous. If these young jackanapes, who screw their mouths into all manner of diabolical shapes, could only feel how perfectly disgusting they were, it might induce them to drop it. With many, it soon becomes such a confirmed habit, that they cannot again be taught to talk in a plain straightforward manly way. Do pray talk in your natural tone, if you don't wish to be utterly ridiculous and contemptible, screwing your mouth like the aperture in a poor box.

EPIGRAM.

Parsons and lawyers, both you'll find,
By mourning suits are known;
One for the sins of all mankind,
The other ——— for their own.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

SOME merchants went to an Eastern Sovereign, and exhibited for sale some very fine horses. The King admired them, and bought them; he moreover gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The King, one day, in a sportive humour, ordered the Vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The King asked "Why?" He replied "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back." "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

IN the celebrated and decisive naval engagement of Lord Howe's Fleet with that of France, on the 1st June, 1794, a game cock, on board one of his ships, chanced to have his house beaten to pieces by a shot, or some falling rigging, which set him at liberty. The feathered hero, now perched on the stump of the mainmast which had been carried away, continued crowing, and clapping his wings, during the remainder of the engagement, enjoying, to all appearance, the magnificent sternness of the scene.

A FEW years ago, there was in the possession of the Crawford's, Cowdowhill, Dumbartonshire, a silver spoon, which was bequeathed in a very singular manner to the largest mouthed member of the family. The spoon was three inches in diameter, at the mouth piece, and on the handle was inscribed the following lines, dated 1840:—

This spoun I leave in legacies
To the biggest muthed, Crawford after me,
And if he sell or pawn 't cursed may he bee.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN THE PENINSULA.

LORD WELLINGTON looks forward very coolly, to another winter here. He said he should have twenty-five couples of fox-hounds next season. The other day the Commissary General told him we had eaten nearly all the oxen in the country, that the cultivation of the lands in Portugal could not go on for want of them, and that he scarcely knew where to turn for a supply of beef, as there was this year no reserve store near Lisbon. Lord Wellington said, "Well, then, we must now set about eating all the sheep, and when they are gone I suppose we must go."

THE MODERN CUPID.

He rests on violet banks no languid limb,
The Bank of England is the bank for him;
Nor bull nor lion he triumphant rides,
But bullion is the golden beast he guides;
He takes no cold by midnight serenade,
For men of law his instruments have made;
His doves are stock doves, and no notes have place,
In his regard, except the "Notes of Hase."
Lord of the treasury, master of the mint,
This is our Cupid;—Ladies take the hint;
In short, a money loving God is he,
Called by his votaries—Cupidity!

WHEN a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

A BROKER deeply absorbed in speculation, being asked, the other morning, "How do you do?" replied abruptly, "About two per cent. a month!"

A YOUNG stockbroker having married an old widow with £100,000, says it was't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

AN Indiana wit says, that during a trial in Lawrenceport, a young lad, who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew what was the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he would go where all the lawyers went to."

"AND what do you think of the three last reigns; you have lived in all three of them?" said Louis XVI. to the Duke of Richelieu. "Sire, under Louis XIV. no one durst speak; in Louis XV.'s reign people spoke in an under tone; and under your Majesty every one speaks as loud as he pleases."

AN infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men had no souls, asked a lady with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy? "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have employed a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

MR. GLADSTONE was once asked by a little boy to tell him something about Cerberus, when the great orator, clearing his throat, eloquently began : " Why, my little dear, we must divide the subject into three heads." The little boy instinctively ran out of the room.

WELSH EPITAPH.

Here lies my poor wife! a slattern, a shrew,
If I said I regretted her—I should lie too.

A HUMAN BEING WITH NOTHING TO DO.

MOST miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being. The most insignificant object in nature becomes a source of envy; the birds warble on every spray, in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. Oh, plant! Oh! stream—worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of—faculties divine, eternal! a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped, a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured forth in the desert. Birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life! Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence, the yearning for an object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity, and the fearful consciousness of deadening life—of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests—when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far-off sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal hopelessness and desolation. Happier far is the toiling drudge who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation; he has a hope unceasingly to light him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that cannot die; and wretched, weary, unhuman, as his life may be, it is of royal worth—it is separated by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor, perhaps pampered wretch, who is cursed for having no work to do.

At a New York hotel dinner one gentleman gave his fork to another, with—"Just stick that fork into that potatoe for me, will you?" His surly, unneighbourly neighbour did as he requested, and *left it sticking there!*

CONTROVERSY.

MASONRY is a universal system, and teaches the relative and social duties of man on the broad and extensive basis of general philanthropy. A Jew, a Mahometan, or a Pagan, may attend our lodges without fear of hearing his peculiar doctrines or mode of faith called in question by a comparison with others which are repugnant to his creed, because a permanent and unalterable landmark of Masonry is, the total absence and exclusion of religious or political controversy. Each of these professors practices a system of morality suited to the sanctions of his religion, which, as it emanated from the primitive system of divine worship, bears some resemblance to it; and consequently he can hear moral precepts inculcated without imputing a designed reference to any peculiar mode of faith.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime ran still the sweetest;
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered;
Tick—tick! it said: quick, quick to bed;
For ten I've given warning—
Up—up—and go—or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling;
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked grey, o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
Tick—tick! it said: quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,
Unless you are up soon in the morning!

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and stronger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer:
Tick—tick! it said—to the churchyard bed,
The graves have given warning:
Then up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!

A LADY OFFICER.

JEAN PAUL says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain—"You soldiers all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have done speaking, to stand still, every one of you on the spot where you happen to be: don't you hear me? Halt I say, all of you." Upon this a lady in an American paper makes the following comment:—"Now, Monsieur Jean, it was an unlucky day you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little concise word 'No' from every rosy lip you meet between this and your tombstone! May you 'halt' wifeless through life; may your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty, and your stockings holy. May your boot jack be missing, your feet corned, your shaving-water be cold; your razor dull, your hair stand up, and your dickies lie down; may your beard be porcupiny, your whiskers thinly settled, and your moustaches curl the wrong way; may your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky, and your tea be water-bewitched; may you dream of Paradise, and wake in some other place! And, with a never-dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, figetty, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected, ragged old bachelor. Amen!"

EPIGRAM.

The lovely hair that Galla wears
Is hers, who could have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

ANTS.

IN the exotic regions they construct habitations of considerable size, and form large communities, consisting of a king and queen, soldiers, and labourers. Such especially are the white ants, whose nests, formed entirely of clay, are, in fact, occasionally larger than the dwellings of the natives.

IN one of our weekly contemporaries, we observe the "Railway Intelligence" is inserted next to the "Obituary."

"DOCTOR," said a querulous suffering invalid, who had paid a good deal of money for physic to apparent little purpose, "you don't seem to reach the seat of my disease. Why don't you strike at the seat of my disorder?" "So I will," was the prompt reply, "if you insist on it;" and, lifting his cane, he smashed the brandy bottle on the sideboard.

A TRADESMAN at Luton, Bedfordshire, has the following notice stuck up in his window:—"Good ladies, 1s.; lasting ditto, 1s. 6d. per pair."

RIDDLES FOR THE POST OFFICE.

THE following ludicrous direction to a letter was copied verbatim from the original and interesting document :—

"too dad Tomas
hat the ole oke
otchut

10 Barry pade

"Sur plees to let ole feather have this sefe."

The letter found the gentleman at "The Old Oak Orchard, Tenbury." I saw another letter, where the writer, after a severe struggle to express "Scotland," succeeded at length to his satisfaction, and wrote it thus, "stockling." A third letter was sent by a woman to a son who had settled in Tennessee, which the old lady had thus expressed with all phonetic simplicity, "10, S. C."—

Notes and Queries.

BEAUTIFUL STREAMS.

Beautiful streams, that flow onward for ever,
Blessing the green earth wherever they flow,
Down the steep mountain-side gushing to sever,
In the fair valleys, and meadow below;
Singing amid the tall reeds as they wander,
Nursing the lily-bell on their calm breast,
Well by their side may earth's weary one's ponder,
Seeking, alone, by their margin for rest.

Beautiful streams, that flow on to the ocean,
Life-giving founts as they wander along,
Who can behold them devoid of emotion,
Or love not the sound of their murmuring song?
Cooling the earth in the warm sunny hours,
Giving the poet his glorious themes;
Crowning the vales with the rich summer flowers;
Types of eternity—beautiful streams!

POWER OF SIGHT IN BIRDS.

THE swallow, while flying at the rate of three miles a minute, is yet employed in looking up and down, right and left, for the minute insects on which it feeds, and which it captures and swallows without any diminution of the prodigious speed at which it is travelling.

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irish clergyman to his congregation.

WHEN two goats met on a bridge which was too narrow to allow either to pass or return, the goat which lay down that the other might walk over it, was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.

DONATELLO, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith; and, on giving the last stroke of the chisel to it, he was heard to exclaim, "Speak now; I am sure you can."

AN ANAGRAM.

"BONA rapta, pone leno." "Robber lay down thy stolen goods."
It is curious that these words make up literatim — *Napoleon Bonaparte*.

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

IT is a good sign to find a girl sulky; I mean where the shoe pinched; it was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never any notion after Patty, and, to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me; and I rather guess Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me, so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, tho' out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my mouth something the look of a gridiron. The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and a'done with it now." "I won't, so there, nor tech to—" "I'll take it whether or no." "Do if you dare!" And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced; the bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. And the next bout smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill dam broke loose, carrying away half-a-dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah came a whole school of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way about the floor. By the hookey, if Sally Jones is not real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her head back over her chair, her eyes closed, and there lay her little plump mouth all in the air. Lord, did you ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin, or a humble bee upon a clover top? I say nothing. Consarn it, how a buss will crack off a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was half way between asleep and awake. "There goes my yeast bottle," says she to herself, burst into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread is all dough agin." The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door; and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve, that if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.

SNORING.

A WESTERN statesman, in one of his tours through the far West, stopped all night, where he was put into the same room with some twenty strangers. He was very much annoyed by the snoring of two persons. The black boy of the hotel entered the room, when our narrator said to him—"Ben, I'll give you five dollars, if you will kill that man next to me, who snores so dreadfully." "Can't kill him for five dollars, but if massa will advance on the price, I'll try what I can do." By this time the stranger had ceased his nasal fury. The other was now to be quieted, so stepping up to him, he woke him and said—"My friend, (he knew who he was) you're talking in your sleep, and exposing all the secrets of the Brandon bank, (he was a director) you had better be careful." He was, and did not go to sleep again that night.

A FRIEND.

How many lovely things we find
In earth, and air, and sea,—
The distant bells upon the wind,
The blossom on the tree!
But lovelier far than chime or flower
A valued friend in sorrow's hour.

Sweet is the carol of a bird
When warbling on the spray,
And beautiful the moon's pale beam
That lights us on our way;
Yet lovelier Friendship's look and word
Than moonlight or than warbling bird.

How prized the coral and the shell,
And valued too the pearl;
Who can the hidden treasures tell
O'er which the soft waves curl?
Yet dearest still a friend to me
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

ELIZA COOK.

A NEW Hampshire farmer, going to a parish meeting, met his minister, and told him that his society thought of increasing his salary. "I beg you not to think of any such thing," said the minister, "for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend to; if it should be increased, I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collecting it."

A LAWYER was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposition counsel arose and said: "May it please the Court—I do not propose in this case to *bore for water*, but ——" Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, the ridiculousness of the case was exposed, and the defendant got clear.

THE HYENA.

DR. SPARMAN tells a curious story of a hyena, which was told him at the Cape of Good Hope. One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape, when one of them, who was a trumpeter, drank so much that he could not stand up. His companions, not wanting him in the room, carried him out of doors, and laid him down by the side of the house, to get cool and sober. The trumpeter laid there and went to sleep, when a hyena came along, and thinking him dead, began to carry him away, so as to make a meal of him without being disturbed. It was sometime before the man awoke, so as to know the danger of his situation. When he did so, he found himself on the back of the hyena, who was making off towards the mountain with him as fast as possible. Being horror struck at finding himself in the power of the ferocious beast, his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet, which hung around his neck, he sounded an alarm. The beast, thinking he had only a dead man, was as much frightened at the sound of the trumpet, as the man was at his situation, so that dropping his prey, they scampered away from each other as fast as possible. It is not probable that any other man but the trumpeter would have escaped so easily.

REMEDIES FOR FITS.

FOR A FIT OF PASSION.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

FOR A FIT OF IDLENESS.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

FOR A FIT OF EXTRAVAGANCE AND FOLLY.—Go to the Workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

FOR A FIT OF AMBITION.—Go into the Churchyard and read the grave stones: they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

FOR A FIT OF REPINING.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

FOR A FIT OF DESPONDENCY.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden, to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

THE BREEZE OF SPRING.

Dull winter hastens to be gone,
He's disappearing fast;
The sunny hours are coming on,
The stormy time is past.
The ice no longer binds the rill,
Nor snows their mantle fling;
For every bleak and barren hill
Has kissed the breeze of Spring.

I hear its music in the wood,
It sighs along the vale,
Where summer flowers in beauty stood,
It lingers in the dale;
It plays upon the primrose banks,
And rests its merry wing;
The drooping snowdrop kindly thanks
The western breeze of Spring.

Ah! well it knows where violets grow
In the lone and shady lane;
It bids its sweet, blue fav'rites blow,
And onward speeds again.
It wakes the flowers of the field,
And they their offerings bring;
The flowers their sweetest incense yield,
To scent the breeze of Spring.

The blackbird from the hawthorn bush,
Renews his lively strain;
On topmost branches stands the thrush,
And tunes his throat amain;
At close of evening calm and mild,
He makes the forest ring
With native woodnotes, clear and wild—
He loves the breeze of Spring.

The robin leaves his winter friends
For hedge-rows far away—
Above his mossy nest he bends,
And pipes his plaintive lay.
The lark uprising with the light,
On merry mounting wing—
Strains all his might till out of sight,
And hails the breeze of Spring.

A hundred voices fill the air,
The sun shines warmly down;
Away with each intruding care,
And leave the gloomy town.
Come, roam along the woodpath green,
Hear nature's favourites sing,
Enjoy the soul-enlivening scene,
And woo the breeze of Spring.

THE people live uncommonly long at Vermont. There are two men there so old, that they have forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

OBSERVATIONS

WHEREIN "poetry" differs from "prose"—that is, not merely in the outward form of language and versification, but more especially in the thought and feeling embodied in that language. As the finest touches on the canvass would be of little worth, did they not express an idea conceived in the painter's mind, so poetical diction is to be regarded only as the representation of poetry of thought. Hence poetry might exist in works, of which the outward form was prosaic. Among such may be mentioned "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe." John Bunyan and Daniel de Foe were poets in their way. Doctor Johnson said, that the poet called in imagination to the aid of reason. In illustration of this remark, take Macbeth's soliloquy before Duncan's murder. Reason without imagination could not have produced such a passage as the following :—

" And pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

By supposing that, by giving to the fancy and imagination, the poet necessarily shut out truth from his view, is a mistake. On the contrary, the best poems, both of ancient and more modern times,—the *Illiad* of Homer and Shakspeare's Plays, had truth for their basis. Fiction was the shadow, truth the substance. Those, then, who would endeavour to profit by the poetry they read, should be careful to search below the surface of fiction for the truth which lies beneath it. The best poetry of all is the poetry of Scripture. Who can read the songs of triumph and lamentation in the Book of Psalms; who can ponder on the words of Isaiah and Ezekiel without feeling that it was God, not man, that was speaking, and that it is poetry which disdains comparison with the works of any uninspired writer.

TURKISH GALLANTRY.

LADY.

I can't abide you Turkish folk,
Who take your wives by twenty,
In England one is thought no joke,
And numbers find it plenty.

TURKISH AMBASSADOR.

In England, true, this plan may do,
And be as good as any,
But all the charms we find in you,
We only find in many.

A SURGEON, writing to the *Times*, asks if there is any law for branding a deserter. We beg to inform him that we know of no such law, and that if there is any it must be a brand new one.

TEACHING.

THE Rev. J. D. Collis remarked on this important subject, that he had been taught by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, that prince of schoolmasters, not only to love learning but teaching also. He had been taught to look upon education not as a mere piece of drudgery, not as a task to be got rid of as speedily as possible, not as a business taken up for the sake of emolument, but as a great and important work, a profession to be liked for itself, a thing to be worked out with a willing and a loving mind, a duty to be cheerfully and faithfully performed. He had been taught not to look upon the boys merely as a means for making money, but as immortal beings to be trained up in true Christian principles, and to consider his highest reward to be the blessing of God upon his labours.

BARRINGTON.

WHEN one of the convicts, at Botany Bay, wrote a farce, this noted pickpocket furnished the prologue which contained the two following lines :—

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country, for our country's good.

EPITAPH ON THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S LEG
WHICH WAS SOLEMNLY INTERRED.

Here lies the Earl of Uxbridge's leg,
Pray for the rest of his body I beg.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

A tall youth is a *lad*, but an implement used by bricklayers is a *ladder*.

The ironwork before the area is an *ode*, but the scent of a rose is an *odour*.

A pig's leg properly cured is a *ham*, but a carpenter's tool is a *hammer*.

The American President's name is *Polk*, but fashionable people call him *Polka*.

From water is *ice*, but the author of the above is *I, Sir*.

"WELL, Miss," said a knight of the birchin rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "but I had rather not."

"Is this a place for indignant women and awful children?" inquired Mrs. Malaprop, of a friend, when passing two buildings, appropriated for indigent widows and orphan children.

REASON PROMOTED BY AFFECTION.

"REASON ought to direct us," says Lord Chesterfield, "but it seldom does; and he who addresses himself simply to another man's reason, without endeavouring to engage his heart in his interest also, is no more likely to succeed than a man who should apply only to a king's nominal minister, and neglect his favourite." The illustration is just and beautiful, and the observation deserves the notice of every one whose employment it is to win man to faith and righteousness. Dry reasoning, though ever so solid, will not do alone.

WHERE SHE GATHERED FLOWERS.

'Twas on a merry summer day,
 When yellow gorse was blowing,
 I met her in the forest way,
 With ringlets brightly flowing—
 Her ringlets rich as autumn leaves,
 Her face all artless beauty;
 Who sees such evermore believes
 "To love" life's a sweet duty.
 She gathered flowers as she went,
 The little fairy reaper!
 Wild rose, for some dear emblem meant,
 Sorrel, and noon's pale sleeper;*
 Red woodbines, too, so lavish there,
 That with each zephyr wrestled,
 And one choice bunch she pillowed where
 Her snowy kerchief nestled.

She murmured snatches of old song—
 How still I stood to listen!
 But down the forest vale ere long
 I saw her ringlets glisten;
 I heard her singing in the shade,
 Now hastening, and now staying,
 While half resolved and half afraid,
 I ran or stood delaying.
 Softer and sweeter came her song,
 As down the path she wended;
 My beating heart grew proud and strong—
 I, too, the path descended.
 Gipsy! how fast her dainty feet
 Along the ruts now bore her!
 But soon with step, as sure and fleet,
 I breathless stood before her.

Needs it to tell the burning words,
 That hushed her tongue's gay ditty?
 Needs it to strike the passion chords,
 That moved her heart to pity?
 Soon was her yielding hand in mine,
 And where she gathered flowers,
 Where violets bud and lilies shine,
 We talked of wedding hours.

* The evening primrose.

CAUTION.

AN American paper says :—We heard a good story of a sagacious country gentleman, who came to our city, some days ago, with a bill on a highly respectable firm of this city. The bill was duly presented for acceptance ; and a young member of the firm—a fashionable, showily dressed young gentleman, who had cultivated a very dainty moustache—wrote, with a golden pen, his endorsement on the bill, giving his middle name in full, thus “ J. Templeton Tomkins.” The countryman looked at the signature, read it slowly, glanced at the fashionable merchant, who was very fascinatingly twirling his whiskers, and handing the bill over to him, remarked—“ Here stranger, cash that document.” “ What ?” indignantly replied the merchant, “ discount my own paper ! It is a positive insult.” “ Well, can’t help it,” said the countryman, “ if you don’t, I must get somebody else to do it.” To prevent his paper from getting on ‘Change, the merchant concluded to cash the bill ; and paying over the money to the countryman, asked him quietly, “ Why, my friend, do you offer me the gratuitous insult of requiring me to discount my own paper ?” “ I don’t mean any harm, stranger ; but I have just got this idea into my head—that when you see a merchant with that hair on his upper lip, and who writes his middle name out in full, and endorses bills with a gold pen, you may set it down as pretty certain he’s gwine to bust up in a week.”

REVENGE OR FATHERLY KINDNESS.

A vixen wife, who felt the horsewhip’s smart,
Ran to her father, begg’d he’d take her part.
“ What is your fault ?” said he, “ come state your case,”
“ I threw some coffee in my husband’s face,
For which he beat me ;” “ beat you, did he slife ?
He beat my daughter ! zounds ! I’ll beat his wife,
If for such faults, he gives my daughter pain,
Come but his wife, I’ll whip her home again.”

RARE ARTICLES WANTED.

A PAIR of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes.
THE club with which an idea struck the poet.
A STICK to measure narrow escapes.
THE hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.
A PAIR of gloves for the hands of a watch.
AN umbrella to use in the reign of tyrants.
SOME lemonade made of a sour temper and the sweets of matrimony.
SOME of the other fish the man had to fry.
A CEMENT for filling the decayed teeth of saws.

A BARRISTER'S WIG.

A BARRISTER entered one of the Four Courts, Dublin, with his wig so much awry, as to cause a general titter. Seeing Curran smile, he said—"Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" "No," replied Curran, "nothing but your head."

HARD RUNNING.

John run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He run in debt, and then to pay,
He distanced all, and ran away.

EPITAPH IN A CHURCHYARD NEAR
BIRMINGHAM.

O cruel death! how could you be so unkind,
As to take him before, and leave me behind!
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been much more pleasing to the survivor.

DRUNKENNESS.

THE following circumstance happened in one of the towns of Arkansas. A man had been drinking until a late hour at night, before he started for home. Honest folks had been long in bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was too much for him; he did not know where to go. He at last staggered into an empty waggon shed, and fell upon the ground. For a long time he lay in the unconsciousness of a drunken sleep, and would have undoubtedly frozen, (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold) had not others less sensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favourite rendezvous for the hogs, which rushed out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the utmost kindness and with the truest hospitality, they gave their biped companion the middle of the bed; some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of the quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by his exposure. Towards morning he awoke, finding himself comfortable, and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern, in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog, exclaimed—"Why, mister, *when did you shave last!*"

AN elderly miss was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day, "I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardship, and withstanding the changes of fickle fortune; but, oh! to live, and droop, and wither, and die like a single pink, I can't endure it, and what's more I wont.

GOLDEN PILLS.

It is related of Goldsmith, whose charity often exceeded his means, that once having visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was caused by an empty cupboard, he sent her a pill box, containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription—" *To be taken as occasion may require.*"

AN EPIGRAM.

Our rule will wives and fiddles fit,
Is falsely said, (I fear by art
To false experience blind;)
For woman's an Æolian harp,
Whose every note, or flat or sharp,
Depends upon the wind.

CONDUCT IN LIFE.

BE rather careful of what thou dost than of what thou hast ; for what thou hast is none of thine, and will leave thee at thy death ; but what thou dost is thine, and will follow thee to thy grave, and will plead for thee, or against thee, at the day of judgment. At that day it will be, what we have done for others, rather than for ourselves, that will most avail us.

LINES,

BY A LADY, WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

The power of love shall never wound my heart,
Tho' he assail me with his fiercest dart!

THE ANSWER, BY A GENTLEMAN.

The lady has her resolution spoke,
Yet writes on glass in hopes it may be broke.

IN a market town, in Rutlandshire, the following placard is affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker, who has decamped, leaving his creditors minus :—" *Wound up and the main spring broke.*"

A COUNTRYMAN was standing on one of the quays, lately, watching the process of hoisting the anchor of a ship, which was getting under weigh ; and as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "Yo heave O !" of the sailors, he exclaimed—"You may heave high, and heave low, you will never get that great crook'd thing through that little hole ! I know better."

A SMART young student of anatomy, remarked in the hearing of his sister, that the reason there were so many old maids in the world was owing to their tight lacing, which so hardened their hearts as to make them impenetrable to the shafts of Cupid ! "And the reason there are so many old bachelors," retorted the sister, "is because of their tight strapping, they cannot get on their knees to declare their passion."

THE MODEL WAITER AT WHAT IS CALLED A CHOPHOUSE IN LONDON—THE CHESHIRE CHEESE.

EVERY model waiter is single of course. What time has he to make love, excepting to the cook? and she is hot tempered and cross, as all tavern cooks are; and he has far too many spoons to look after, to think of increasing his responsibilities with a family of children. He is always "coming! coming!" but rather like the auctioneer, he is always "going! going! going! gone!" Ask him for his name—it is "Bob," or "Charles." The waiter never has a surname. He takes his dinner how he can, off the sideboard, or on a chair in the passage. If he is very busy, he has no dinner at all. He approaches his plate to steal a mouthful, when fifty shouts of "Waiter" call him away. Of many contending cries, he attends to that of "Money" first.

The model waiter never says "I." He is quite editorial, and always says "*We*," as, "*We're* very full, at present, *sir*. *We* had two hundred dinners yesterday, *sir*, and three hundred and thirty-five suppers. *We* consume one hundred and sixty-nine rabbits regularly every night, *sir*." He puts a "*sir*" on to every thing, an odd penny, if the same comes to an exact shilling. "Chop?" "Yes, *sir*, sixpence." "Potatoes?" "Yes, *sir*, tuppence." "Beer?" "Exactly, *sir*, tuppence." "And bread?" "Yes, *sir*, makes tenpence; and tuppence makes thirteence—precisely one and a penny, *sir*." "His favorite word is "*nice*." He recommends "a *nice* chop with a *nice* glass of half and half"—or he says, "You'll find that a *nice* glass of port, *sir*," or "its the *niciest* breast he ever saw." He can unravel the mysteries of *Bradshaw*, without turning over every one of the tables two or three times; and he knows all the play bills of the evening by heart. He never calls a slice of stilton "a cheese."

He is impartial in the distribution of the "paper," and gives the middle sheet invariably to him who has eaten the most dinners in the house. He shews no favour, either, with the evening papers, but awards them first to those who are drinking wine, to the spirits next, whilst to the beer he gives the supplement of yesterday's *Times*. His shoes are perfect fellows, with upright heels, and the strings are carefully tied; and his handkerchief so white, it would do credit to a pet parson in the heart of Belgravia. He has "everything in the house," till you cross-examine him, when the everything, sinks down to a "nice chop, or tender steak, *sir*." The joint is always in very good cut, and has only been up these two minutes. He is mute for a penny, says "Thank ye, *sir*," for twopence, and helps on your coat for everything above it. Politics have no charm for him, and he never looks at a paper excepting when he is waiting for the last customer, and is tired of killing flies. The only news that interests him, are the "Want Places,"

and the pictures. He is good humoured and laughs at any joke, even those of a fast man. A stranger in his vocabulary, is a party. He talks of those according to the boxes they sit in, and cuts down all gentlemen to "gents." He is not mean with his mustard, or the vinegar cruets, and does not hide them in a dark corner. He carries a lofty pillar, quite a falling tower of plates, without dropping any thing out of them, and does not spill the gravy down an old gentleman's neck. If any thing is done to rags, or to a cinder, or underdone, or not done at all; if the punch is as weak as water, or there's too much sugar in it, or its as sour as a pew-opener, he bears it with all unruffled meekness, and only begins wiping down the table with his napkin. If the wine is too old, or too young, or too fruity, or too tawny, his waiter's fine instinct tells him at once what the gentlemen will like, and he rushes out furiously, in a waiter's gallop, to get it, and returns with something that elicits, "Ah! that's just the thing." However, as a general rule, "the port has never been less than ten years in bottle. The cigars, too, are imported direct from the Havannah, and cost us full thirty-two shillings a pound, *sir*. We do not clear a farthing by them, *sir*."

The model waiter very seldom has a holiday. If he does, it is to see some other waiter, or to help at the Freemason's, or to assist a friend at some grand dinner in a nobleman's family. His life vibrates between the kitchen and the parlour, and he never sits down from morning till long past midnight. He attempts to doze sometimes, but the loud chorus of "We won't go home till morning," wakes him up, and he execrates in his heart, the monster whoever composed that song; it must have been some wretch, he is sure, who owed a long score to an unfortunate waiter, who had sued him for it. He makes a faint effort to turn off the gas, but is repulsed with an unanimous call for "more kidneys." It is not wonderful, therefore, if in the morning he yawns over the knives and forks, and drops several involuntary tears whilst replenishing the mustard pot.

After wearing out innumerable pairs of shoes, a testimonial is got up for the model waiter, by the "gents of his room," and they present him with a full length portrait of himself, "as a slight token of their warm appreciation of his unfailing civility, cheerful demeanour, and uniform attention during a term of forty years." This testimonial represents him in the act of drawing the cork out of the ten years' bottles of port, for a party of gentlemen, who are sitting in a box, in the corner of the picture, and who are portraits of Messrs. Brown, Robinson, and Smith, three of the oldest chop-eaters of the house! It is hung in a glittering frame over the mantel piece of the room, in and out of which he has been running for the last forty years, and becomes the property of the establishment, there being a special clause let in the frame, that it is never to be removed from the room. The model waiter, however, has

been saving a little fortune of pennies, during his long career of chops and steaks, his only extravagancies having been the washing of his white neckhandkerchiefs, and Berlin gloves, every now and then, on state occasions; and he purchases, in his grey old age, the business, of his landlord, takes unto himself the pretty barmaid as his wife, and dies without having once been fined for keeping open half a minute after twelve on a Saturday night, or serving a pint of beer on Sundays, during the hours of divine service. His portrait still hangs, over the mantel piece, as a moral public house sign to all future waiters, "that to become landlords, they have only to keep in view the model waiter!"

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win,
That's the way that boys begin—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under bonny belles window panes,
Wait till you have come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair,
Common grow, and wearisome, ere,
Even a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet even a month were gone.

Gillian's dead, ever rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marrian's married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

A CELEBRATED poet at one time advertised, that he would supply "lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

"HAVE you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favoured me with original spelling."

MATRIMONIAL METAPHOR.

IF the hedgehog marries the porcupine, they will both be troubled with prickly heat, as long as they live. Just so it is with "two humans" who are ill-tempered; they will fight during the whole time of their existence.

A QUERY.

SOMEBODY asks what is more soul harrowing than pegs in one's boots?

ANAGRAM.

"THE Crystal Palace" contains the following perfect anagram, "Cry that all's peace."

INDEPENDENCE is a jewel prized above all this world has to bestow; and there are about two ways of reaching independence, that of supereminent power, which attains eminence by triumphing over all opposition; or that of supereminent moderation, which does not seek it. The man, who is contented with what he has, is independent everywhere. You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth, that there neither is, nor ever was, any persons remarkably ungrateful, who were not also insufferably proud; nor any one proud, who was not equally ungrateful. Ingratitude overlooks all kindness; and this is because pride makes it carry its head so high. Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness; and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains—barren indeed, but yet lofty—they produce nothing, they feed nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them. It was ingratitude which put the poignard into Brutus's hand, but it was want of compassion, which thrust it into Cæsar's heart. Friendship consists properly in mutual offices, and generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand; upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter finds no production.

A PERSON being asked "why he had given his daughter in marriage, to a person with whom he was at enmity," answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

MUCH has been said of a berry, which is called the *white blackberry*. It is described as being, when fully ripe, of a light *greenish brown* colour. A friend, who is very *blue*, is desirous to know if they are *red* when *green* like the *blackberry*.

HE that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied, than he who is in want of necessities for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.

UNKIND.

BECAUSE we ventured to introduce a few Latin words into a paragraph, just to make a little show of knowledge, a cotemporary quotes Latin at us in the most ferocious manner. It says, "Nihil fit, who is Nihil, who did he fight, and what did he fight for?"

KEEP AT WORK.

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work,
You may undermine it yet;
If you stand and thump its base,
Sorry bruises you may get,
Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work,
She may smile again some day;
If you pull your hair and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way,
Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends?
Keep at work,
Whether they are wrong or right;
May be you must bide your time,
If for victory you fight,
Keep at work.

If the devil grows at you,
Keep at work,
That's the best way to resist;
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist,
Keep at work.

Are your talents vilified?
Keep at work,
Greater men than you are hated;
If you are right then go-a-head,
Grit will be appreciated,
Keep at work.

Every thing is done by labour,
Keep at work,
If you would improve your station;
They have help from Providence,
Who work out their own Salvation,
Keep at work.

A HEART that is full of love can forgive all severity towards itself, but not towards another; to pardon the first is a duty, but to pardon injustice towards another is to partake of its guilt.

CHILDHOOD knows only the innocent white roses of love; later, they become red, and blush with shame.

ONLY trust thyself, and another shall not betray thee.

NECESSITY FOR A DUE ALLOWANCE OF SLEEP.

HABIT influences, in some degree, the amount of sleep that is required. It should be said, however, that it is never well to withhold any of the revenue that is justly due to the drowsy god. A man may accustom himself to take so little sleep as to be greatly the loser thereby in his waking moments. It may be commonly observed, that those persons who spend less time in sleep, than is usually found needful, by others of the same age and strength, and occupation, consume a much larger portion of their days than others do in a kind of dreamy vacancy, a virtual inactivity of mind and body. The hours expended in sleep, are not only the hours that might justifiably be deducted from the sum total of the life, as having been lost to it; numbers of moments are daily spent in an absolute inaction of mind and body; and sleep cannot be robbed of its dues, without adding largely, and in greater proportion, than the time habitually stolen from the sleep, to that which is wasted in such waking reveries. In order that the mind may have the power of undergoing trying and exhausting labour, that it may continue in the full possession of its capabilities, that it may continue to be undulled and unblunted by such wear, and such use, an amount of sleep must be allowed which is proportionate to the severity of such work, to the engrossing and expending nature of the minds' employment. The nights may be robbed of the hours of sleep; and the time so stolen, may be devoted to toil of mind, or of body; but the endurance by the system of the undue waste and imperfectly restored balance of the vital force, even if somewhat protracted by the strength of the constitution, or if prolonged somewhat by the energy of a determined will, or by the spur of a great necessity, or by the desired goal of a great ambition, or darling hope, must be short lived. The system cannot be robbed of its sleep, without a corresponding disturbance and derangement of the functions: the power and the equilibrium of the vital forces will become so far affected as to involve disordered action; and thus indirectly, by forming part of the common organism, and directly, by the diminished tension of the vital forces which supply the sensorium itself, the mind will become unable to continue its exertions. Many an ardent and hopeful aspirant for collegiate distinctions, many an anxious labourer for professional eminence, has thrown away his hopes, in thus vainly struggling to cheat the system of this great requirement.

It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

At the North Pole, where you would expect life to become extinct, the snow is sometimes found of a bright red colour. Examine it with the microscope, and lo! it is covered with mushrooms, growing on the surface of the snow, as their natural abode.

POSTSCRIPT TO LETTERS.

THERE was a conversation, one evening, between a gentleman and a lady, on this subject, when the gentleman asserted, that not any lady wrote a letter without a postscript. The lady, somewhat indignant at this observation, offered to wager, that she did, which was accepted. The lady, shortly after, wrote to the gentleman, and having made the usual conclusion to her letter, unfortunately added "Whose won now?"

CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE.

Faithful, as the lone shepherd's trusty pride;
 True, as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
 Firm, as the shaft, that props the towering dome;
 Sweet, as to shipwreck'd seamen land and home;
 Lovely, as a child, the parent's sole delight;
 Radiant, as morn that breaks a stormy night;
 Graceful, as streams in some deep recess,
 With crystal rills, the parting traveller bless.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

WHILST the French troops were encamped at Boulogne, public attention was much excited by the daring attempt at escape made by an English sailor. This person having escaped from the dépôt and gained the borders of the sea, the woods near which served him for concealment, constructed, with no other instrument than a knife, a boat, entirely of the bark of trees. When the weather was fair, he mounted a tree, and look'd out for the English flag, and having at last observed a British cruiser, he ran to the shore with his boat on his back, and was about to trust himself in his frail vessel to the waves, when he was pursued, arrested, and loaded with chains. Every body in the army was anxious to see the boat, and Napoleon, having at length heard of the affair, sent for the sailor and interrogated him. "You must," said Napoleon, "have had a great desire to see your country again, since you could resolve to trust yourself on the open sea in so frail a bark. I suppose you have left a sweetheart there." "No," said the sailor; "but a poor infirm mother, whom I was anxious to see." "And you shall see her," said Napoleon, giving at the same time orders to set him at liberty, and to bestow upon him a considerable sum of money for his mother, observing that "*she must be a good mother who had so good a son.*"

Too much assertion gives ground of suspicion, truth and honesty have no need of loud protestations.

If you have any excellency, do not vainly endeavour to display it, let it be called into action accidentally, it will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

LESSON.

A FRIEND of Dean Swift, one day sent him a turbot, as a present, by a servant, who had frequently been on similar errands, but who had never received the most trifling mark of the Dean's generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly putting down the fish, cried very rudely—"Master has sent you a turbot." "Young man," said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver your message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair, we will change situations, and I will show you how to behave in future." The boy sat down, and the Dean going to the door, came up to the table with a respectful pace, and making a low bow, said—"Sir, my master presents his compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Does he," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there's half a crown for yourself." The Dean, thus drawn into an act of generosity, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his wit.

JEU DE MOTS.

THE celebrated Mrs. Thicknesse, undertook to construct a letter, every word of which should be French, yet no Frenchman should be able to read it, while an illiterate Englishman or Englishwoman should decipher it with ease. Here is the specimen of the lady's ingenuity:—"Prédire Cistre, comme an se us, an passé thé da hère, if yeux canne, an chat tu mi dame, an diné hère, an yeux mai go to thé faire, if yeux plaise; yeux mai hâve fiche, mutin, porc, buter, foule, haire, fruit, pigeon, olives, saleté, for ure dîner, an excellent te, café, port vin, an liqueurs; an tel ure bette an poli tu comme; an Ile go tu thé faire an visite the baron. But if yeux dont comme tu us, Ile go tu ere housses an se oncle, an se houe he dos; for mi dame ses he béant il; but deux comme, mi dire, yeux canne lie hère, yeux nos; if yeux louve musique, yeux mai hâve thé harpe, lute, or viol hère. Adieu, mi dire Cistre."

OF all miracles the most wonderful is that of life—the common, daily life which we carry about with us, and which every where surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides and seasons, are as nothing compared with it. Life—the soul of the world, but for which creation were not! It is our daily familiarity with life, which obscures its wonders from us. We live, yet remember it not. Fancy the earth without life! Its skeleton ribs of rock and mountain, unclothed by verdure, without soil, without flesh! What a naked, desolate spectacle.

WE have heard of public schools, primary schools, high schools, but the *Chillicothe Gazette* says, "the Irontonians are about to erect a *spanking* great school house."

RABELAIS A TRAITOR.

THIS celebrated wit was once at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expences thither. The ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, wrote upon one, "*Poison for Monsieur ;*" upon a second, "*Poison for the Dauphin ;*" and on a third, "*Poison for the King.*" Having made this provision for the Royal Family of France, he laid his papers, so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them. The plot succeeded as he desired ; the host gave immediate intelligence to the Secretary of State. The Secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to Court, and provided him, at the King's expence, with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination, being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at, for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

EPIGRAM.

The world is but a comic play
Where men their varied parts essay,
In dress dramatic on the boards
Strict bishops, ministers, and lords,
While we poor people sit below
Despised though paying for the show,
For which we are allowed to hiss
Whene'er the farce is play'd amiss.

HIGHER THAN THE HIGHEST.

DOCTOR JOHNSON gives us the following definitions :—" *Garret*, the highest room in the house—*Cockloft*, the room above the garret."

AMONG the latest curiosities is *whet* stone to sharpen the water's edge.

A MAN out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the judge, "If he had any incumbrance on his farm." "Oh! yes, my old woman," said he.

WHENEVER we drink too deeply of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom which pollutes and embitters what we relished at first.

Great reason is to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do the walls divide.

DOCTOR SOUTH says, "that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough."

A LETTER FROM A MAN IN DISTRESS TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

WHILE demoralising themes are lifted on the giddy pinnacle of fortune, while even the excess of depravity can find an asylum, shall the zealous adherent of pure morality and mental improvement, driven on the verge of the tomb by his ardour for British ascendancy, and by sickness, be deprived of pity? Oh! my lord, I can give to you unequivocal proofs of my sincerity. It is not impossible but the chief magistrate of the metropolis of the world, will even in equity, but particularly of his generous feelings, either grant a pass to bring me to Belfast, or yield a shilling or two, and a pair of shoes to lead me on my sorrowful path, so far as the dry ground terminates. I am friendless, penniless, strengthless, and harmless, though influenced by my own glowing zeal, and the enthusiasm of my heart, to believe that I should find every Briton breathe those generous feelings, which should ever distinguish the sons of fair Britain. Will your lordship condescend to hear a few words of an experimental conversation with me? I wait your lordship's command in the anti-chamber.

POETRY.

Unrival'd Greece, where every power benign,
Conspired to blow, the flower of human kind,
And lavished all that genius can inspire.
Rome in her glory see, the pride of earth,
All head to counsel, and all heart to act;
Last, English merit, where we find combin'd
Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
The ample, generous heart, undrooping soul,
And firm, tenacious valour can bestow.

EAGERNESS FOR SONS-IN-LAW.

THERE is an old story (now receiving from our cotemporaries an airing) of a young damsel, who was prowling about the country, and being asked her errand, said—"she was seeking a son-in-law for her mother." A less threadbare story, told by Dr. Bushnell, an American divine, corroborates the witty maiden's insinuation, that matrons have no objections to sons-in-law. The Doctor relates that a brother minister, who was not so much taken up with the American revolution, that he could not go a wooing in the midst of hostilities, had got his charmer's consent to matrimony; but, unfortunately, had no wedding coat, nor, (it being in the dead of winter) was wool to be had to supply the deficiency. But the bride's mother, being no less eager than the young folks for the ceremony, which was to give her a son-in-law, surrendered her sheep to the shearer, sewed them up in blankets, spun their wool, and wove the bridegroom a coat.

MR. HUDSON'S (M.P.) PECULIAR FACULTY.

ONE cause of this gentleman's success, was his fine arithmetical capacity. He would throw his head on the back of the chair, cover his eyes with his hands, arrange expences, and form the most elaborate combination of figures. In this way he would calculate the dividend of some unfinished line, and the dividend thus arrived at, generally proved true. He examined personally every railway department, visited every office, and inquired into the duties of all. If too slight, he increased them; if too onerous, he relieved them. He equalised their labour and obtained their confidence. In railway matters he was thus a director, indeed, not only in the board room, but every letter and every communication bore directions of some minute detail, which the mass of directors thought beneath them.

CONSCIENCE.

A GOOD conscience is better than two witnesses, it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty, a staff when you are weary, a screen when the sun burns you, a pillow in death.

MARSHAL NEY's advocate having said, by the treaty of 1811, he was not a Frenchman, and therefore not amenable to the laws of France, the Marshal disdained to apply this means of defence, and said:—"I am a Frenchman, and I will die a Frenchman. Hitherto my defence has been liberal, but now they are narrowing it. I thank my advocates for the devotedness they have shewn me, and will yet shew me, but let them cease rather than defend me incompletely. I appeal to Europe and posterity." It has since been observed, that it cannot be very grateful to the Duke of Wellington, and his party, to see the name of Ney restored to such a high place in the temple consecrated to illustrious Frenchmen, (which it is). They must have now the additional mortification of knowing, that the blood they consented to shed, has been shed in vain. To revenge the Bourbons, and consolidate their throne, was the ostensible motion for shooting him, and it is in exile, at Edinburgh, that these Bourbons will hear, that France, which has expelled them, is conferring immortal honor on the victims of their kingly error:—

"And oft conducted by historic truth,
We tread the long extent of backward time."

It is surprising how little love we can well be content with, when that love is more than the person giving it gives to any body else.

MAN doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death by the brooding apprehension of the sick.

LAWYERS AND PARSONS.

AN anecdote, to the following effect, is told in a memoir of the Rev. Jessie Lee, an American clergyman. Mr. Lee was riding from Boston to Lynn, and on the road was overtaken by two Boston lawyers. The profession of each was soon known, and in reply to a query, if Mr. Lee ever made a mistake in his preaching, and if so, if he rectified it. Mr. Lee said—"that he did make mistakes sometimes, and if trivial he did not stop to correct them." "For instance," said the preacher, "I went to quote the text '*all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone*,' and by mistake, I said '*all lawyers*,' and it was so true, I did not think it worth while, to correct it." So far for Mr. Stevens. The other lawyer turned and asked the reverend preacher, "if he knew the reason, why in Heaven men and women neither married nor were given in marriage." But the parson could not tell. "Because," said the lawyer, "*there were no clergymen there to publish the banns!*"

OUT GROWING THE ROD.

THE *Standard* informs us, that Mr. Birch has resigned the situation of preceptor to the Prince of Wales. The fact is, that his Royal Highness has grown to such a height, that he is very properly considered to be too tall for the discipline of Birch. Now Birch occupation at Court is gone, perhaps that of the Usher of the Black Rod will follow.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, and HAMLET.

King. How is it, that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veil'd lids *

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within, which passeth show;

These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

* Lowering eyes.

VINDICATION OF A FRIEND.

A YANKEE editor, in vindicating the private character of a friend, who has been charged with the crime of sheep stealing, thus writes:—"We have known Mr. Thomas for twelve years. Our acquaintance commenced with that great equinoctial storm which blew down our grandfather's barn. At that time he was a young man in the prime of life, and, we think, raised the best marrowfat peas we ever ate. He was a good mathematician, kind to the poor, and troubled with fits. In all the relations of a husband, father, uncle, and trustee of common lands, he has followed the direct standard of duty. Mr. Thomas is at this time forty-three years of age, slightly marked with the smallpox, an estimable citizen, a church member, and a man of known integrity for ten years. And as to sheep stealing, what he would have done if he could get an opportunity, is without foundation in point of fact. Mr. Thomas could have stolen our lead pencil several times, but didn't do it."

GENTEEL POVERTY.

WE imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Crauford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. None of them spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, they were all aristocratic. The Craufordians had that kindly *esprit de corps*, which made them overlook all deficiencies, in success, when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester gave a party, in her baby house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa, by a request that she might get the tea tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world; and talked on about household forms and ceremonies, as if they all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward; instead of the one little charity school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up stairs, if she had not been assisted, in private, by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up; though she knew, and they knew, and she knew that they knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea bread and sponge cakes. We shall never forget, the dismay felt, when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Crauford, and openly spoke about his being poor. Not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed; but in a public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Crauford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territory, by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay Captain, and had

obtained some situation on a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town ; and if in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why ! then, indeed, he must be “ sent to Coventry.” Death was as true and as common as poverty, yet people spoke about that loud out in the streets : it was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore, that any with whom we associated, on terms of visiting equality, could ever be prevented, by poverty, from doing anything that they wished. If they walked home to or from a party, it was because the night was so fine, or the air so refreshing ; not because sedan chairs were expensive. If they wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because they preferred a washing material ; and so on, till they blinded themselves to the vulgar fact that they were all of them people of very moderate means. Of course, then, they did not know what to make of a man, who could speak of poverty as it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respectful in Crauford, and was called upon in spite of all resolutions to the contrary.”

THE WATER LILY.

There is a flower whose leaves infold,
(Themselves of purity unstained,)
A treasure as of finest gold,
Within their pure embrace contained.

And, in this guardianship secure,
Upon the ruffled lake it lies ;
Closed to the touch of aught impure,
But ever open to the skies.

So be thy precious soul within,
Buoyed ever up by faith and love ;
Shrined in a body pure from sin,
And looking stedfastly above.

WONDERFUL WOMEN.

STRATHAM Church, Surrey, contains the tombs of several families, of distinction, and among the epitaphs are two in memory of wives, the value of whom, according to the experience of their bereft partners, must have been “ far above rubies.” Of Rebecca, the wife of William Lynne, the lamented widower writes :—

“ Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life,
I could not praise enough so good a wife.”

On the south wall is a monument to a woman of great excellence—Elizabeth, wife of Major General Hamilton, who was married near forty-seven years, and never did one thing to displease her husband ! An angry bachelor says “ Perhaps she was never permitted.”

NO MORE GREY HAIR.

THE Kingstone instantaneous hair dye is easily applied, and imparts to the hair and whiskers, a natural and becoming black, without injuring the skin, or (unless the application be very clumsily managed) dirting the shirt collar. Sold wholesale and retail, by Messrs. Warren, Russell, and Wright, (successors to the late Robert Warren,) 30, Strand, and applied by Private Tommy Jenkins, of the Metropolitan Shoe Black Brigade, at his place of business, Prince's Gate, Hyde Park.

TAKING NOTES.

A GREAT many years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town of Essex county, whom we will call Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favourite servant, by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased as anybody else in the house, and he probably entertained a high respect for himself. Cuffee on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and so far as appearances indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him. Cuffee noticed one Sunday morning that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon, and he determined to do the same thing. So in the afternoon he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink. The minister happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his negro "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master. When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was the reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, massa," replied Cuffee, "*I thought so all the time you were preaching!*"

"Be moderate in all things," as the boy said to his school-master, when whipping him.

AN ATTEMPT TO PLEASE EVERYBODY
SUCCESSFULLY.

A REVEREND gentleman here, well known for his Christian virtues, was, some time ago, presented with a Geneva cloak and bands, by a portion of his hearers. The remainder would neither subscribe to nor even countenance such abominations, requesting their pastor not to don the Popish garb. The other party insisted as stoutly, that his reverence would assume the pulpit gown, which they had presented. Peace, with consistency, being a leading feature in the reverend gentleman's character, he hit upon a scheme that would hush all bickerings on the subject—the plan being, neither more nor less, than by appearing one-half of the day in his new canonicals, and the other half divested of these exterior trappings! The plan has succeeded admirably, all parties being highly pleased with the arrangement; and we congratulate the reverend gentleman on being a better tactician than the unfortunate painter.

SONNET

ON MR. LOUGH'S STATUTE OF "LADY MACBETH."

If this dread image were by ocean thrown
Amidst some people who have never yet
Learn'd in the mind's creations to forget
Life's pressure, and the melancholy stone
Were on a rock for savage wonder set,
Methinks some peak, from Shakspeare's world unknown,
Would loom on spirits reverential grown
To strange divinity—as if they met
A bodied fragment of the poet's soul;—
And, while the spectral gaze and withering hand,
Shapes from the noblest scenes by mortal planned
Would rise, and breathe the grandeur of the whole.

RACES.

IN the list of horses at Egham races, we observed a steed named "Death's Antagonist." This is just the animal on which a man would choose to ride for his life."

JUDGE PETERS, a Philadelphian, and a punster, having observed to another judge on the bench, that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head, "How so," was the inquiry. "He has *carrotty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turnip* nose, and a *sage* look."

THIS same judge, during one of the public days connected with La Fayette's reception, was in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust. "I am used to it," said Peters, "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes, by the lawyers, for many years."

"THERE'S POISON IN THE (TEA) CUP."—HAMLET'S
MOTHER.

THERE is a spurious tea sold, called "lie tea," which is simply tea dust and sand, made up with rice water. Thus, when a lady enters a grocer's shop, and asks for a pound of "genuine" tea, the worthy grocer smiles, and thinks nothing of deliberately giving her the "lie." The grocers may almost be called "the poisoners of the nineteenth century." If they continue in their present deleterious practices, they should be classed with chemists, and prevented from selling green tea, as chemists are prevented selling arsenic. In short, we now move, and we hope some influential member will second our motion next session, that "The Act for the Prevention of the Sale of Poisons," be applied most stringently towards grocers, or else, our word for it, we shall not have a single washerwoman alive next year.

HONOUR.

AN American friend of ours, carries his sense of honour so far, as to spend all his time in perfect idleness, because he does not even like to take advantage of time.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

"KISS me, Hardy. I thank God I have done my duty."—*Lord Nelson.*

"HEAD of the army."—*Napoleon.*

"DON'T give up the ship."—*Lawrence.*

"IT is well."—*Washington.*

"I MUST sleep now."—*Byron.*

"I FEEL as if I were to be myself again."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"DON'T let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—*Robert Burns.*

"CLASP my hand, my dear friend, I die."—*Alfieri.*

"LET the light enter."—*Goethe.*

"INTO thy hands, O Lord!"—*Tasso.*

"WHAT is there no bribing death?"—*Cardinal Beaufort.*

"IT matters little how the head lieth."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

"I PRAY you see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—*Sir Thomas Moore.*

"I'M shot, if I don't believe I'm dying."—*Chancellor Thurlow.*

"GIVE Dayroles a chair."—*Lord Chesterfield.*

"INDEPENDENCE for ever."—*Adams.*

"I HAVE loved God, my father, and liberty."—*Madam D. Stael.*

"BE serious."—*Grotius.*

"I RESIGN my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."
—*Jefferson*.

"It is the last of earth."—*J. L. Adams*.

"I WISH you to understand the true principles of the government—I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more."—*Harrison*.

"I HAVE endeavoured to do my duty."—*Taylor*.

"A DYING man can do nothing easy."—*Franklin*.

"LET me die to the sounds of delicious music."—*Mirabeau*.

"LET not poor Nelly starve."—*Charles II.*

"ALL my possessions for a moment of time."—*Queen Elizabeth*.

"It is small, very small indeed," (clasping her neck).—*Ann Boleyn*.

"THERE is not a drop of blood on my hands."—*Frederic V. of Denmark*.

"Is this your fidelity?"—*Nero*.

"You spoke of refreshment, my Emily; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother, let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—*Mozart*.

"God preserves the emperor."—*Hayden*.

"THE artery ceases to beat."—*Haller*.

"If you please."—*Wellington*.

THE NIGHT OF THE MIND.

SORROW is the night of the mind. What would a day be without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament and the school of intelligence.

RICHES.

RICHES oftentimes, if nobody take them away, make to themselves wings and fly away, and truly many a time the undue sparing of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them ready to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good only, clips their wings a little, and makes them stay the longer with their owner.

SIGN OF A VERY SEVERE WINTER.

SOME weatherwise Murphy has been seizing hold of the boa-constrictor at the Zoological Gardens, as a sure token, that we are to have a very severe winter. He declares that "the boa-constrictor swallowed the blanket entirely as a matter of instinct. The sagacious creature felt that we were going to have an unusually severe winter, so it swallowed its blanket to keep its inside warm."

LIGHTNING.

So long as lightning is occasioned merely by the action of two clouds upon one another, not the slightest danger is to be apprehended. Thunder being only a report, is perfectly harmless at all times. But when the electricity comes within the attraction of the earth, either by a cloud crossing over a lofty mountain, or sinking near the earth's surface, it passes down from the cloud to the earth, sometimes in a straight line of fire, sometimes rolling along a large ball, clearing out of its way everything that offers resistance to it; thus it will often tear up trees, set houses on fire, and even destroy animal life, should it impede progress. This ball is a liquid in a state of fusion, and not, (as has been supposed by some persons unacquainted with the science) a metallic substance, called a thunderbolt. There are metallic substances sometimes precipitated from the air; these are termed aerolites, and have nothing to do with the electricity of storms. As soon as the clouds disperse, which is usually after a vivid flash of lightning, and a very loud clap of thunder, the rain descends, the electrical power is destroyed, and the storm ceases. Although storms arise from what may be called the accidents of nature, they are of great importance, as an effort of nature, by which the atmosphere is cleared of all those impurities it imbibes from noxious vapours, and other sources, and hence, despite the dangerous tendencies and the terrors to which they give rise, they are productive of much advantage.

THE SNOW BALL.

TO FLORA.

At me, Florinda, with unerring aim,
 A snowball cast, that set my soul on flame;
 Nor did I, 'till that fatal instant know,
 That fire insidious lurk'd in feather'd snow;
 Snow, coldest snow, can kindle warm desire,
 And in Florinda's fingers, turns to fire.
 From love, alas! what refuge can I find,
 When gather'd snow with flame consumes my mind?
 A raging flame that will for ever burn,
 Unless Florinda, makes a kind return.
 It is not snow, my ever lovely fair,
 Bright object of my love and of my care,
 Than can the fervour of my breast controul,
 But equal love and sympathy of soul.

At a recent term of the court, in an eastern county, "Uncle Jemmy," as he is familiarly called, was a jurymen. Several actions of a clock vender came on for trial. All these cases, good and bad alike, going against the plaintiff, some one asked "Uncle Jemmy," how it happened? Why, said he, "*most of the jury had some of them clocks!*" "There was retribution," moral and legal.

FORTITUDE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

LET him not imagine, who aims at greatness, that all is lost by a single adverse cast of fortune, for if fortune has at one time the better of courage, courage may afterwards recover the advantage. He who is possessed with the assurance of overcoming, at least overcomes the fear of failure; whereas, he who is apprehensive of losing, loses in reality, all hopes of subduing. Boldness and power are such inseparable companions, that they appear to be borne together; and when once divided, they both decay, and die at the same time.

EPIGRAM.

Cries Blakeney to Byng, as he kept at a distance,
 "You'll be hang'd, you paltroun, if you don't bring assistance."
 "Why aye," replied Byng, "what you say may be true,
 But then I may chance to be shot if I do:
 Sudden death I abhor; while there's life there is hope:
 Let me 'scape but the gun, I can buy off the rope."

WAITING AT A STREET DOOR.

THE readiness with which the street door is opened, may be taken as no bad criterion of the general economy of the house. You know that, already, reader; because you never feel so anxiously irritated, as when the interval is prolonged, between a knock at your own door, and the opening thereof, by the servant. As for ourselves, when we knock at the door, and do not find it readily answered, we indulge in speculation. The feebleminded only imagine they look absurd, in the eyes of the opposite neighbours, and assume a pleasant careless patience they do not feel. We do not thus. We lose ourselves in a train of fanciful thought. We picture a pudding being made in the parlour, or a light domestic wash going on in the drawing room, or the entire household engaged in putting up a bedstead at the top of the house, at which, by no acoustic power, the sound of the bell and knocker can arrive. We also observe, with some lynx-like clearness, through the walls, great confusion within—some running up stairs, and others down, and things being poked under sofa cushions, and little saucepans popped into chiffonnières, and blackleaded hands being hurriedly washed, and aprons covered with flour thrown rapidly aside—all these things we see clearly whenever we are kept waiting at the door.

A PROPENSITY to hope and joy, is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

A MAN in Michigan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket found on the bank of a lake. Verdict—"Found empty."

WOMENS' DRESS, IN 1662.

MR. PEPPYS said, "the women wear doublets, coats, and great shirts, just for all the world like mine; so that was it not for a long petticoat dragging under their shirts, nobody could take them for women in any way whatever."

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
 Love, Hope, and Patience, there must be thy graces;
 And in thine own heart let these first keep school.
 For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so—
 Do these upbear the little world below.
 Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope,
 Methinks I see them group'd in seemly show,
 The straighten'd arms upraised; the palms aslope;
 And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, as snow embossed in snow.
 O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love, too, will sink and die—
 But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
 And, bending o'er with soul transfusing eyes
 And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and help supplies;
 Thus Love repays to Hope, what Hope, first gave to Love;
 Yet haply, there will come a weary day,
 When overtask'd at length,
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way;
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister Patience, nothing loath,
 And, both supporting, does the work of both.

HUMAN VANITY.

THE ceremonies attendant upon the burial of the dead have their vanities. If not, should we see showy feathers adorning the hearse, and the distinction of white and black plumes? How often do we see fashionable mourning gloves, and the clothes of the afflicted, particularly ladies, made in the most attractive manner? Devotion also has its vanity, otherwise should we see distinction observed regarding pews. Is it not inconsistent for Christians to observe these distinctions in churches, when the grave will level all distinctions?

"WHY am I a Brighton Railway Director?" said a man, in the city, to a friend. "Because I get £100 per annum, and a free passage up and down the line. I keep my family, at Brighton, all the year, come up at nine o'clock, read my letters in the train, arrive to business at eleven o'clock, leave London at half-past four, and dine at home at a quarter past six, in Brighton, passage free, all for nothing! That's why I am a director, my boy!"

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

A CALM, blue-eyed, self-composed, and self-possessed young lady, received a gossiping call, the other day, from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young ladies endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither—"I have been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C. Now, if folks inquire again, whether you are, or not, what shall I tell them I think?" "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you *think* you don't know, and that you are *sure* it is none of your business."

HAPPINESS.

THERE is no happiness like being beloved by your fellow creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

TRUE COURAGE.

"OH! my dear, how came you so wet?" inquired an affectionate mother of her son. "Why mar, one of the boys said I daren't jump into the creek, and by gosh, I tell you, I ain't to be dared."

TOAST.

A SON of Erin once gave the following toast:—"Here's wishing ye may never die, nor nobody like ye, until ye knock yer brains out against the silver knocker of yer own door."

AN Irishman, wishing to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out "Och, murder! the devil a wick's in it!"

"WHAT's the news to-day?" inquired Mrs. Moreland, dropping her spectacles, as her husband came in. "The reign of petticoats is over," was the reply. "I walked down Regent Street, to-day, and didn't see a lady who wore more than four." "La! Mr. Moreland, how you talk! do you mean to imply that all ladies are leaving off their petticoats?" "Not all of them, I hope, only about twelve out of sixteen."—*Bloomerism.*

"Good morning, Dennis," (said I, meeting my old acquaintance, the Hibernian, whom I had once read a lecture to upon appearances,) "you have at last, I perceive, displayed some taste in the purchase of a hat." "Thrue for you, sir, sure it has a crown any how; but look at them brogues, sir; am't they illigant." To this I assented, and observed that his coat seemed to fit "too much." "Och!" said he, in a confidential manner, "there's nothin surprising in that, *sure I was not there when I was measured for it!*"

THE POWER OF MENTAL AGONY.

THE housemaid who was disappointed in love and attempted to drown herself, recently, in a barrel of flour, was rescued from her perilous position by the cook. To shew the power of her mental agony, we will state, that her hair had grown white in a single night.

BLOOMERISM.

WHILE the females of the present day, are discussing the expediency of adopting the style of dress, hitherto exclusively confined to men, we would refer those of our readers meditating the proposed change, and who are yet desirous of bringing their conduct into conformity to the "Word of Good," to the xxii chap. of Deuteronomy, v. 5, where it is written "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."

THE "BLOOMER."

The saucy maid may toss her head,
When she her bustle hitches on;
Be mine to praise, in artless lays,
The graceful girls with breeches on.

The petticoat, no more shall float,
On limbs whose shape bewitches one;
But in its place, with model grace,
Those limbs shall hold the breeches on.

The bucks and beaux turn up their nose,
At costly robes with patches on;
But goodness me! what if they see
Such beauty spots the breeches on?

Ye muslin dresses, white and thin,
With fairy fingered stitches on,
I fear your day has passed away
Since the girls have put their breeches on.

Ah! well a day, the bard may say,
Shall one bestow his kisses on,
A shameful maid who's not afraid
To put a pair of breeches on?

We always see the Graces there
Without a rag the witches on;
But oh! Gad zook, how would it look
Should each one put the breeches on.

When woman's wit is spurred a bit
The first reform she patches on,
Is how she may with least delay,
Just draw a pair of breeches on.

It is a bad sign when a man tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so fistical.

THE TRICKS OF TRADE.

EVERYTHING is turned to account in Paris, and an accident even is sometimes made a capital thing of by an ingenious tradesman. Thus on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, in the neighbourhood of the Fauberg St. Antoine, where the late insurrection raged the longest and hottest, a worthy wine shopkeeper, who had the good luck (as he himself phrased) to have the front of his shop stove in by a bomb-shell, which happily did not burst, hastened on the first moment of tranquillity to suspend it over the entrance to his premises, with these words inscribed beneath "At the sign of the Bomb!" The recital which he makes of the terrible events, that brought him into such juxta position with the ugly looking projectile, draws a vast number of customers to the shop. On remarking to him, that his story repeated a hundred times, daily, must greatly fatigue him, "Not a bit of it," was his reply, "now that I have got by heart, what I have to say, it runs off quite glibly, like child's play; but when I first began to tell it, you may believe me, it was no trifling matter. But," added he with a knowing wink, "its length is not the worst part of it—the longer it is, the more my auditors are tempted to wet their whistle."

GIVING UP THE REINS.

A GENTLEMAN driving to business on Wednesday morning, says the *Cork Constitution*, said to the carman, "I believe you had a meeting last night?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and we're sure of it now." "Sure of what?" "Of our rights." "What are they?" "Why," rejoined the other, "I don't exactly know, but this I'm sure of, that I'm a driver these ten years, and I'm not a bit the better for it, and its time I should get something now, and not let the gentlemen always have it." "And how do you propose to get it?" "Why as the gentlemen got it of old, by taking it, and surely we might as well lose our lives in the battle, as be going on as we are; but we're ten to one, and must conquer." "I see," said the gentleman, "then we're to have no more car drivers." "Oh! I don't say that," replied the whip, "but I think I have been long enough at it, and I'll now give you the turn."

MASTER OF THE HOUSE.—"Now pray what is it you complain of? Is not a roast leg of mutton, with plenty of pudding, vegetables, and beer, a substantial dinner enough for you?" FLUNKEY—"Oh! substantial enough, no doubt, sir, but it really is *quizzing* that—an——me and the other gentleman has not bin accustomed to. Its very corse, indeed, sir!"

"OLD maids are the real gold of woman kind," says a modern saw, to which an old bachelor rejoins, "And the young maids are the real diamonds."

THE LATE WEATHER.

"I HAVE no coppers, my good man," said a gentleman, "but I'll remember you *one of these fine days*." "Long life to your honour!" exclaimed the crossing-sweeper. "Sure enough, I'm eternally indebted to you." The gentleman was so well pleased with this answer, that he tried the same promise at the next crossing he came to. "One of these fine days, mon!" repeated the crossing-sweeper, who happened to be a Scotchman, "weel, I dinna mind, if you'll allow me interest."

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

Where are all the beauteous flowers
Of the fairy Summer gone?
Where the rosy sunny hours?
Where the zephyr's silver tone?
All have hasted like a dream,
Past in time's unresting stream.

Now no more that happy singing
Murmurs round the forest tree;
Now no more the lark is springing
On his airy pinions free;
All is chill and bleak and lone,
All proclaim that Summer's gone.

Leafless wood and barren mountain,
With their aspect chill and lorn;
And the dark and turbed fountain,
In their trouble seem to mourn;
Like the pageant of a day,
All their glory pass away.

Such is man, his youth and brightness
All unnoticed glide along;
Then the heart throws by its lightness,
Care and pain around him throng;
Like the year's revolving age
Such is man's strange pilgrimage.

MILITARY PROMOTION.

CAVINAC intends to make peace with England, the ground work of his general policy, thereby raising himself to "General Satisfaction."

WHILE a regiment of volunteers were marching through Carmago, a captain, a strict disciplinarian, observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered the lieutenant to inquire the reason. The fellow, on being interrogated, whispered to the lieutenant, "I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for the captain." This being whispered to the captain, he exclaimed—"Why didn't the drummer say he was lame? I don't want men to do duty when they are not able."

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

ABOUT 1760, the fashionable lapdog, was the Dutch pug. Every old duchess in the kingdom had three or four, and these little ugly animals were the ladies' favorites from the accession of William III, to the death of George II. They were generally decorated with orange ribbons, and in high favour at Court. King William being very partial to them, the courtiers adopted the phrase, "Love me, love my dog." His partiality to the canine race, is thus accounted for. The Prince of Orange having retired to his camp, Julian Romero, with earnest persuasions, procured licence of the Duke of Alva to hazard a *camisado*, or night attack, upon the Prince. At midnight Julian sallied out of the trenches, with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards, that they found in their way, into the place of arms before the Prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries, the Prince himself escaping very narrowly, for he often said that he thought, that, but for a dog, he should have been either taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm, until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels; when this dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men, as the Prince lay in his arms, with a lackey always holding one of his horses ready bridled; yet, at the going out of the tent, with much ado he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless, one of his equerries was slain, as he took horse after him, as were divers of his servants. The Prince, to shew his gratitude, until his dying day, kept one of the dog's race, and so did many of his friends and followers.

HOPE.

'Tis Hope supports each noble flame,
'Tis Hope inspires poetic lays;
Our heroes fought in hope of fame,
And poets write in hope of praise.
She sings sweet songs of future years,
And dries the tears of present sorrow;
Bids doubting mortals cease their fears,
And tells them of a bright to-morrow.
And where true love a visit pays,
The minstrel Hope is always there,
To soothe young Cupid with her lays,
And keep the lover from despair.
She sings sweet songs of future years,
And dries the tears of present sorrow;
Bids doubting mortals cease their fears,
And tells them of a bright to-morrow.

To think well is the way to act rightly.

THESE are the signs of a wise man, to reprove nobody, to praise nobody, nor ever to speak of himself as an uncommon man.

NOBLE DEVOTEDNESS.

AFTER the battle which decided the fate of the unfortunate Charles Stuart, scouring parties went in all directions for the purpose of seizing him. One day, Captain Mackenzie, and his little band, were discovered and pursued. Some of them fled, and others threw down their arms, and implored for mercy; but Mackenzie, observing that his pursuers seemed anxious to take him, concluded that they mistook him for the Prince. To confirm them in their mistake, he defended himself with all the fury of desperation, upon which, to secure the enormous reward offered for the Pretender, they shot him, when he exclaimed, as he expired, "Villains, you have shot your Prince!" thinking by this gallant stratagem, to abate the ardour of pursuit after the Royal fugitive. His head was immediately severed from his shoulders, and brought into the camp, by those who slew him, when they were mortified, by being informed, by a soldier, who knew the gallant captain, that it was the head of Mackenzie.

LACE MADE BY CATERPILLARS.

A MOST extraordinary species of manufacture has been contrived, by an officer of engineers, residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted:—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant, on which the species of caterpillar, he employs, feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat substance, of the required size. He then with a camel hair pencil, dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. The stone is then placed in an incline position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen, which spins a strong web; and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring $26\frac{1}{2}$ by 17 inches, weighed only a grain and a half, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made, weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ grains; whilst one square yard of silk gauze, weighs 137 grains; and one square yard of the finest net, weighs $262\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

WHEN Sir Thomas Lawrence painted the portrait of the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Canning remarked, that he had just caught the very quiver of Croker's lip. "He has, truly," said Peel, "and it is well for him to have missed the venom of its arrows."

MEN of the brightest parts are often the most fickle; just as mercury, one of the brightest of the metals, is also one of the most volatile.

CHILDHOOD'S QUICK APPREHENSION.

GROWN persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understandings of children; they rate them, by what they know, and children know very little, but their capacity of comprehension is very great; hence the continual wonder of those, who are unaccustomed to them, at the "old fashioned ways" of some lone little one, who has no playfellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in a child's mind, between what it knows, and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty, as neither to depress nor over exert it. The matured mediocrity of many an infant prodigy, proves both the degree of expansion to which it is possible to force a child's intellect, and the boundary which nature has set to the success of such false culture.

BETTER NEVER TO LOVE.

Better never love,
 Than have thy love rejected;
 Better never hope,
 Than die at last neglected;
 Better live alone through life
 Battling with its cares and strife,
 Than to live dejected.

Better ne'er have one
 Whom thou dost fondly cherish,
 Than that one should leave,
 Thee alone to perish;—
 Better live through life unknown,
 Than to find those hopes all flown,
 Thou didst fondly cherish.

None can tell the pain
 Of a heart forsaken,
 Or the woe of him
 Who finds himself mistaken;
 It were better far to live
 Where no eye a glance might give,
 Joy and hope to waken.

A GOOD story is told of a man who went, for the first time, into one of the recently introduced American bowling alleys, and kept firing away at the pins, to the imminent peril of the boy, who so far from having anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively at work in endeavouring to avoid the balls of the player, which rattled on all sides of the pins without touching them. At length the fellow, seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball, "Stand in amongst the pins if you don't want to get hit."

VERY PROVOKING.

ABOUT two o'clock, on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighbourhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his warm bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following dialogue occurred :—
 "Have you any hay?" "Plenty of it, sir." "Have you plenty of corn?" "Yes." "Plenty of meat and bread-stuff?" "Yes."
 "Well, we are glad to hear it, for they are very useful articles in a family." The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

CHOICE OF TIME AND IDLENESS.

HE that is choice of his time, will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions. Idleness is the burial of a living man.

MUTUAL CONDESCENSION.

OCCASIONALLY egotists will strike rather hard against each other, as in the case of a strutting captain of a militia company, who once, in a fit of temporary condescension, invited a ragged negro to drink negus with him. "Oh! certainly," rejoined the negro, "I am not proud; I'd just as lieves drink with a militia captain as anybody else."

A MINISTERIAL acquaintance of ours, who had lost his wife, and became wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage "Use this world as not abusing it," &c. In the course of his remarks, he took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In this category, he placed a wife. He had scarcely said "a man may do without a wife," when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject, by saying, in the simplicity of his heart, "but it's mighty hard."

"MADAM, has your piano an Æolian attachment?" asked Sam, the other night, of the wife of a man who appeared to live fully up to, if not beyond his means. "Hush!" whispered Seth, in his ear, "it has a sheriff's attachment." Sam said no more.

THERE is a very sensible German custom, that of concentrating the coughing, and nose blowing, during the service time at church. The clergyman stops at different periods of his discourse, steps back from his pulpit, stands and blows his nose. The entire congregation imitate his example, and disturb the service at no other time.

SUFFER not your mind to be either a drudge or a wanton. Exercise it ever, but overlay it not.

ADVICE TO THE BLOOMERS.

WHEN the Spartan youth complained to his mother that "his sword was too short," the heroic matron answered—"Add a step." When ladies, who would be bloomers, declare that petticoats are worn too long, laconic *Punch* says—"Add a tuck."

BEAUTY.

I saw a drop cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle spray;
Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear
When showers and sunbeams play.
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorch'd the pearl away.

High on a slender polished stem
A fragrant lily grew;
On the pure petals many a gem
Glitter'd—a native diadem—
Of healthy morning dew.
A blast of lingering winter came,
And enapp'd the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Is beauty, in its vernal year,
Gay, brilliant, fascinating, clear,
And thoughtless of its doom.
Death breathes a sudden poison near
And sweeps it to the tomb.

THE LIFE OF LORD BACON.

REMARKS ON THE PREJUDICE OF BIOGRAPHERS.

WE return our hearty thanks, to Mr. Montague, for this truly valuable work. From the opinions he expresses, as a biographer, we often dissent; but about his merit, as a collector of the materials out of which opinions are formed, there can be no dispute; and we readily acknowledge, that we are in a great measure indebted to his minute and accurate researches, for the means of refuting what we cannot but consider as his errors.

The labour which has been bestowed on this volume has been a labour of love. The writer is evidently enamoured of the subject. It fills his heart. It constantly overflows from his lips and his pen. Those who are acquainted with the Courts, in which Mr. M. practises, with so much ability and success, well know how often he enlivens the discussion of a point of law, by citing some weighty aphorism, or some brilliant illustration, from the *De Augmentis*, or the *Novum Organum*. The life, before us, doubtless owes much of its value to the honest and generous enthusiasm of the writer. This feeling has stimulated his activity; has sustained his perseverance; has called forth all his ingenuity and eloquence;

but, on the other hand, we must frankly say, that it has, to a great extent, perverted his judgment.

We are, by no means, without sympathy for Mr. M., even in what we consider his weakness. There is scarcely any delusion which has a better claim to be indulgently treated, than that under the influence of which a man ascribes every moral excellence to those who have left imperishable monuments of their genius. The causes of this error lie deep in the inmost recesses of human nature. We are all inclined to judge of others as we find them. Our estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our interests and passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted or depressed, and we are ready to admit every excuse for the vices of those who are useful or agreeable to us. This is, we believe, one of those illusions to which the whole human race is subject, and which experience and reflection can only partially remove. It is, in the phraseology of Bacon, one of the *idola tribus*. Hence it is, that the moral character of a man, eminent in letters, or in the fine arts, is treated—often by cotemporaries, almost always by posterity—with extraordinary tenderness. The world derives pleasure and advantage from the performances of such a man. The number of those who suffer by his personal vices is small, even in his own time, when compared with the number of those to whom his talents are a source of gratification. In a few years all those whom he has injured disappear, but his works remain, and are a source of delight to millions. The genius of Sallust is still with us, but the Numidians whom he plundered, and the unfortunate husbands who caught him in their houses, at unseasonable hours, are forgotten. We suffer ourselves to be delighted by the keenness of Clarendon's observations, and by the sober majesty of his style, till we forget the oppressor and the bigot in the historian. Falstaff and Tom Jones have survived the game-keepers whom Shakspeare cudgelled, and the land ladies whom Fielding bilked. A great writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers, and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude. We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story whose society we like, and from whom we have received favors; how long we struggle against evidence; how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, we cling to the hope, that there may be some explanation, or some extenuating circumstance, with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him in truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, and companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attach-

ments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on ; fortune is inconstant ; tempers are soured ; bonds, which seemed indissoluble, are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and poverty, in glory and obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No error can excite the horror of Bossuet.

Nothing, then, can be more natural, than that a person endowed with sensibility and imagination, should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men with whose minds he holds daily communion. Yet nothing can be more certain than that such men have not always deserved to be regarded with respect and affection. Some writers, whose works will continue to instruct and delight mankind, to the remotest ages, have been placed in such situations, that their actions and motives are as well known to us, as the actions and motives of one human being can be known to another ; and, unhappily, their conduct has not always been such as an impartial judge can contemplate with approbation. But the fanaticism of the devout worshipper of genius is proof against all evidence and all argument. The character of his idol is matter of faith ; and the province of faith is not to be invaded by reason. He maintains his superstition with a credulity as boundless, and a zeal as unscrupulous, as can be found in the most ardent partizans of religious or political factions. The most decisive proofs are rejected ; the plainest rules of morality are explained away ; extensive and important portions of history are completely distorted. The enthusiast represents facts with all the ability of of an advocate, and confounds right and wrong with all the dexterity of a Jesuit, and all this only in order that some man who has been in his grave during many ages may have a fairer character than he deserves.

WAY TO LAY UP REAL WEALTH.

A MAN would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Lord Bacon.*

A MR. DAY advertises the loss of his dog, whereupon an editorial wag says, he hopes he'll succeed in finding him ; for if "every dog has his day"—"every day ought to have his dog."

A STRAPPING FELLOW.—A surgeon's dresser.

A SPECIAL IRISH JURY.

WE find it related among the Irish intelligence in the *Times*, that on the late trial of John Martin, the jury put a question to the court, commencing with the following curious hypothesis :—
 “Suppose that the prisoner had no criminal intent when he committed the crime of felony, either on the 21st of June, or 24th of July.” As if any man could commit a crime without a criminal intent. Surely no importation of cattle from Ireland ever included so magnificent a bull as this.

ABSENCE.

Streams gently flow 'neath the sun's sinking ray,
 Winds softly blow o'er the fair setting day,
 Nature all lovely sinks slowly to rest,
 Yet no calm doth it bring to this woe stricken breast :
 Beloved one, beloved one, since parted from me,
 My sorrowing heart mourns its absence from thee.
 Sweet flowers unheeded their perfume may breathe,
 No longer they're needed to form the gay wreath,
 Their fragrance and beauty no more can impart,
 A ray of the joy they once gave from my heart,
 When twin'd round thy brow a love-offering from me :
 Beloved one, my heart mourns its absence from thee.

CAUTION TO “FAST MEN.”

A YOUNG gent of our acquaintance, lately lost an excellent *partie*, a girl in fact, with twenty thousand pounds, through an inexcusable act of “fastness.” It appears, that one Sabbath, last May, he went to church with his intended, who having occasion to search for the collect, asked him what Sunday it was ? The unhappy “fast man,” giving way to what was uppermost in his mind, replied—
 “That it was the *last Sunday before the Derby*,” which worldly-minded answer so disgusted his inamorato, that a coldness ensued, and the match was ultimately broken off.

EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY.

LATELY, near Glasgow, a knot of patriots came to a resolution, that an equal partition should be made of the possessions of their parish. A day or two after, one of those present was accosted by his employer, to the effect—“I believe you have been dividing the land at your late meeting ?” “Yes.” “My property, of course, among the rest ?” “Yes.” “And how much ground have you allowed me to retain for my share ?” “Deed, sir, to tell you the truth, we ne'er had any thoet o' *you* getting ony thing ava !”

IT is easier for a man to act greatly, without having acted before ; than to write wisely about action, without having been in active life himself.

ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT.

AN officer, in the Bengal army, had a favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to absent himself upon a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure; the feeding time came, and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which divided it into two parts, consuming one immediately, and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been committed, and made the man confess his crime.

THE SKY-BLUE SONG.

The milkman calls at the outer walls,
And many a maid from upper story
Comes down the stairs in the dress she wears,
In all her afternoon tide glory.
"Oh! milk below!" sets the wild echoes flying,
"Oh! milk below!" crying, crying, crying,—
Ah! me, oh! dear, how thin and clear,
Thinner and clearer daily growing;
I almost dream that I hear the stream,
Of water in the milk can flowing.
"Oh! milk below!" I'm surely never buying,
"Oh! milk below!" lying, lying, lying!
Oh! that is the hue of the pale sky-blue,
That's made from cistern, pump, or river;
No cow in a field such stuff would yield,
The sight of it makes me shiver, shiver.
"Oh! milk below!" thus I send it flying—
Go, milkman, go! lying, lying, lying!

SECRET COMFORT.

THOUGH sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating the growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

CHARACTER.

How different is the human mind according to the difference of place. In our passions, as in our creed, we are the mere dependants of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile, will revolutionize the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is generous, benevolent, and kind, in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for a city.

RIVAL COURTESIES.

A GOOD story is told of a very polite sheriff, who came near being outdone, by a person it was in the line of his duty to hang. "Sir," said the gentleman, as the sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, "really your attention deserves my thanks. In fact, I do not know of one, I should rather have hang me." "Really," said the sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang."

THE CLEAN BOY WITH ONLY ONE CLEAN SHIRT.

THE following explanation of the mode of proceeding is taken from the *Ragged School Magazine*:—"Empty belly, or no empty belly, I likes to be clean, and can't a bear to be dirty. A clean shirt for me, it makes you feel so comfortable. I've only got one, but I always have a clean shirt once a week, even when I have to walk the streets at nights." "And how do you manage to wash your shirt, when you have no shelter?" "Why, I'll tell you, sir," said he, "I goes into some bye place and takes off my shirt; then I goes into a blind alley up by Whitecross Street, where the waste hot water runs from some works, and there I washes my shirt; then I runs with it to the linckilns, the other side of Blackfriars' Bridge, and there I dries it, and puts it on. A clean shirt for me, I can't a bear no filth." This boy's face, is always clean as well as his shirt; thus giving another proof that "where there is a will, there is a way."

GOOD DEEDS.

DOES not the echo of the seashell tell of the worm, that once inhabited it? And shall not man's good deeds live after him and sing his praise?

LOT.

LET your lot be bad, good, or indifferent, convince the world that you merit a better, it will cause even your remains to be respected.

CONCEIT.

IT might be some drawback in the self-conceit of almost any man, if he were to call to mind how the course of his life has been determined by the veriest trifles, and how very little forethought or choice he has exercised, grasping chiefly at those things which happened to float by him.

CONCESSION.

WHEN concession is inevitable, it is wise to concede, before necessity destroys, both freedom of thought, and dignity of movement.

POLICE STRATAGEM.

STRANGE stratagems are often resorted to by creditors in pursuit of dishonest debtors. At a meeting, at Leeds, of a Society for the Protection of Trade, one of the speakers related an instance in point:—A poor fellow arrived in Liverpool, from the West, riding in pursuit of a fugitive, who had carried away £300 of his money. He applied to an attorney, to the magistrate, and to the chief of police in vain. Turning sorrowfully away, a police-officer, offered a bit of advice. “Go to the ship’s side, to-morrow, at ten o’clock, the ship sails at twelve, and ask your debtor ashore civilly.” “Will he come do you think?” “Oh! yes, he’ll come, for he says, I cannot touch him.” “Well, that’s all right.” “Ask him to come to you on the quay. As soon as he comes, knock him down, I’ll be close at hand, and take you both into custody for a breach of the peace. You will get to the police-office just as the magistrates are gone. The next day is Sunday, he’ll have to stop till Monday, you’ll have time then for him to give up your money.” The man took the policeman’s advice—knocked the runaway rogue down—both were taken to the station-house, and the fellow in the end was glad to disgorge the whole £300.

OLDY’S ADDRESS TO A FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
 Drink with me, and drink as I!
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Could’st thou sip and sip it up:
 Make the most of life you may;
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline;
 Thine’s a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore!
 Threescore summers, when they’re gone,
 Will appear as short as one!

BE ORDERLY.

ORDER and distribution, and singling out of parts, is the life of dispatch; so as the distribution be not subtle, for he that doth not divide, will never enter into business; and he who divideth too much, will never come out of it clearly.

MATRIMONY.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each others’ mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action, bound themselves to be good humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each others’ frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives.—*Addison*.

HAPPINESS—INGREDIENTS REQUISITE.

THERE is nothing purer than honesty ; nothing warmer than love ; nothing brighter than virtue ; and nothing more stedfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most stedfast happiness.

DRINK AND DISEASE.

"IT is remarkable," says Dr. Darwin, " that all the diseases, from drinking spirituous liquors, are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, and gradually to increase, if the curse be continued, till the family becomes extinct.

BEAUTY AND NO BEAUTY.

A GENTLEMAN had two children ; the one, a daughter, who was considered plain in her person ; the other, a son, who was reckoned handsome. One day, as they were playing together, they saw their faces in a looking glass ; the boy was charmed with his beauty, and spoke of it to his sister, who considered his remarks, as so many reflections on her want of it ; she told her father of the affair, and complaining of her brother's rudeness to her, the father, instead of appearing angry, took them both on his knees, and with much affection, gave them the following advice :—" I would have you both look in the glass every day ; you, my son, that you may be reminded, never to dishonour the beauty of your face, by the deformity of your actions ; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person, by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE.

WHERE is the line to be drawn between a rebel and a patriot ?

DOES a rebel mean an unsuccessful patriot ? and does a patriot signify a successful rebel ?

WOULD Smith O'Brien have been looked upon as a rebel, if he had succeeded ?

AND would the Parisians have been considered as patriots, if they had failed ?

NO BACKBITING.

"I HATE to hear people talk behind one's back," as the robber said to the constable's " Stop thief !"

PRUDHON, the Communist, who has just been elected a member of the National Assembly, for Paris, calls all property—*robbery*.

MOST of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

FIRST LOVE.

First Love! it is the glad green iale,
In the weary waste of years :
Lit by the morning star of Hope,
Or bathed with holy tears.

Through the care, the change of passing life,
It shines out clear and fair ;
As if some radiant spirit's wing
Had left its glory there.

Speak of it in the glittering crowd,
And mark the mournful sigh,
The drooping of the bearing proud,
The sorrow shaded eye.

See the hot tears that quickly steal
To dim rare Beauties' glance ;
The faltering step of the fairest form,
In the gay and graceful dance.

Listen to memories' deep sad voice,
In the warrior stern and brave ;
Oh! even earth's laurelled conquerors
Have wept o'er Love's low grave!

Breathe a loved word of other times,
A long forgotten name,
To the gifted one so proudly crowned
With the meteor wreath of fame!

There's not a heart, however worn,
With the troubled things of earth—
No brow arrayed with lonely grief,
Or smiles of fitful mirth.

But hath been lit with Love's bright glow,
In the vanished days of youth,
No life that hath not breathed a vow
Of tenderness and truth.

Oh! blessing on the holy dream
Of first, pure fervent love,
Soft radiance hath it left to shine,
Earth's clouds and storms above!

Coldly we pass by stately homes
Of pageantry and pride,
Yet longer on the deathless scene
That Love hath sanctified.

Oh! First Love! 'tis the glad green iale
In the weary waste of years :
Lit by the morning star of Hope,
Or bathed with holy tears.

"EXCELLENCE," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind, to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving these advantages, which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make steady approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly, as to escape observation."

DELICACY.

Who would believe it, that a woman, without modesty, resembles the sun ! yet so it is, for both hurt delicate eyes.

A WITTY BUTCHER.

A FEW years ago, a butcher of Caen, bought a calf, of a cattle jobber, in the environs. Half a gallon of cider was to clench the bargain, and the butcher jocosely observed, in conversation, among other things, that he meant to smuggle the calf into town, in broad daylight, and to pass the *octroi*, of custom's barrier, publicly, without paying. The cattle dealer considered this to be impossible, and a wager was accordingly laid between him and the butcher, who merely made this condition, that the dealer should lend him his dog for half an hour. He put the dog into a large sack, which he threw over his shoulder, and away he trudged to the city. On reaching the *octroi*, he declared he had nothing to pay, as there was only a dog in the sack, which he had just bought and shut up, that he might not find his way to his former master. The officers of the *octroi* would not take this story on trust, but insisted on seeing the dog. The butcher was therefore obliged to open his sack, and the dog naturally availed himself of the opportunity to run away. In a quarter of an hour he was again at the *octroi*, with a sack on his shoulder as before. "You have given me a pretty chase," said he, peevishly, walking through. Next day, he invited the officers to partake of veal cutlet, with which, having won the wager, he treated them and the cattle dealer.

TIMIDITY.

A MAN, at a fair, was asked if his horse was timid. "Not at all," said he, "he frequently spends the whole night by himself in a stable."

THE ALIBI.

"We have proved an *alibi*, by five witnesses," said a lawyer, in a criminal court. "Yes, I am ready to admit," said the opposing counsel, "that you have proved *a-lie-by* five of your witnesses."

DIMINUTIVE.

AN editor out West, wishing to give some faint idea of a cotemporary's meanness, says—"That his soul is so small, that it might dance a hornpipe in a mosquito's watch fob !"

REPUBLICANISM.

A TAVERNKEEPER writes to ask us—"Whether, having failed five times, and recommenced business as many, he is not justified in holding "republican principles ?"

NONPLUSSED.

"PA! has the World got a tail?" asked an urchin of his father. "No, child," replied the old un, impatiently; "how could it have one when it is round?" "Well," persisted the heir, "why do the papers say, so wags the world; if it ain't got a tail to wag about?" "Your mamma wants you," replied the nonplussed daddy!

THE ROSE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die!

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye,
The root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die!

Sweet spring, if days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas! must die!

Be wise then Christian, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless man may laugh to-day,
To-morrow may be dying!

COMBINATION.

A POETIC lady says—"A gentleman is a human being, combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

COMPLIMENTARY.

FRANCIS was the first monarch, who introduced ladies at his court. He said, in the style of true gallantry—"That a drawing-room, without ladies, was like the year without the spring; or rather like spring without flowers."

CANDLES.

FIELDING, the novelist, was sojourning in the Isle of Wight. Running his eyes over the landlady's bill, he came to candles. "Candles!" said he. "Candles!" echoed she; "yes, candles to be sure! Why should not travellers pay for their candles? I pay for mine."

BLANC MANGE.

LES "Sweets" d'une Revolution. A pastry cook says—"It is a pity the dinner never was given to Louis Blanc, it would have been such a sight of "Blanc Mange."

GENEROUS.—A NOBLE REPLY.

A PUBLIC functionary, in Paris, who recently visited the hospitals, asked of the surgeon in attendance—"Doctor, how many insurgents have you here?" "I have only *wounded men*," was the answer.

FUDDLEOMITER.

THE *New Orleans Sun* tells us of a machine, which has been invented "out South," which enables a man to tell when he is getting too drunk to walk. It is called a fuddleomiter, and gives a timely warning, by hitting a fellow suddenly under the short ribs, the moment he has got enough.

BITER—BIT.

A NEWLY imported Irishman, was one day standing with his hook under his arm, at a shop window, in a town not thirty miles from Glasgow, who, the shopkeeper observing from his door, accosts him thus:—"Well, Pat, what do you want in my line to-day?" "What you have not got to give me," rejoins the Irishman. "I'll wager a pound I have what suits you," returned the former. The latter, pulling a pound from his rags, replies "Its done; table your dust. I want a sheath for my hook." To Pat's astonishment and mortification, the sheath was produced. Away he went to the harvest, however, leaving the pound with the shopkeeper. But not to be beat, he called on him on his way home, and in the presence of a witness, thus addressed him—"Well, Mr. —, what will you take for as much twist tobacco as will reach from my one ear to the other?" "A penny," was the reply. This being agreed to, the grocer cut off about a foot of twist tobacco, and was about to apply its extremities to Pat's ear, when the latter, pointing his fingers upwards, exultingly exclaimed—"There's one ear, but the other is nailed to the back of the gaol door at Dublin." The duped grocer was obliged to give his antagonist forty pounds of tobacco before he could be quit of him.

ARTIFICIAL EGG HATCHING.

THE other day, a goose, whose goslings were within a few days of making their appearance, had taken a short saunter from the eggs, and was accidentally killed. The old man of the house took hasty counsel with his dame, and then prepared for action. Jumping into bed, undressed, he took in the eggs beside him; in a few hours, the wife supplied his place; and thus, turn and turn about, they kept the orphans warm, and finally hatched them as cleverly as Cantelo!

HENRY III, of England, used to say, that he would rather converse one hour with God in prayer, than hear others speak of him for ten.

LADY JANE GREY'S DEATH.

THEY tried to persuade Lady Jane Grey to accept the unreformed religion, but she steadily refused. On the morning when she was to die, she saw from her window, the bleeding and headless body of her husband, brought back in a cart from the scaffold, on Tower Hill, where he had laid down his life. But as she had declined to see him before his execution, lest she should be overpowered and not make a good end, so she even now showed a constancy and calmness that will never be forgotten. She came up to the scaffold with a firm step, and a quiet face, and addressed the bystanders in a steady voice. They were not numerous, for she was too young, too innocent and fair to be murdered, before the people, on Tower Hill, as her husband had just been; so the place of her execution was within the Tower itself. She said that she had done an unlawful act, in taking what was Queen Mary's right, but that she had done so with no bad intent, and that she died a humble Christian. She then begged the executioner to despatch her quickly, and she asked him "Will you take my head off before I lay me down?" He answered, "No, madam;" and then she was very quiet, while they bandaged her eyes. Being blinded, and unable to see the block, on which she was to lay her young head, she was seen to feel about for it, with her hands, and was heard to say, confused, "Oh! what shall I do? Where is it?" Then they guided her to the right place, and the executioner struck off her head. You know, too well, now, what dreadful deeds the executioner did in England, through many, many years, and how his axe descended on the hateful block, through the necks of some of the bravest, wisest, and best of the land, but never struck so cruel and so vile a blow as this.

AN ACROSTIC.

Belov'd by all the good, to Britain dear,
Long may'st thou shine a bright example here,
And may thy actions on the roll of fame,
Kindle in times to come the patriot's flame.
Ease, peace, and honour, crown thy future days,
Nor let this land be silent in thy praise;
Exalted as thy deeds be thy renown,
Yonder awaits thy bright immortal crown.

DEAR NEPTUNE.

"WHY don't you come home? it is time you gave over your sky-larks, and became fixed. I have not closed my eyes since you became a wanderer under the face of the Heavens. If you persevere in your present vagabond state career, every house in the zodiac will be closed against you, and you will die without a sign. Pause before it is too late, and return to your disconsolate parent, Leverrier." N.B.—The situation is still kept open for you.

ENGLAND.

SOIL, AIR, SEASONS, AND WATER.

THE soil of England and Wales differs in each county, not so much from the nature of the ground, though that must be admitted to occasion a very considerable alteration, as from the progress which the inhabitants of each county has made in the cultivation of land and garden, the draining of marshes, and many other local improvements, which are here carried to a much greater degree of perfection, than they are, perhaps, in any other part of the world, if we except China. To enter upon particular specimens and proofs of these improvements, would require a large volume of itself. All that can therefore be said is, that in general, if no unkindly seasons happen, England produces corn not only sufficient to maintain her own inhabitants, but to bring immense sums of money for her exports. The benefit, however, from those exports, have sometimes tempted the inhabitants to carry out of the kingdom more grain than could be conveniently spared, and have laid the poor under distress.

The air of England, in many places, is certainly loaded with vapours wafted from the Atlantic Ocean, by westerly winds, but they are ventilated by winds and storms, so that in this respect England is to foreigners, and people of delicate constitutions, more disagreeable than unalubrious. It cannot, however, be denied, that in England the wind is so excessively capricious, and unfavourable to certain constitutions, that many of the inhabitants are obliged to fly to foreign countries, for a renovation of their health. Many, especially foreigners, have attributed that remarkable self-dissatisfaction of the English, which too often proceeds to acts of suicide, to their air, and climate; but however these may operate, the evil probably lies in the people's manner of living, which is more gross and luxurious, than that of any other nation.

INHABITANTS.

Englishmen, in their persons, are generally well-sized, regularly featured, commonly fair, rather than otherwise, and florid in their complexions. It is, however, to be presumed, that the vast number of foreigners that are intermingled and intermarried with natives, have given a cast to their persons and complexions, different from those of their ancestors 200 years ago. The women in their shapes, features, and complexions, appear so graceful and lovely, that England may be termed the native country of female beauty; and it has also been observed, that the women of Lancashire, and some other counties, display a manifest superiority in these respects. But, besides the external graces so peculiar to the women in England, they are still more to be valued for their prudent behaviour, thorough cleanliness, a tender affection for their husbands, and children, and all the engaging duties of domestic life, in which they shine in the fullest lustre of female perfection. In these respects they far excel many of their thoughtless dissipated com-

panions, who, by relinquishing the solid comforts of an agreeable fireside at home, become, in the long run, so many unhappy dupes to their own delusions, their insensibility, and their ingratitude. Of all the people in the world the English keep themselves the most cleanly. Their nerves are so delicate, that people of both sexes are easily affected by imaginations, inasmuch, that before the practice of inoculation for the smallpox took place, it was thought improper to mention that loathsome disease by its true name in any polite company. This oversensibility is one of the sources of those oddities, which so strongly characterize the English nation. An apprehension of being a beggar, often kills them in the midst of plenty and prosperity. They magnify the slightest appearances into realities, and bring the most distant dangers, immediately home to themselves, and yet, when real danger approaches, no people face it with greater resolution, or constancy of mind. A groundless paragraph in a newspaper has been known to affect the stocks, and consequently public credit, to a considerable degree, and their credulity goes so far, that England may be termed the paradise of quacks and empires, in all arts and professions. In short, the English feel as if every evil really existed, in mind, body, and estate, which they form in their imaginations. At particular intervals, they are sensible of this absurdity, and run into a contrary extreme, striving to banish it by dissipation, riot, intemperance, and diversions. They are fond, for the same reason, of clubs, and convivial associations, and when these are kept within the bounds of temperance and modesty, they prove the best cures for those mental evils, which are so peculiar to the English, that foreigners have pronounced them to be national.

RELIGION.

Eusebius, and other ancient writers, positively assert that Christianity was first preached in South Britain by the apostles and their disciples. John Wickliffe, an Englishman, educated at Oxford, in the reign of Edward III., had the honour of being the first person in Europe, who publicly called in question, and boldly refuted those doctrines, which had passed for certain during so many ages; and that the established religion in England, which took place under Henry VIII., is reformed from the errors of popery, and approaches nearer to the primitive Christianity, being equally removed from superstition and indelicacy in its worship, and as void of bigotry, as of licentiousness in its practice. The constitution of the church is episcopal, and is governed by bishops, whose benefices were converted by the Norman Conqueror into temporal baronies, in right of which, every bishop has a seat and vote in the House of Peers. The benefices of the inferior clergy, are now freehold, but in many places their tithes are impropriated in favour of the laity. The economy of the Church of England has been accused for the inequality of its livings; some of them,

especially in Wales, being too small to maintain a clergyman, especially if he has a family, with any tolerable decency ; but this, perhaps, is unavoidable, and probably never can be entirely remedied, though the Crown, as well as private persons, has done great things towards the augmentation of poor livings.

The dignitaries of the Church of England, such as deans, prebends, and the like, have generally large incomes ; some of them exceeding in value those of bishoprics, for which reason the revenues of a rich deanery, or other living, are often annexed to a poor bishopric. At some periods, the clergy of the Church of England, as to temporal matters, were in a most flourishing situation, because the value of their tithes increased with the improvement of lands, which of late have been amazing in England. The Sovereigns of England, ever since the reign of Henry VIII., have been called in public writs, the supreme heads of the church ; but this title conveys no spiritual meaning, as it only denotes the regal power to prevent any ecclesiastical differences, or in other words, to substitute the King in place of the Pope, before the Reformation, with regard to temporalities, and the internal economy of the church. The Kings of England never intermeddle in ecclesiastical disputes, and are contented to give a sanction to the legal rights of the clergy. The Church of England, under the description of the monarchical power over it, is governed by two archbishops, and twenty-four bishops, besides the bishop of Sodor and Man, who not being possessed of an English barony, does not sit in the House of Peers. The two archbishops, are those of Canterbury, and York, who are both dignified with the address of "Your Grace." The former, is the first peer of the realm, as well as metropolitan of the English Church. He takes precedence, next to the Royal Family, of all dukes and officers of state. The archbishop of York takes place of all dukes, not of the blood royal, and of all officers of state, the Lord Chancellor excepted.

DEANS AND PREBENDS OF CATHEDRALS.

It is difficult to assign their utility in the church, farther than to add to the pomp of worship, and to make provision for clergymen of eminence and merit.

The Church of England is, beyond any other church, tolerant in its principles. Moderation is its governing character, and it excludes no sect of Christians from the exercise of their respective religious worship. Without entering upon the motives of its reformation, under Henry VIII., it is certain, that episcopal government, excepting under the time of usurpation, has ever since prevailed in England. The wisdom of acknowledging the King the head of the church, is conspicuous in discouraging all religious persecution and intolerance, and if religious sectaries have multiplied in England, it is from the same principle that civil licentiousness has prevailed ; we mean a tenderness in matters that can affect either conscience or liberty. The bias which the

clergy had towards popery in the reign of Henry VIII., and his son, and even so late as that of Elizabeth, occasioned an interposition of the civil power, for a farther reformation. Thence arose the Puritans, so called from their affecting a singular purity of life and manners. Many of them were worthy pious men, and some of them good patriots; their descendants are the modern Presbyterians, who retain the same character and have true principles of civil and religious liberty, only with some difference as to church discipline, and the modes of worship. Their doctrine, like the Church of Scotland, was originally derived from the Geneva plan, instituted by Calvin, and tended to an abolition of episcopacy, and to vesting the government of the church in a parity of Presbyters. The Presbyterians, however, are now considered as being dissenters. The Baptists form another sect of dissenters. These do not believe that infants are proper objects of baptism, and in the baptism of adults, they practice immersion into water. Blended with these are the Independents, but it is hard to say, what are the particular tenets of those sects, so much have they deviated from their original principles, and so greatly do their professors differ from each other. The moderate clergy of the Church of England, treat the Presbyterians with affection and friendship; and though the hierarchy of the church, and the character of the bishops, are capital points in their religion, they consider their differences with the Presbyterians, and even with the Baptists, as not being very material to salvation, nor indeed do many of the Established Church think that they are strictly and conscientiously bound to believe the doctrinal parts of the Thirty-nine Articles, which they are obliged to subscribe before they can enter into holy orders. Some of them have of late contended in writings, that all subscriptions to religious systems are repugnant to the spirit of Christianity, and to reformation.

The Methodists are a sect of a late institution, and their founder is generally looked upon to be Mr. George Whitfield, a divine of the Church of England; but it is difficult to describe the tenets of this numerous sect. All we know is, that they pretend to great fervour and devotion; that their founder, who died lately, thought that the form of ecclesiastical worship, and prayers, whether taken from the Common Prayer Book, or poured forth extempore, was a matter of indifference, and he according made use of both forms. His followers are rigid observers of the Thirty-nine Articles, and many of them profess themselves to be Calvinists. But even this fact is split among themselves, some of them acknowledging Mr. Whitfield, and others Mr. Wesley, for their leader; and to mention a variety of subordinate sects (some of whom are from Scotland) who have their separate followers, both at London, and in the country of England. We observe, that there seems at present to be among those sectaries and dissenters a vast relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline, which is chiefly owing to disunion among

themselves, and in some measure to the principle of freethinking, the professors of which are Presbyterians or Independents, and consider all systems of religious governments, and tests of faith, as so many fetters of reason and conscience.

The Quakers form a numerous sect of dissenters in England, and perhaps, if their professed principles were to undergo a very strict examination, they would appear to be freethinking, though they pretend to be guided by internal revelation, dictated by the Spirit of God. That revelation, and that spirit, however, are just what they please to make them, and if they mean anything, it is an abstraction from all sensual ideas, in treating of the Christian religion, and its mysteries, for the attempt to allegorize all the facts in the Gospel. They disclaim all religious creeds, made use of by other Christians, and all the modes of worship practised in other churches. They disregard the authority of the clergy, and refuse to pay tithes unless they are compelled by law. They neither use baptism, nor partake of the Lord's Supper. They affect a peculiar plainness of dress, both as to the form and the colours of their clothes, and they publicly declaim against resistance and the legality of going to war on any account. With regard to the resurrection of the body, and the doctrines of rewards and punishments hereafter and many other capital points of Christianity, they have not yet explained themselves authentically. Were all the other peculiarities of this sect to be described, a reader not acquainted with it, would be apt to think it impossible, that it should associate with other Christians. Nothing, however, is more certain, than that the Quakers are most excellent members of the community. The strictness of their morality makes amends for the oddities of their principles, and the simplicity of their living for the wildness of their opinions. Their economy is admirable, for though none of them pretend to any coercive power, yet their censures are submitted to us implicitly, as if they were Romish bigots under an inquisition. The highest punishment is a kind of excommunication, which we will not pretend to describe, but which is taken off upon repentance and amendment, and the party is re-admitted into all the privileges of the body. Their government is truly republican, and admirably well adapted to their principles. They have an annual meeting, which is generally held at London, in the month of May, and this is resorted to by deputies from all parts of Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, Germany, and the British plantations. In this meeting is examined the proceedings of their other meetings, which are monthly and quarterly. Indecencies of every kind are censured, contributions are received, accounts examined, and discourses, exhortations, and sermons are delivered suitable to the exigency of the times, and their prevailing vices and immoralities. The good sense for which this sect is remarkable, renders their leaders more respectable than those which royalty or power appoint over other communities. This, with the

mildness of their behaviour, sobriety, and great industry, have raised them high in the esteem of the legislature, which has even indulged them, by admitting of their affirmation, instead of an oath, in the courts of justice.

We shall not here enter into their political history, or in what manner one of their number, William Penn, formed that admirable establishment of their order, which still subsists in Pennsylvania. It is sufficient to observe, that it was found by experience, during the two last wars with France, that their principles were incompatible with either civil or military government; and consequently, that unless their enemies had been Quakers likewise, they must have been masters of their country. This created great trouble with the mother country, and it unfortunately happened, that the Quakers were as tenacious of their property as of their principles. Necessity and danger, however, at last compelled them to contribute, for their own defence, by their purses, though we do not find that they did it in their persons; from all which it appears, that it would be impracticable to form Quakers into a civil government of any kind.

The ignorance of Fox and the first leaders of this sect, led the Quakers into a thousand extravagancies, by agitations and convulsions of the body, which they termed the working of the Spirit. Barclay, Keith, and some other metaphysical heads, defended *Thee*, though they dropped the singularities of the profession. This softened the ridicule of the public, and Barclay's successors have omitted, in their behaviour and appearance, many of those unmeaning singularities. The Quakers, it is true, in general, still retain the appellation of *Friend*, instead of *Sir*, and make use of *Thou* and *Thee* in discourse; neither are they very ready to pull off their hats, by way of civility and respect. They know, however, how to accommodate themselves to the usages of life, upon particular emergencies, and the singularities of a Quaker of address are now but just discernible, and give no offence to politeness, unless they are affected.

The regularity of their meetings is surprising, and the admonitions which they give to their brethren, by circular letters, from their yearly meetings, are worthy of imitation by the most civilized government. The payment of tithes is a kind of a standing grievance, because it is renewed every year. They are, however, steady in their opposition to it. They who pay them voluntarily are always censured. The book relating to their religion, which they print, must be licensed by a committee before they are dispersed.

Many families in England, still profess the Roman Catholic religion, and its exercise is under very mild and gentle restrictions. Though the penal laws against Papists in England appear at first to be severe, yet they are executed with so much lenity, that a Roman Catholic feels himself under few hardships. Legal evasions

(until the passing of the Emaucipation and Reform Bills' Laws,) were found out for double taxes upon their landed property, as they were subject to none of the expences and troubles (unless voluntary) attending public offices, parliamentary elections, and the like burthens. The English Roman Catholics are in general in good circumstances, as to their private fortunes, and it had used to be said, the truth is, they knew that a change of government, instead of bettering would hurt their situation, because it would increase the jealousy of the legislature, which would undoubtedly expose them daily to greater burdens and heavier penalties, and that this sensible consideration rendered the Roman Catholics dutiful and zealous subjects, as any her Majesty has, and that their interest in election of members of parliament, which is considerable, formerly went in favour of the court. We should here take leave of the state of religion, if it were not necessary to mention those who profess no religion at all, and yet have a vast influence upon the circumstances and state of the Established Church. These go under the name of Freethinkers, and they are divided into as many sects as Christians themselves. Arians and Socinians, words well known to imply a disbelief of the doctrines of the Church of England, with regard to the Trinity, shelter themselves under the name of Freethinkers. The Deist shakes himself loose of all religious institutions, by pleading freethinking. The Fatalist, who is of the worst species of Deists, does the like, and what is still worse, free living is often the consequence of freethinking, as is seen in the unbounded dissipation, debauchery, and impiety of its possessors. What the effect of this irreligion may prove, is hard to say, but it seems not to be so general at present as in any one reign since the Revolution. This is, in a great measure, owing to the discouragement it meets with from the royal example, which has brought an attendance upon religious ordinances into credit at the court and capital.

An Englishman, of thorough education and reading, is the most accomplished gentleman in the world, and understands arts and sciences the best. He is, however, shy and retentive, in his communications, even to disgust; and a man may be in company with him, for months, without discovering that he knows anything beyond the verge of a farm yard, or above the capacity of a horse jockey. This unamiable coldness is so far from being affected, that it is a part of their natural constitution. Living, learning, and genius, meet with very little regard, even from the first rate of Englishmen: and it is not unusual for them to throw aside the best productions of literature, *if they are not acquainted with the author*. While the state distinction of Whig and Tory subsisted, the heads of each party affected to patronize men of literary abilities, but the pecuniary encouragements given them were but very moderate, and the very few who met with preferment in the state, might have earned them by a competent knowledge of business, and that pliability

which the dependents in office generally possess. We scarce have an instance even in the munificent reign of Queen Anne, or of her predecessors, who owed so much to the press, of a man of genius, being as such, made easy in his circumstances. Mr. Addison had about £300 a year, of the public money, to assist him in his travels; and Mr. Pope, though a Roman Catholic, was offered, but did not accept, of the like pension, from Mr. Craggs, the Whig Secretary of State; when it was remarked, that his long friend and companion, the Earl of Oxford, when sole minister, did nothing for him, but bewail his misfortune in being a Papist. This reproach upon governmental munificence is now wearing off under the patronage of the late Kings, and her present Majesty the Queen.

The unevenness of the English, in their conversation, is very remarkable; sometimes it is delicate, sprightly, and reflects with true wit; sometimes it is solid, ingenious, and argumentative; sometimes it is cold and phlegmatic, and borders upon disgust; and all in the same person. In their convivial meetings, they are generally noisy, and their wit is often offensive; while the loudest are the most applauded. Courage is a quality that seems to be congenial to the English nation. Boys, before they can speak, discover that they have the proper guards in boxing with their fists; a quality, perhaps, that is peculiar to the English, and is seconded by a strength of arm that few other people can exert. This gives the English soldiers an infinite superiority in all battles, that are to be decided by the bayonet screwed upon the musket. The English courage has likewise the property, under able commanders, of being equally passive as active. Their soldiers will keep up their fire in the mouth of danger, but when they deliver it, it has a most dreadful effect upon their enemies; and in naval engagements they are unequalled. The English are not remarkable for invention, though they are for their improvements upon the inventions of others, and in the mechanical arts, they excel all nations in the world. The intense application which an Englishman gives to a favorite study is incredible, and, as it were, absorbs all his other ideas. This creates the numerous instances of mental absences that are to be found in the nation.

What we say about the English, is to be understood of them in general, as they are at present, for it is not to be dissembled that every day produces strong indications of great alterations in their manners. The vast fortunes made during the late and the preceding wars, the immense acquisitions of territory by peace, and above all the amazing increase of territorial as well as commercial property in the East Indies, have introduced a species of people amongst the English, who have become rich without industry, and by diminishing the value of gold and silver, have created a new system of finances in the nation. Time alone can shew the event; hitherto the consequences seem to have been unfavorable, as it has introduced among the commercial ranks, a spirit of luxury and

gaming, that is attended with the most fatal effects, and an emulation among merchants and traders of all kinds, to equal or surpass the nobility and the courtiers. The plain frugal manners of men of business, which prevailed to the reign of George III., are now disregarded for tasteless extravagances in dress and equipage, and the most expensive amusements and diversions, not only in the capital, but all over the trading towns of the kingdom. Even the customs of the English have latterly undergone an almost total alteration. Their ancient hospitality subsists but in few places in the country, or is revived only upon electioneering occasions. Many of their favorite diversions are now disused. Those remaining are operas, dramatic exhibitions, *ridottos*, and sometimes masquerades in or near London; but concerts of music, and card and dancing assemblies, are common all over the kingdom. The English are extremely fond of stag and fox hunting, and horse races. Something, however, may be offered by way of apology for those diversions: the intense application which the English give to business, the sedentary lives, and luxurious diet, require exercise; and some think, that their excellent breed of horses is increased and improved, by amusements. The English are remarkably cool, both in losing and winning at play, but the former is often attended with acts of suicide. An Englishman will rather murder himself than bring a sharper, who he knows has fleeced him, to condign punishment, even though warranted by law. Next to horse racing and hunting, cock fighting, to the reproach of the nation, is a favorite diversion among the great as well as the vulgar. Multitudes of those had used to assemble round the pit, at one of those matches, and enjoy the pangs and death of the generous animal, every spectator being concerned in a bet, sometimes in high sums. The athletic diversion of cricket is still kept up, and is practised by people of the highest rank. It is performed by a person, who, with a clumsy wooden bat, defends a wicket raised of three slender sticks, with one across, which is attacked by another person, who endeavours to beat it down with a hard leather ball, from a certain stand. The farther the distance is to which the ball is driven, the oftener the defender is able to run between the wicket and the stand. This is called gaining so many notches, and he who gets the most is the victor. Many other pastimes are common in England, some of them of a very robust kind, such as cudgelling, wrestling, bowls, skittles, quoits, and prisonbase, not to mention duck hunting, foot and ass races, dancing, puppetshows, May garlands, and above all, ringing of bells, a species of music, which the English boast they have brought to an art. The barbarous diversions of boxing, and prizefighting, which were as frequent in England, and equally inhuman, as the shows of gladiators in Rome, are now prohibited; and all the places of public diversion, excepting the royal theatres, are under regulations by Act of Parliament. Other diversions, which are common to other countries, such as

tennis, fives, billiards, cards, swimming, angling, fowling, coursing, and the like, are familiar to the English. Two kinds, and those highly laudable, are perhaps peculiar to them, and these are rowing and sailing. The latter, if not introduced, was patronized and encouraged by George III., and IV., and may be considered as a national improvement. The English are excessively fond of skating, in which, however, they are not very expert, but they are adventurous in it, often to the danger and loss of their lives. The game acts did take from the people a great fund of diversion, though without answering the purposes of the rich, for the farmers and country people destroyed game with nets and wires, which they dare not kill with the gun. This monopoly of game, among so free a people as the English, has been considered in various lights.

DRESS.

In the dress of both sexes, before the reign of George III., they followed the French; but that of the military officers, partook of the German, in compliement to his late Majesty. The English, at present, bid fair to be the dictators of dress to the French themselves, at least with regard to elegance, neatness, and richness of attire. Persons of quality and fortune, of both sexes, appeared on high occasions, in cloth of gold and silver, the richest brocades, satins, silks, and velvets, both flowered and plain; and it is to the honour of the Court, that the foreign manufactures of all those are discouraged. Some of these rich stuffs are said to be brought to as great perfection in England, as they are in France, or any other nation. The quantities of jewels, that appear on public occasions, are incredible, especially since the vast acquisitions of the English in the East Indies. The same nobility, and persons of distinction, on ordinary occasions, dress like creditable citizens; that is, neat, clean, and plain, in the finest cloth, and the best of linen. The full dress of a clergyman, consists of his gown, cassock, scarf, beaver hat, and hose, all of black; his undress is a dark grey frock, and plain linen. The physicians, the formality of whose dress, in large tie, perukes, and swords, was formerly remarkable, if not ridiculous, dress now like other gentlemen, and men of business; they formerly used to wear a plain suit of superfine cloth, excellent linen, and wigs that suited their complexions, and the form of their faces. Few Englishmen, tradesmen, merchants, and lawyers, as well as men of landed property, are without some passion for the sports of the field, on which occasion they dress with remarkable propriety, in a light frock, narrow brimmed hat, a short bob wig, jockey boots, and buckskin or shag breeches. The people of England love rather to be neat, than fine in their apparel; but on the accession of George III., the dresses at Court, on solemn occasions, was superb beyond description. Few even of the lowest tradesmen, in those days, on Sundays, carried about them less than £10 in clothing, comprehending hat, wig, stockings, shoes, and linen; and even many beggars, in the street, appeared decent in

their dress. In short, none but the most abandoned, of both sexes, were otherwise; and the appearance of a man in holiday times, was commonly an indication of his industry and morals.

LEARNING AND LEARNED MEN.

England may be looked upon as another word for the seat of learning and the muses. Her great Alfred cultivated both, in the time of the Saxons, when barbarism and ignorance overspread the rest of Europe; nor has there since his time been wanting a continual succession of learned men, who have distinguished themselves by their writings or studies. These are so numerous, that a bare catalogue of their names, down to this day, would form a moderate volume.

The English institutions, for the benefit of study, partake of the character of their learning. They are solid and substantial, and provide for the ease, the disencumbrance, the peace, the plenty, and the conveniency of its possessors. Witness the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, institutions that are not to be matched in the world, and which were respected even amidst the barbarous rage of civil war. The industrious Leland, who was himself a moving library, was the first who made a short collection of the lives and characters of those learned persons who preceded the reign of his master, Henry VIII., among whom he has inserted several of the blood royal, of both sexes, particularly a son and daughter of the great Alfred, Edetha the Queen of Edward the Confessor, and other Saxon princes, some of whom were equally devoted to mars and the muses.

In speaking of the dark ages, it would be unpardonable, if we should omit the mention of that prodigy of learning, and natural philosophy, Roger Bacon, who was the forerunner in science to the great Bacon, Lord Verulam, as the latter was to Sir Isaac Newton. Among the other curious works ascribed to him, by Leland, we find treatises upon the flux and influx of the British sea, upon metallurgy, upon astronomy, comography, and upon the impediments of knowledge. He lived under Henry III., and died at Oxford, in 1248. The Honorable Mr. Walpole has preserved the memory of some noble and royal English authors, who have done honor to learning and the muses, and to his work we must refer. Since the Reformation, England resembles a galaxy of literature, and it is but doing justice to the memory of Cardinal Wolsey, though otherwise a dangerous and profligate minister, to acknowledge, that both his example and encouragement, laid the foundation of the polite arts, and the revival of classical learning in England. As many of the English clergy had different sentiments in religious matters, at the time of the Reformation, encouragement was given to learned foreigners to settle in England. Edward VI., during his short life, did a great deal for the encouragement of these foreigners, and shewed a disposition, which had he lived, must have been extremely favorable to letters.

Learning as well as liberty, suffered almost a total eclipse in England, during the bloody bigotted reign of Queen Mary. But Elizabeth, her sister, was herself a learned princess. She advanced many persons of consummate abilities, to high ranks, both in Church and State, but she seemed to have considered their literary accomplishments to have been only secondary to their civil. In this she shewed herself a great politician, but she would have been a more amiable Queen, had she raised genius from obscurity; for though she was no stranger to Spencer's muse, she suffered herself to be so much imposed upon, by an unfeeling minister, that the poet languished to death in obscurity. Though she tasted the beauties of the divine Shakspeare, yet we know not that he was distinguished by any particular acts of her munificence; but her parsimony was nobly supplied by her favorite, the Earl of Essex, the politest scholar of his age, and his friend, the Earl of Southampton, who were patrons of genius.

The encouragement of learned foreigners, in England, continued to the reign of James I., who was very munificent to Casaubon, and other foreign authors of distinction, even of different principles. He was himself no great author, but his example had a wonderful effect upon his subjects, for in his reign were formed those great masters of polemic divinity, whose works are almost inexhaustible mines of knowledge. Nor must it be forgotten, that the second Bacon, whom we have already mentioned, was by him created Viscount Verulam, and Lord High Chancellor of England. He was likewise the patron of Camden, and other historians, as well as antiquarians, whose works are to this day standards in those studies. Upon the whole, therefore, it cannot be denied, that English learning is under great obligation to James I.

His son, Charles II., had a taste for the polite arts, especially sculpture, painting, and architecture. He was the patron of Rubens, Vandyke, Inigo Jones, and other eminent artists; so that, had it not been for the civil wars, he would probably have converted his court and capital into a second Athens, and the collections he made for that purpose, considering his pecuniary difficulties, were stupendous. His favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, imitated him in that respect, and laid out the amazing sum of £400,000 sterling, upon his cabinet of paintings and curiosities. The Earl of Arundel was, however, the great Mecænas of that age, and by the immense acquisitions he made of antiquities, especially his famous marble inscriptions, may stand upon a footing, as to the encouragement and utility of literature, with the greatest of the Medicean princes. Charles and his Court had little or no relish for poetry. But such was his generosity in encouraging genius, and merit of every kind, that he increased the salary of his poet laureate, the famous Ben Johnson, from 100 marks to £100 per annum, and a tierce of Spanish wine; which salary is continued to this day.

The public encouragement of learning, and the arts, suffered indeed, an eclipse, during the time of the civil wars, and the succeeding usurpation. Many very learned men, however, found their situations, under Cromwell, though he was no stranger to their political sentiments, so easy, that they followed their studies to the great benefit of every branch of learning, and many works of vast literary merit appeared even in those times of distraction. Usher, Willis, Harrington, Wilkins, and a prodigious number of other great names, were unmolested by that usurper, and he would even have filled the universities with literary merit, could he have done it with any degree of safety to his government.

The reign of Charles II. was chiefly distinguished by the great proficiency to which it carried natural knowledge, especially by the institution of the Royal Society. The king himself, was an excellent judge of those studies, and though irreligious himself, England never abounded more with learned and able divines, than in his reign. He loved painting and poetry, but was far more munificent to the former than to the latter. The incomparable *Paradise Lost*, by Milton, was published in his reign, but so little read, that the impression did not pay the expence of £15 given by the bookseller for the copy. The reign of Charles II., notwithstanding the bad taste of his Court in several of the polite arts, by some is reckoned the Augustine age in England, and is dignified with the names of Boyle, Halley, Hook, Sydenham, Harvey, Temple, Tillotson, Butler, Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Wycherley, and Otway. The pulpit assumed more majesty, a better style, and truer energy, than it ever had known before. Classic literature recovered many of its native graces, and though England could not under him boast of a Jones, and a Vandyke, yet Sir Christopher Wren introduced a more general regularity, than ever had been known before, in architecture, and many English painters (for Lely and Kneller were foreigners) flourished in this reign.

That of James II., though he likewise had a taste for the fine arts, is chiefly distinguished in the province of literature, by those compositions that were published by the English divines against Popery, and which, for strength of reasoning, and depth of erudition, never were equalled in any age or country.

The names of Newton and Locke adorned the reign of William III., a prince who neither understood nor loved learning, or genius, in any shape. It flourished, however, in his reign, merely by the excellency of the soil, in which it had been planted. It has been observed, that metaphysical reasoning, and a squeamish scepticism in religious matters, prevailed too much, and this has been generally attributed to his indifference as to sacred subjects. Argumentation however, thereby acquired, has still preserved a far more rational tone in every province of literature, than it had before, especially in religion and philosophy.

The most uninformed readers are not unacquainted with the

improvements, which learning, and all the polite arts, received under the auspices of Queen Ann, and which put her Court, at least on a footing with that of Louis XIV., in its most splendid days. Many of the great men who had figured in the reign of the Stuarts and William, were still alive, and in the full exercise of their faculties, when a new race sprang up, in the republic of learning, and the arts. Addison, Prior, Pope, Swift, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Shaftesbury, Arbuthnott, Congreve, Steele, Rowe, and many other excellent writers, both in verse and prose, need but be mentioned to be admired, and the English were as triumphant in literature as in war. Natural and moral philosophy kept pace with the polite arts, and even religious and political disputes contributed to the advancement of learning, by the unbounded liberty which the laws of England allow in speculative matters.

The ministers of George I., were the patrons of erudition, and some of them were no mean proficient themselves. We have already observed, that in this reign, a poet held the pen of first Secretary of State, though Mr. Addison's talents were very inadequate to the post, and his temper still more.

Though George II., was himself no Macænas, yet his reign yielded to none of the preceding, in the numbers of learned and ingenious men it produced. The bench of bishops, was never known to be so well provided with able prelates, as it was in the early years of his reign, a full proof that his nobility and ministers were judges of literary qualifications. In other departments of erudition, the favour of the public generally supplied the coldness of the Court. After the rebellion, in the year 1745, when Pelham was considered as first minister, the screen between government, and literature, was in a great measure removed, and men of genius began then to taste the royal bounty. In this King's reign the Royal Academies of Woolwich and Portsmouth were established; the first, for teaching every branch of the military sciences; the latter, for teaching those branches of the mathematics, which more immediately relate to navigation. The reign of George III., promised to renew a golden age to learning and all the arts. The noble institution of a Royal Academy, and his Majesty's munificence to men of merit, in every study, have thrown an illustrious refulgence round his Court, which must endear his memory to future generations.

Besides learning, and the fine arts in general, the English excel in what we call, the learned professions. Their Courts of Justice are adorned with greater abilities and virtues, perhaps, than those which any other country can boast of. A remarkable instance of which occurs in the appointment of their Lord Chancellor, who held the highest and most uncontrollable judicial seat in the kingdom, and yet it is acknowledged by all parties, that during that time their bench remained unpolluted by corruption or partial affections. The few instances that may be alleged to the

contrary, fix no imputation of wilful guilt upon the parties. The great Lord Chancellor Bacon was censured, indeed, for corrupt practices, but malevolence itself does not say that he was guilty any farther, than too much indulgence to his servants. The case of one of his successors, is still more favourable to his memory, as his censure reflects disgrace only upon his enemies, and his lordship was, in the eyes of every man of candour and conscience, acquitted not only of actual, but intentional guilt. Even Jefferies, infernal as he was, in his politics, never was accused of partiality in the causes that came before him as Chancellor.

It must be acknowledged, that neither the pulpit, nor bar eloquence, has been much studied in England; but this is owing to the genius of the people, and their laws. The sermons of their divines are often learned, and always sound as to the practical and doctrinal part; but the many religious sects, in England, require to be opposed, rather by reasoning, than eloquence. An unaccountable notion has, however, prevailed even among the clergy themselves, that the latter is incompatible with the former, as if the arguments of Cicero and Demosthenes were weakened by those powers of language with which they were adorned. A short time, perhaps, may remove this prepossession, and convince the clergy as well as laity, that true eloquence is the first and fairest hand-maid of argumentation. The reader, however, is not to imagine that we are insinuating that the preachers of the English Church are destitute of the graces of elocution, so far from that, no clergy in the world can equal them, in the purity and perspicuity of language, though we think, if they consulted more than they do the powers of elocution, they would preach with more effect. If the semblance of those powers, coming from the mouths of ignorant enthusiasts, are attended with amazing effects, we daily see what must not be the consequence, if they were exerted in reality, and supported with spirit and learning.

The laws of England are of so peculiar a cast, that several pleadings at the bar do not admit, or but very sparingly, of the flowers of speech, and we are apt to think that the pleading, in the Ciceronian manner, would make a ridiculous appearance in Westminster Hall. The English lawyers, however, though they did little in eloquence, are well versed in rhetoric and reasoning.

Parliamentary speaking, not being bound down to that precedent, which is required in the Courts of Law, no nation in the world can produce so many examples of true eloquence, as the English Senate, in its two houses. Witness the fine speeches, made by both parties, in Parliament, in the reign of Charles I., and those that have been printed since the accession of the present family.

Medicine and surgery, botany, anatomy, and all the arts or studies for preserving life, have been carried into greater perfection, by the English; and, every member of the medical profession, is sure of an impartial hearing, at the bar of the public. The same

may be said of music, and theatrical exhibitions. Even agriculture and mechanism, are now reduced in England to sciences, and that, too, without any public encouragement, but that given by private noblemen and gentlemen, who associate themselves for that purpose. In ship building, clockwork, and the various branches of cutlery, they stand unrivalled.

UNIVERSITIES.

We have already mentioned the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, which have been the seminaries of more learned men than any in Europe, and some have ventured to say, than all the other literary institutions. It is certain that all their magnificent buildings, which of late years, in splendour, and architecture, rival the most superb royal edifices, the rich endowments, the liberal ease and tranquillity enjoyed by those who inhabit them, surpass all the ideas which foreigners, who visit them, conceive of literary societies. So respectable are they in their foundations, that each University sends two members to the British Parliament, and their chancellors and officers have ever a civil jurisdiction over their students, the better to secure their independency. Their colleges, in their revenues and buildings, exceed those of many other Universities. In Oxford, there are twenty, besides five halls, that are not endowed, and where the students maintain themselves.

MAKE A BEGINNING, OR YOU WILL NEVER
HAVE AN END.

THE first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed put in the ground, the first shilling put in the saving's bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all very important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance, that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast, is now creeping and crawling his way, through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning.

INDIANS

IT is said are free of the passion of love, and sensations that render the rest of mankind either happy or miserable. Their perpetual use of rice, their chief food, gives them but little nourishment; and their marrying early, the males before 14, and their women at 10 or 11 years of age, keeps them low and feeble in their persons. A man is in the decline of life at 30, and the beauty of the women is on the decay at 18; at 25 they have all the marks of old age. We are not, therefore, to wonder at their being soon strangers to all personal exertion, and vigour of mind; and it is with them a frequent saying, that it is better to sit than walk, to lie down than sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is the best of all.

READING.

It is good to read, mark, and learn, but it is better to inwardly digest. It is good to read, but better to think one hour, than to read ten hours without thinking. Thinking is to reading (if the book have anything in it) what rain and sunshine are to the seed cast into the ground, the influence of which maketh it bear and bring forth thirty, forty, or a hundred fold. To read is to gather into the barn or storehouse of the mind; to think is to cast seed corn into the ground, to make it productive. To read is to lay a burthen on the back, but to think is to give to feet swiftness, to the hands strength.

THE CHANT OF THE SNOWDROPS.

Bend down thine ear! Soft o'er thy senses stealing
Hear'st thou the music of each silver bell?
Listen! our chime speaks to the heart of feeling,
Hymning His praise who hath made all things well.

Praise be to Him who called us forth to blossom,
Cheering the still breast of the wintry earth;
Praise be to Him who thus in mourner's bosom,
Gives to meek hopes and consolation birth.

See! 'mid wild winds we wave, and are not broken;
Nor doth the dark rain sully our fair hue:
Who doth protect us? He of whom 'tis spoken
"His love is to man as unto grass the dew."

Praise be to him who sent us here, foretelling
Winter's reign is passing, springtide draweth nigh;
Fair flowers we herald, flowers ourselves excelling—
Sweeter in their fragrance, brighter in their dye.

Praise be to Him, for types and emblems cheering;
Praise, for the eye that learns to read them right;
Praise, for the ear pure nature's anthems hearing;
Praise, for the voice that can with them unite.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Two men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he, who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess she was in the wrong.

"TICKLING," says Voltaire, "is the hermaphrodite of feeling—neither pain nor pleasure.

THE Maltese have a proverb that a person who is never in love is sure to be fat.

HERALDRY is one of those foolish things which a man of sense may nevertheless despise too much.

TO THE CONVIVIAL.—Of all toasts avoid drinking to X. S.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"EXCUSE me, madam, but I would like to ask why you look at me so very savagely?" "Oh! beg pardon, sir! I took you for my husband!"

A "SENSIBLE" RESOLUTION.

A YOUNG Irishman, who had married, when he was about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said "he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Methuseleh."

HAYDN'S CREATION.

IT was after Haydn's second visit to England, that he wrote his grand works, the *Creation* and the *Seasons*, which he conceived after hearing the *Messiah* of Handel; and feeling emulous of the great popularity of that king of composers, and desirous of producing something of a similar character, he asked his friend Barthelemon what he would advise him to adopt. Barthelemon put the Bible into his hand, and told him "when he had set that to music he would give him something else." Accordingly, on his return to Germany, in the 63rd year of his age, he set about the composition of the *Creation*, which took him nearly three years to accomplish, and when urged to hurry its production, he calmly said, "I am taking a long time over it, because I mean it to last a long time." Its first appearance was in Lent season, 1798, and almost before we had heard of its appearance in Germany, it was produced by Mr. Ashley at the Oratorios in England.

AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.

WHEN Pope Adrian died, some grateful enemies of his Holiness, raised a statue to his physician, Macerata, and inscribed thereon—"Liberatori Patriæ," "to the liberator of his country."

A DUEL.

AN Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason, "Och!" said Pat, "would you have me lave his mother an orphan?"

AN old bachelor, recommended to take a wife for the sake of companionship, replied—"Marriage, sir, would be simply the exchange of loneliness for disquiet."

GROSS and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.—*Bacon.*

CASTE AND CHRIST.

"He is not ashamed to call them brethren."

Ho! thou dark and weary stranger,
From the tropic's palmy strand,
Bowed with toil, with mind benighted,
What would'st thou upon our land?

"Am I not, O man, thy brother?"
Spake the stranger patiently;
"All that makes thee, man, immortal,
Tell me, dwells it not in me?"

"I, like thee, have joy, have sorrow;
I, like thee, have love and fear;
I, like thee, have hopes and longings
Far beyond this earthly sphere.

"Thou art happy—I am sorrowing;
Thou art rich, and I am poor;
In the name of our *one* Father,
Do not spurn me from your door."

Thus the dark one spake, imploring,
To each stranger passing nigh;
But each child, and man and woman,
Priest and Levite, passed him by.

Spurned of men—despised, rejected;
Spurned from school, and church, and hall,
Spurned from business and from pleasure,
Sad he stood, apart from all.

Then he saw a form all glorious,
Spotless as the dazzling light—
As He passed, men veiled their faces;
And the earth, as heaven, grew bright.

Spake he to the dusky stranger,
Awe-struck there on bended knee;
"Rise! for I have called thee *brother*,
I am not ashamed of thee.

"When I wedded mortal nature
To my Godhead and my throne,
Then I made all mankind sacred—
Sealed all human for mine own.

"By myself, the Lord of ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong;
I have pledged my word unbroken,
For the weak against the strong.

"And upon my gospel banner
I have blazed in light the sign:
He who scorns his lowliest brother,
Never shall have hand of mine."

Hear the word! who fight for freedom,
Shout it in the battle's van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the *God*, is Christ the *Man*!

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it, they would be worth nothing.

EGYPT

Was the land visited by Abraham in search of food, when there was a famine in his own country ;—the land to which Joseph was carried as a slave, and which he governed as prime minister. From Egypt, Moses led the Israelites through the waters of the Red Sea. Here Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations. Here Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, and many other Greek philosophers, came to study. Here Alexander the Great came as conqueror ; and here the Infant Saviour was brought by his parents to avoid the persecution of Herod. Egyptian hieroglyphics, in which the characters are taken from visible objects, are the earliest form of writing ; and the Hebrew and Greek alphabets were both borrowed from them. Egypt taught the world the use of paper—made from its rush, the papyrus. In Egypt was made the first public library, and first college of learned men, namely, the Alexandrian Museum. There Euclid wrote his Elements of Geometry, and Theocritus his Poems, and Lucian his Dialogues. The beauty of Cleopatra, the last Egyptian Queen, held Julius Cæsar, and then Marc Antony, captive. In Egypt were built the first monasteries ; the Christian fathers, Origen and Athanasius, lived there. The Arian and Athanasian controversy began there.

The buildings which now remain are the oldest buildings in the world, and the largest in the world. On the banks of its great river may be seen the oldest arch, the oldest statue, and the oldest column. Up this noble river sailed Herodotus, the most entertaining of travellers, and Strabo, the most judicious. Indeed, as the country is little more than the narrow strip that is watered by the Nile's overflow, from the river may be seen almost all its great cities and temples.

AN old lady once said that her idea of a great man was, "a man who was keerful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on a wash day, to save the whimmen folks the trouble of cooking."

WHICH YOU PLEASE.—Lord John Russell tells a story of how he sat next a man at the Théâtre Francais (during the performance of "Cinna"), who was so discontented with the way in which the actor spoke the line "*Ou laissez-moi périr, ou laissez-moi régner,*" that he exclaimed, "*Ou laissez-moi siffler (hiss), ou laissez-moi sortir (bolt).*"

A SWEEPING PENALTY.—There is in St. Petersburg, Russia, an old custom requiring every person taken up drunk, male or female, to sweep the streets the next day for a certain number of hours.

A NOVUM ORGANUM.—A Jew buying Bacon.

SPIRIT-RAPPING.—Gents knocking at the different doors as they go home at night.

WHAT THE FRENCH ARE PERMITTED TO KNOW BY THEIR MASTER.

THE French censors, that transport a man for caricaturing ever so little the Emperor's nose, permitted the following veracious description of the British House of Commons, to be printed in a Paris paper, a short time ago :—" Speeches are delivered in a psalm-singing tone : members sleep here and there, and everybody yawns ; the Speaker does not use a bell, and no one is ever called to order ; there is never any agitation on any of the Benches ; *ennui* rains in torrents ; Whigs and Tories share among themselves badly-baked biscuits ; a good deal of Barclay and Perkins's porter is drunk ; members go out every moment to swallow a basin of turtle-soup ; on their return they turn over collections of caricatures ; Ministers play at short-whist in a corner ; those who are not asleep read a romance of Dickens ; speakers seem not to care about being listened to."

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here ;
The daisy fresh from nature's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring living flood,
Wond'rous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud.

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within.

And fling it, unrestrain'd and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks may see
In every step the stamp of God.

USELESS.—A gentleman travelling in Ireland said to a very importunate beggar, " You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered, " Un its time I'd parted with 'um when I'd nothing for 'um to do."

A LAZY FRAME OF MIND.—When you look out of window.

THE BEST PLEDGE.—If a man would only look at himself when he was drunk, he never would drink again.

OBVIOUS INITIALS.—It was announced in the *Times* the other day, that " The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £15 in Bank of England notes from 'D. F.' for additional income-tax." No need to ask what D. F. stands for. Decided Fool, of course.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

A YOUNG man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the students' friend, such was his kindness to the young men who received his instructions. While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man, who was employed in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them." "My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expence of the poor. But you are rich and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves." The student did so, and then placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes; while he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes, but feeling something hard, he stooped down, and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again, and again. Then he looked round him on all sides, but could see no one. Then he put the money into his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcome him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to Heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing. The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "Oh! yes, dear sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I shall never forget. I feel now the truth of the words, which I never before understood—'It is better to give than receive.' We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good."

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO.—To pass a bonnet-shop without stopping—to see a baby without kissing it—and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard?"

COVETOUS men are bad sleepers.

IGNORANCE and pride keep constant company.

A FRIEND INDEED.

SOMEBODY—by whom we mean a sort of nobody—has advertised his possession of a secret, the knowledge of which will supersede the necessity for shaving, and do away with all occasion for the use of the razor. This must, indeed, be a secret worth knowing, for we ourselves invariably get into a sad scrape every morning with our beard, and we often wish that razors could be manufactured out of “man’s ingratitude,” which is, according to Shakespeare, the sharpest thing that as yet has ever been discovered. We never look at our own shaving implements without thinking of some of those “wise saws” that the Bard of Avon alludes to, and of which our toilet tackle presents a set of “modern instances.”

THE SLEEPER.

My master travelled far away,
And left me much to do ;
Alas ! I trifled all the day,
Altho’ my days were few.

Wandering and playing like a child,
And moved by every wind,
The fleeting moments I beguiled,
Forgetting that I sinned.

I went to sleep like all the rest,
Whilst time seem’d still and dumb,
But soon he struck upon my breast,
And cried, “thy master’s come !”

’Twas grass cut down by sudden mower,
Or tree by lightning’s stroke ;
Oh ! time, time, time, is this the hour ?
And trembling I awoke.

QUIZZICAL QUESTIONS.

IF two inches make one nail, how many will make a finger ?

IF twenty-one shillings make a guinea, how many will make a guinea pig ?

IF forty rods make one rood, how many will make one polite ?

IF twelve dozen make one gross, how many will make a grocer ?

IF every ship carries a chart, how many will it take to carry the charter ?

IF three miles make one league, how many will make a national confederation ?

A PLACE WHICH YOU ARE CONSTANTLY TOLD OF, BUT WHICH NO ONE EVER FOUND YET.—A place where to get a good cigar.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

I WORK very hard, uncommon hard. Its necessary, my boy, I can tell you, if you want to make a figure in the House, and I do make a figure, at least my friends tell me so. You see, I've travelled a good deal, and when one has travelled, one speaks with confidence about things. My work is this:—In the morning, I take a map of one of the countries I've seen, we'll say Italy. Well, I take the newspapers and read all the foreign correspondence about that country, finding the places in the map. Then I make a note of what has been doing there, and I go to the House. As soon as I see the Foreign Secretary in his place, I get up and ask him if he has any official intelligence, that a donkey, with the Pope's arms tied to his tail, was seen near the door of the English Envoy, at Florence, and whether such symptoms implied that we were going to send a fleet to coerce the Vatican. Or, I ask him, if he has any official intelligence, that an English midshipman had a rotten orange flung at him, in Madrid; and if so, what steps he means to take, to vindicate the honour of the British flag. If the Secretary is in a good temper, he usually says, "No," and there's an end. Sometimes, however, he gives me a wipe, and says, that the only official intelligence that he has heard about a donkey, was the notice that he was going to have a question from one. And, one day, he had me; for, in answer to a question from me about the "Two Sicilies," he asked me to tell the House, where the second Sicily was. I didn't know what to say, and there was such an uproar. So you see we have to work hard at geography, as well as other matters; if you ask me, why I sit in Parliament, I can only say, that you had better apply to my constituents, they know, and so does my banker. I don't.

AN IRISH SCHOLAR.

"COME here, Pat, you truant, and tell me why you come to school so late this morning," said an Irish schoolmaster to a ragged and shoeless urchin, whose "young idea," he had undertaken for a penny a week. "Please your honour," replied the ready witted scholar, "the frost made the way so slippery, that for every step forward, I took two steps backward." "Don't you see Pat," was the rejoinder of the pedagogue, "that at that rate, you would never have reached school at all." "Just what I thought to myself, yer honour," replied the boy, "and so I turned to go home, and after a time, I found myself at school."

THE Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word, dropped from the tongue, cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

NOTHING is beautiful, but truth, truth alone is amiable.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THESEUS *and* HERMIA.

Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
 But I beseech your grace that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun;
 For aye* to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord.
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

* Ever.

SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-DEPENDENCY.

BE and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud, and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have in such a course, grown grey with unblenched honour, bless God and die.

EUROPE is the most civilized part of the world. There flourish the sciences, letters, and arts. The soil, covered with populous towns, is cultivated with care. One there finds many roads and canals, and numerous manufactures, and commerce has opened to Europeans all the regions of the globe, and their ships navigate all the seas.

HOMER is said to be more sublime than all other ethic poets.

THE rose is more beautiful than the violet.

AUTUMN is less varied than the spring.

A WISE tutor said to his illustrious pupil, be meek, humane, accessible, affable, compassionate, and liberal.

DISCORD.

WHEN minds are not in unison, the words of love are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

MASTER BUTCHER—"Did you take old Major Dumbledore's ribs to No. 12?" BOY—"Yes, sir." MASTER BUTCHER—"Then cut Miss Wriggle's shoulder and neck, and hang Mr. Foodle's legs till they're quite tender."—*Punch*.

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

IF you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humour, are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man looking for his hat, while it is on his head, or in his hand.

A HIGHLAND WIDOW.

AT his death, the Laird of Argyleshire, left a beautiful young widow, of course inconsolable for his loss. After the burial and banquet, clansmen and clanswomen, attended by the piper and fiddler, convened for a dance in the castle hall, resolving to mitigate their grief with the highland fling, when unexpectedly the widow herself came in all weeds, and tears, with the tip of her nose scarcely peeping from her crape cap, and she seated herself mournfully on a bench. The gentleman, who was to lead down the dance, thought he could not, in good breeding, ask any other lady than the mistress of the house to stand up with him, and with a deep sigh she consented. He then asked the disconsolate widow the name of the spring, i.e. the tune she would wish to have played. "Oh!" said she, "let it be a light spring, for I have a heavy heart."

LONDON is the finest of cities.

THE French language is spoken in Europe by all enlightened men.

PERSEVERING labour and urgent necessity triumph over the greatest difficulty.

IDLENESS oppresses and makes us wretched.

WE do not always love what we admire.

ON certain superficial minds everything glances, nothing penetrates.

It happens sometimes, in wishing to deceive others, we deceive ourselves.

OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED.

AN American paper says—"We are anxious to collect the autographs of all our subscribers, and therefore request all, whether in city or country, to enclose the amount due in a letter, with their several signatures."

DEATH AT THE MAST HEAD.

[Suggested by the death of THOMAS FRICHARD, who was killed by falling from the mast head of the "Prince of Wales," off Calcutta, aged sixteen.]

Death, thou art welcome here!
That grey head bowed with age,
Decrepitude, and woe,
Life's chapter ends *his* page,
He's quite prepared to go.

Then say, death, art thou near?

Death, thou art welcome here!
The rose upon *her* cheeks
Is fading fast away;
Peace! peace is what *she* seeks,
For sorrow brings decay.

Then say, death, art thou near?

Death, thou art welcome here!
A tear alone lights up
That anxious *mother's* eye,
Long since she's drained the cup
Of biting poverty.

Then say, death, art thou near?

Death, thou art welcome here!
Faded is that brow of health,
Palsied the feeble hand
Which grasped forbidden wealth
To gratify command.

Then say, death, art thou near?

Thou art not welcome here!
A glow of ruddy youth,
The sparkling eye of joy,
The noble lip of truth,
Is thine, young sailor boy!

Oh! say not, death is near!

Thou art not welcome here!
Young in life's rosy hours,
Young in the race of years,
Smiling amidst the flowers,
Regardless of the tears.

Oh! say not death is near!

Thou art not welcome here!
The pulse of life beats high,
To win—a glorious name,
Home hearts in fancy fly,
To herald forth his fame!

Oh! say not, death is near!

Thou art not welcome here !
 Upon that giddy height,
 Far, far from spot of earth ;
 An everlasting light
 Shadows his heavenly berth !
 Then say, death, *art* thou near ?
 Thou art not welcome here !
 He stands 'twixt earth and sky,
 The bow of death is bent,
 The arrow whizzes by,
 His feeble hands relent !
 Oh ! death, why art thou near ?
 Thou art not welcome here !
 His knell is on the breeze,
 While tears bedew his clay,
 And angels of the seas
 Bear his young soul away !
 Oh ! death, *why art thou here ?*

A PLUMPUDDING.

SOME newspaper wag, who insinuates a deal of truth in the wag-gery, says—"The world is like a large plumpudding. There is an abundance of fruit in it too ; but somehow it does not appear to be well stirred ; for we daily see some cut a slice, and get nothing but dough ; while others, with less brains, and born to good luck, obtain the plums."

ONE CHEEK.

SIR FRANCIS DE SALES, being consulted by a lady on the lawfulness of wearing rouge, replied—"Some persons may object to it, and others may see no harm in it, but I shall take a middle course, by allowing you to rouge on *one* cheek."

THE WIDOW'S FRIEND.

AT a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn, straight bodied and most exemplary deacon, submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others standing in need of assistance, when he was asked "Are you sure, deacon, that you have 'embraced' all the widows ?" He said "he believed he had done so, but if any had been omitted, the omission could easily be corrected."

LET us be sparing of time for life is made of it.

IF thou purchasest the superfluous thou wilt soon sell the needful.

WHEN speaking thou sowest, when listening thou reapest.

IT is in cottages that peace and happiness dwell.

WEAK minds triumph over the faults of men of great genius,
 as owls rejoice at the spots of the sun.

A FEW WORDS ON WINES.

"AT this season of the year," as the advertisements and puffing circulars have it, we feel it a duty to give the world a little advice upon wines, and if we cannot tell them exactly what to drink, or what to buy, we can at least inform them what to avoid. We therefore offer the following hints :—

1st.—When you see wine advertised as "an excellent wine to lay down," be sure it is not worth picking up.

2nd.—When you read of wine that is described as "full of body," you may conclude that it is half brandy.

3rd.—When you read of wine particularly "racy," you must set it down as sloe juice.

4th.—When you are asked to purchase a fine old sherry with a nutty flavour, the notion of the nut may suggest the idea of what is commonly termed a "cracker."

5th.—When you read of wine with much beeswing, you may fairly say "buzz."

A JOINER of Matlock, having taken an extra glass, one evening, was rather confused in undressing, and thought he had thrown his clothes upon a chair. Next morning he could not find them. In the fire grate, however, there was a quantity of tinder, a number of metal buttons, and some melted silver, the remains of a watch case. The oblivious joiner had thrown his clothes into the grate, where there happened to be a little smouldering fire.

THOSE who give advice, without accompanying it by example, are like those posts in the country, which point out the way, without pursuing it.

IF the earth were softer or more porous than it is, men and animals would sink into it; if it were harder, it would not yield to the toils of the husbandmen, and could neither bring forth nor nourish what is now produced from its bosom.

IF there were no mountains, the earth would be less inhabited by men and animals; we should have fewer plants, fewer trees; we should be totally destitute of metals, of minerals; vapours could not be condensed, and we should have neither springs or rivers.

THE more we love a person the less we should flatter him.

To obey slowly is not obeying.

EVERY man of courage is a man of his word.

WE do not execute all we propose.

THE heart of the ungrateful man is like a desert, which receives greedily the showers fallen from Heaven, imbibes them, and produces nothing.

ASSOCIATION.

Be careful with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to persons of whose good principles you are not certain. No person, that is an enemy to God, can be a friend to man. He that has already proved himself ungrateful to the author of every blessing, will not scruple, when it will serve his purpose, to shake off a fellow worm like himself. He may render you instrumental to his own purpose, but he never will benefit yours. A bad man is a curse to others, as he is so secretly, notwithstanding all his boasting and affected gaiety, a burden to himself. Shun him as you would a serpent in your path. Be not seduced by his rank, his wealth, his wit, or his influence; think of him as already in the grave; think of him as standing before the everlasting God in Judgment—this awful reality.

ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"He was a man take him for all in all;
I ne'er shall look upon his like again."—HAMLET.

Oh! for the lyre of Israel's singer sweet!
The harp and hand of Jesse's royal son!
To wake a dirge in mournful measures meet
For him the mighty dead, whose toil of life is done.

Publish aloud in Gath and Ascalon,
He felt not as the slain on Gilboa's height;
From him no spoil—no triumph ere was won,
His heart, his watchword still "My country and the right."

But now the silver cord of Love is loosed,
Broken the bowl which held the wine of life;
And Nation's hearts are bowed—their eyes suffused,
With one accord they weep—who most, their only strife,
Thus pays the world its homage by its woes,
Bankrupt in all but grief to pay the debt it owes!

MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a man, in Philadelphia, so thin, that it is thought he will never pay the debt of nature, but will dry up and be blown away.

WORK leisurely and do not boast of a heedless rapidity.

REMEMBER that in life, without some toil, there is no pleasure.

WE always repent of indiscreet pleasures.

PLEASURES may rest upon illusions, but happiness dwells in truth.

HE is rich who receives more than he consumes. He is poor whose expences exceed his income.

TELEMACHUS is the finest work which virtue has inspired to genius.

KING HENRY VIII.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH ON LOSING THE KING'S FAVOR.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours ;
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,*
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have !
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

* Dooming to ruin.

HINTS TO LADIES.

IF you dance well, dance but seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at all. If you sing well, make no puerile excuses. If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked ; for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please. If in a conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint him a difference of opinion, than offer a contradiction. It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles : what folly to make enemies by frowns ! When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart. When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance. If you are envious of another woman, never shew it by allowing her every good quality and perfection, except those which she really possesses. If you wish to let the world know you are really in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom. If you are disposed to be pettish, and insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humour on your dog, your cat, or servant, than on your friend. If you would preserve beauty rise early. If you would obtain power be condescending.

ACTIVITY pays debts, despair augments them.

LET us own our faults to those who love us. At the voice of a good parent, conscience resumes its sway, the heart is softened, we repent and amend.

EMMERLEY TIDDIVATE'S FAMMERLEY TREE.

As for my fammerley, its complete out of my power to say what my distraction, or filigree might have been. Whether my great grandfather come in with the Konkoror, as the Stuckups says theirs did, or went out with the convicks, is more than I can say. For the matter of our fammerley tree, I don't think it partickler probable we ever had one, seeing as father and mother lived in London all their lives, and there weren't nothink but a paved yard at the back of our house, where the only thing as we could get to groe were a crop of mustard and crest off mother's old flannel petticoat.

—*The Shabby Fammerley.*

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO.

CREEVY was at Brussels during the battle of Waterloo. The suspense all that day was intolerable, the rumours were all unfavorable, and the non-appearance of our army in retreat on Brussels, offered the only faint object of hope. Early the next morning, Creevy went to see the Duke of Wellington, who had returned in the night. The Duke rejected all congratulation, and said it was a d—d near thing. Blucher and I thought we could do it, but it was a d—d near thing. Hear was no vanity, no boasting.

—*Notes by Sir R. Heron, Bart.*

LIVE TO DIE.

WHILST we live, let us live well; for let a man be ever so rich when he lights his fire, death may, perhaps, enter his door before it be burnt out.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

OUR Yankee traveller has again written to his mother. Western people go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down East, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbours a pretty long story in my hearing. "Says I, stranger, that's a whopper!" Says he, "Lie there, stranger!" and, in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the ditch, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man, I had never seen before, as a woman passed, "That isn't a specimen of your Western women is it?" Says he, "You're afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, aint you?" "Very much," says I. "Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honour of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hands) shall cure you of those disorders entirely, so don't fear stranger." So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire this Western country much; but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette—it takes me so unawares.—*Chicago Democrat.*

MARRYING THEIR DAUGHTERS.

OF all the fallacies in this world of ours, there is not one more striking than the impressions, that cost what it will, parents must "get their girls off." It is a kind of mania among some—not a step is taken but with reference to it. As soon as a daughter is old enough, to become an ornament to the family, the great anxiety is to turn her out of it. Instead of educating women to fit them for honorable independence, they are taught to clutch at marriage, as a means of support, and to gain it, some sacrifice not only their hopes of happiness, but their self-respect. Marriage, certainly, is the state for which women are formed, and in which they occasionally find the highest blessing. Still it is but a lottery at best. There should be conformity of rank, age, creeds, and thought, or the tie becomes a galling chain!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! may slumbers wait on thee,
Beauteous visions crowd around,
And many gentle loving forms
In the wide land of dreams been found.

Good night! sink sweetly to repose,
Forget the day's cankering care,
Sleep happily until the morn,
Life's scenes again calls thee to share.

Good night! all dark dreams flee from thee,
No phantoms of ill mar thy rest,
Nor bright robed beings hovering near
Shed balm into thy youthful breast.

Good night! to thee—to all mankind,
In joy's bright sunshine or grief's shade;
May anguished hearts and happy minds
Find sleep's oblivion each pervade.

Good night! but ere you sleep this eve,
In prayer soar aloft to God's throne,
Thank him for the mercies received;
Seek the rest of a heavenly home.

RASCALITY.

THERE are some men so rascally, that it is only the fear of showing them our pockets, that prevents us turning our backs upon them.

If the body be in pain, call in the physician; if thy mind languish, call in thy friend; the sweet voice of friendship, is the most certain remedy against affliction.

If we wish to render persuasive the good councils we give, let us divest them of pride, and impregnate them, as it were, with indulgence and sympathy.

A LIKENESS.

MOST people are pleased at perceiving a likeness to themselves, even in the faults of their children.

TOO TRUE.

SOMEBODY, who writes more truthfully than poetically, says—
“An angel, without money, is not thought so much of now-a-days, as a devil with a bag full of guineas.

LIVE TO DIE.

WHEN one of Lady Jane Grey's attendants begged at her execution, that she would bequeath some memorial to her, she gave her this last advice—“Live to die.”

PASSION FOR THE DEAD.

WHEN Lord Holland was dying, George Selwyn called at Holland House, and left his card. It was carried to the dying statesman. Glancing at it for a moment, he observed with a mournful pleasantry—“If Mr. Selwyn calls again, shew him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he would like to see me.” [Selwyn had a great passion for seeing dead bodies.]

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Leicester Mercury*, copies from an old newspaper, a speech delivered by a wealthy citizen, in the year 1654, on the occasion of the election of the Mayor of Norwich:—“Maister Mayor, and may it please your worship,” said worthy Mr. Masters, probably rather excited, “you have feasted us this day like a King. God bless the Queen's grace, we have fed plentifully, and whillon, (whilst) I can speak plain English, I hartily thank you Maister Mayor, and so do we all. Answer boys, answer, bravo, bravo!! Your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners; and so here's for the Queen Majesty's grace, and all our bonny browed dames of honour. Huzza for Maister Mayor, and our good dame Mayoress. Huzza for his little Grace of Norfolk there—he sits, God bless him! Huzza for all this company, and all our friends round the country, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their bellies, to keep out Spanish Dons and Papists, with their faggots to burn our whiskers. Handle your jugs! shove them about! trout your caps, and huzza for Maister Mayor, his brethren, their worships, and all this jolly company.”

BE silent or say something which is of greater value than thy silence.

THE prayer of innocence is the most grateful to God; let us preserve our innocence while we are young; our parents may fall ill.

GOOD SAY.

DR. PARR, when a boy, at Harrow, had so old a face for his age, that one day, his cotemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking hard at him—"Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.

WE have seen a bottle of medicine sent from a druggist's shop not far from White Abbey, the directions appended to which contain the following specimen of orthography:—"Tak 2 tables spoon fulls iverey 9 ourers."

SONNET.

The robin had been singing all the day,
 As merrily as he had done in spring,
 And never had he sung a sweeter lay,
 Altho' the cold snow chill'd his little wing.
 For she was there, that young and happy one,
 To listen to his strains, and well he knew
 By her kind hands the scattered crumbs were thrown,
 For which he sang to her the dull day through.
 But where are now the robin and the maiden?
 Where her sweet songs, and her sweet breath which was
 Like to a summer breeze with odours laden,
 That sweetened all it breathed upon? Alas!
 The robin sleepeth at the maiden's feet,
 And both are folded in a winding sheet!

A CONNOISSEUR.

A CONNOISSEUR happening to while away a spare hour in a celebrated artist's studio, an animated discussion arose as to the colours of immaterial objects. "Thus," said the one, "how would you colour a tempest, supposing there were no clouds?" "Why," replied the artist promptly, "I should say—the storm *rose*, and the wind *blew*."

THE *Bedford Times* states, that at the recent Agricultural Show, in Bedford, the Judges decided that a bundle of *white carrots*, were the *best parsnips*, and gave the prize accordingly.

A PRACTICAL schoolmistress says, in the *Educational Times*—"It would be impossible for me to state how often the question has been put to me, 'Can you make a *stylish* girl?'"

"How fortunate I am in meeting a *rain beau* in this storm!" said a young lady, who was caught in a shower the other day, to her beau of promise, who happened to be along with an umbrella. "And I," said he gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander, when he has caught a *rain dear*." These are the *beau ideal* of wit weather compliments.

GOLD AND SILVER WEDDINGS.

THESE were celebrations once general in some parts of Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that ; but to be fifty years married was a sort of event in the family. The house was quite covered with garlands ; all the neighbours from far and near were assembled ; the ancient pair, dressed in their wedding dresses, walked in procession with music to the church, and the priest married them over again, and preached such a sermon, that every one had tears in their eyes. There was a dinner, too, and dancing and singing ; and in the evening there was no end to the noise, and shouting when they drove off together, for the second time, as bride and bridegroom.

REPUTATION.

THE two most precious things on this side the grave, are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

PLEASURE OF CONTENTMENT.

I HAVE a rich neighbour, that is always so busy, that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He still drudging on, saying, that Solomon says " the diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed ; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation—" That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness ; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself.

LET us never delay a reconciliation ; if offended, let us not refuse our hand ; if aggressors, let us offer it ourselves.

THINK twice before speaking once, and you will speak much better.

" A YANKEE," observes the *Scientific American*, " will dig gardens, saw wood, teach a school, preach, or even edit a newspaper, if necessary for support, but he will not be idle.

VOLTAIRE, speaking of law, said—" I never was but twice in my life completely on the verge of ruin ; first, when I lost a law suit ; and secondly, when I gained one.

PRIVATE CHARACTER OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

PEOPLE who may see a locomotive tearing up and down the land at the rate of forty miles an hour, making the earth tremble beneath its giant tread, and the heavens themselves reverberate with its fearful clatter, scaring nature with its unearthly din, and frightening all creation almost from its propriety, people who only see it in its terrible activity have no idea what eminently social virtues it is endowed with. This is its public character. Its private one is another affair. Now and then, one of these huge monsters, in whose iron bowels slumber more than a thousand giants' power, comes up and stands under our window, and smokes away as gently as the most exemplary cooking stove, its huge steam pipes singing a strain as soft and as dulcet as the most amiable teakettle, and its lungs of steel breathing as sweetly as an infant in its slumbers. But the demon of power is there. Let any one but pinch his ears, and no venerable spinster cat will spit more fiercely. Let him gripe those iron hands, and the pipes which were tuned to so soft a strain send forth a yell as if heaven and earth were coming together, and those lungs which first breathed so quietly cough like volcanos and off it goes, darkening the heavens with its volumes of smoke.

LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR WRATH.

"Father, forgive us!" is our daily prayer,
 When the worn spirits feels its helpless death;
 Yet in our lowly greatness do we dare
 To seek from heaven what we refuse on earth.
 Too often will the bosom, sternly proud,
 Bear shafts of vengeance on its graveward path;
 Deaf to the teaching that has cried aloud,
 "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."
 Were this remember'd, many a human lot,
 Would find more blessings in our home below;
 The chequer'd world would lose its darkest blot,
 And mortal record tell much less of woe.
 The sacred counsels of the wise impart
 No holier words in all that language hath;
 For light divine is kindled where the heart
 "Let not the sun go down upon its wrath."

ONE day, Count Orloff, the favourite and accomplice of the Empress of Russia, in more ways than one, exhibited himself to a Samoied deputy in robes of state, refulgent with diamonds. The savage surveyed him attentively, but silently. "May I ask," said the favourite, "what is it you admire?" "Nothing," replied the Tartar; "I was thinking how ridiculous you are." "Ridiculous!" cried Orloff, angrily; "and pray in what?" "Why, you have your beard to look young, and powder your hair to look old."

EGOTISM.

"It is a hard and nice subject," says Cowley, "for a man to speak of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement; and the readers' ease and the readers' ears to hear anything in disparagement of him."

THE WORLD OF WORDS.

SOFT words soften the soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make its might blaze more freely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and better words make them better, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They smooth and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sorer, and morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

EFFECT OF A GOOD APPETITE.

"My friend," said the keeper of an hotel, to an over avaricious boarder, "you eat so much that I shall have to charge you an extra half-dollar." "An extra half-dollar!" replied his boarder, with his countenance the very picture of pain, "for goodness sake don't do that; I'm most dead now, eating three dollars' worth, and if you put on an extra half-dollar, I shall certainly burst, I shall."

A LADY renowned for repartee, and a gentleman noted for tenacity to his own opinion, were overheard in deep and earnest conversation. Says Mr. M. (waxing rather warm)—"Mrs. C., 'facts are stubborn things.'" Says Mrs. C. to Mr. M.,—"Then what a *fact* you must be."

A SOUL, like an instrument of music, should be well-tuned, to meet the various strains the hand of destiny may call from its thrilling chords. Firmly, yet sweetly, should its tones ring out, of whatever character they are. Strong, but sweet music still, should a God strengthened spirit yield, beneath the touch of sorrow or adversity, as sweet, though it may be sadder, as in its days of brightest power.

A COUNTRY editor thinks that Columbus is not intitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have *missed it!*

THE WAY TO STRENGTHEN BODY AND MIND.

CHILDREN should be taught in such a manner as to be promoted unceasingly to the most vigorous exertions of their own talents. The human mind is not a mere vessel, into which knowledge is to be poured. It is better compared to a bee, fed during the first period of its existence by the labours of others ; but intended, ere long, to lift its wings in the active employment of collecting sweets from every field within its reach. To such excursions as to the accomplishment of such purposes the mind should be early and sedulously allured. This is the only way to give it energy and strength. Without the active exercise of its powers, neither body nor mind can acquire vigour. Without bodily exertion, Goliath six cubits high, would have been only a gigantic boy ; without mental efforts, Newton would have been merely an infant of days.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DEATH.

Groaning and moaning,
His selfishness owning;
Grieving and heaving,
Though nought is he leaving
But pelf and ill-health,
Himself and his wealth.
He sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
Who gives him advice, and offence, and a pill,
And drops him a hint about making his will.
As fretful antiquity cannot be mended,
The miserable life of a bachelor's ended,
Nobody misses him, nobody sighs,
Nobody grieves, when a bachelor dies.

SLANDER.

SLANDER is a secret propensity of the mind to think ill of all men, and afterwards to utter such sentiments in scandalous expressions.

CULTIVATED FIELDS.

A GERMAN priest was walking in procession at the head of the parishioners over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing on the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance, he would pass on, saying, " Here prayers will avail nothing ; this must have manure."

THOUGH reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditations that must form our judgment.

JUDGE ROOKE, in going the Western Circuit, had a great stone thrown at his head, but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. " You see," said he, " had I been an upright Judge, I might have been killed."

THE MAN THAT SEES YOU.

If the man in the moon could speak to the people on earth, how many would blush to hear him.

THE IMPORTANT TRIFLES.

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulations, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

JANUARY.

Stern winter's icy breath, intensely keen,
Now chills the blood, and withers every green;
Bright shines the azure sky, serenely fair,
Or driving snows obscure the turbid air.

Civilized nations in general now agree to begin reckoning the new year from the first of January. It is the coldest month in this part of the world; and, in England, we have seldom now much frost or snow before it. The weather is commonly either clear dry frost, or fog and snow, with rain now and then intermixed. Nothing can be more wonderful than the effect of frost. These effects are painted in a very lively manner, by Thompson, in his *Seasons*.

An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career,
Arrests the bickering stream.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise, while at his evening watch
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow sounding plain
Shakes from afar.

It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night;
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the frost work fair,
Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise:
Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn.

Water, when frozen, is *expanded*; that is, takes up more room than before; hence ice is lighter than water, and swims upon it.

Snow is the water of clouds frozen. The beauty of a country all clothed in new fallen snow is very striking.

The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide,
The works of man.

Hail stones are drops of rain suddenly congealed into a hard mass, so as to preserve their figure. Hoar frost is dew or mist frozen.

Sometimes, it happens, that a sudden shower of rain falls during a frost, and immediately turns to ice. A remarkable scene is then produced, which the following lines most beautifully describe :—

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes :
For every shrub and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn's show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick sprung reeds the watery marshes yield,
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The cracking wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends.

The domestic cattle now require all the care and protection of the farmer, and tended with as much care as the farmers' own children.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky.

The amusements of sliding, skating, and other pastimes on the ice, give life to this dreary season; but our frosts are not continued and steady enough to afford us such a share of these diversions as some other nations enjoy.

Where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then* gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course. Meantime to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

VOTING.

A LADY, talking over Mrs. Oakes Smith's lecture, said of its advocacy of woman's voting, the other evening, "La! what's the use? Is there any woman worth trusting with a vote, who can't make two men at least vote as she likes?"

A CANDID BACHELOR.

THE *Manchester Guardian* contained the following advertisement:—"To her who would be woo'd and won. Madam, I am an Irish old bachelor, aged forty-seven, I do not think myself good looking, though called so by some. Some of my English relations, of high respectability, hold extensive estates, which their ancestors possessed previous to the Conquest. I have been educated in the Dublin University for a physician and surgeon. My income, independent of my profession, is so very small, that I cannot offer it privately to any lady as a settlement. I therefore place myself at the disposal of any lady who will accept the entire devotion of the heart and hand of, madam, your obedient servant,
—— Post Office, Manchester."

THE *Minnesota Pioneer*, advertising the flight of a defaulting doctor, avers that he would take the last shirt from a poor patient, who by accident or miracle survived his treatment.

THOSE beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

"ILLUSTRATED with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," exclaimed the schoolmaster, as he drew the cane across the back of the young urchin.

1851.

A FEW SUPPOSITIONS SUGGESTED BY THE
STATE OF THINGS IN FRANCE.(From *Punch*.)

SUPPOSE the head of the executive, or the minister for the time being, were to take it into his head one morning to abolish the two Houses of Parliament.

Suppose some of the members elected by large constituencies were to think it a duty to go and take their seats, and were to be met at the door by swords and bayonets, and were to be wounded, and taken off to prison for the attempt.

Suppose the minister, having been harassed by a few parliamentary debates and discussions were to send off to Newgate, or the House of Correction, a few of the most eminent members of the opposition, such as the Disraeli's, the Graham's, the Gladstone's, the Baring's, and a sprinkling of the Humes, the Wakley's, the Walmsley's, the Cobden's, and the Bright's.

Suppose the press having been found not to agree with the policy of the minister, he were to peremptorily stop the publication of the *Times*, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Advertiser*, *Daily News*, *Globe*, &c., and limit the organs of intelligence to the government *Gazette*, or one or two other prints that would write or omit just what he, the minister, might please.

Suppose when it occurred to the public that these measures were not exactly in conformity with the law, the minister were to go, or send some soldiers down to Westminster Hall, shut up the courts, send the Lord Chancellor about his business, and tell Lords Campbell, Cranworth, and all the rest of the high judicial authorities, to make the best of their way home.

Suppose a few members of parliament were to sign a protest against those proceedings; and suppose the documents were to be torn down by soldiers, and the persons signing them packed off to Coldbath Fields or Pentonville.

Suppose all those things were to happen with parliament elected by universal suffrage, and under a republican form of government.

And lastly,

Suppose we were to be told that this sort of thing is liberty, and what we ought to endeavour to get for our own country. Should we look upon the person telling us so, as a madman, or a knave, or both? And should we not be justified in putting him as speedily and unceremoniously as possible—outside our doors?

DURING the war, an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket on duty and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an officer with "What are you here for?" "Faith your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they tell me I am here for a century."

JOHN BULL.

THIS national appellation of an Englishman cannot be traced beyond Queen Anne's time, when an ingenious satire, intituled the *History of John Bull*, was written by the celebrated Doctor Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift, the object of which was to throw ridicule on the politics of the Spanish succession. In the plot, John Bull is the Englishman, the frog is the Dutchman, and Charles II. of Spain and Louis XV., are called Lord Strutt and Louis Baboon.

HIGH LIVING AMONGST MONKEYS.

THE large monkeys carry off their wounded whenever it is possible, but we have heard with pain from the natives, assertions which we must confess, throw strong suspicion on the purity and disinterestedness of their motives. The natives assert that they carry off their dead ; or, if they are wounded, at once amiably put them out of pain, covering them over with leaves, and let them lie so, like the babes in the wood, for some days ; but that, when they consider that their deceased friends have become sufficiently tender, they assemble and enjoy the epicurean feast, and that all their apparent sensibility arises from their "*liking their monkeys a little high !*"

FRIENDSHIP.

A FALSE friend and a shadow attend only when the sun shines.

LADY MACBETH.

Enter DOCTOR and MACBETH.

Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad : Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—So good night :
My mind she has mated,* and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Mac. How does your patient, doctor ?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Mac. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivions antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Mac. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

* Confounded.

FRIENDSHIP.

BE not the first to break with a friend. Sorrow gnaws the heart of him who hath no one to advise with but himself.

PRINTER'S INK.

BARNUM being asked one day the secret of his success, simply laughed and said, "Printer's Ink."

WHY DO YOU LOVE YOUR HOME ?

HOME ! it is the bright, blessed, adorable place, which sits highest on the sunny horizon that girdeth life ! It is not the house, though that may have its charms ; nor the fields carefully tilled, and streaked with your own footpaths ; nor the trees, though their shadow be to you like that of a great rock in a weary land ; nor yet is it the fireside, with its sweet blaze ; nor the pictures which tell of loved ones ; nor the cherished looks ; but the altar of your confidence which is there ; the end of your worldly faith ; and adorning it all, is the ecstacy of the conviction that there, at least, you are beloved, that there your errors will meet ever with gentlest forgiveness ; that there your troubles may be smiled away ; that there you may unburthen your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathising ears ; and that there you may be entirely and joyfully *yourself !*

BE NOT AFFRONTED AT A JEST.

IF one throw salt at thee thou will receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

CHEERFULNESS.

A CHEERFUL temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, and render deformity itself agreeable.

A GENTLEMAN filling the situation of clerk, in an office in Broad Street, Bristol, who is accustomed to make himself a cup of tea in the afternoon, was horrified on discovering that he had been living on stewed mouse all the week. He had noticed an obstruction in the spout of the kettle for the last few days, and on making a close investigation, he drew forth, amidst the laughter of his fellow clerks the body of a mouse boiled almost in a jelly.

An editor, out West, says " That he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns, but a tiff broke up the wedding, and the doctor fell sick, so the patient recovered."

LAUGHTER.

MAN is the merriest species of the creation ; all above him and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that, perhaps, cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is, indeed, a very good counterpoise to the spleen ; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joys from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

ADIEU !

[Written on board the packet ship, *Algonquin*, Captain Cheney. Bay of Delaware—Pilot about to quit the vessel—Two, p.m., June 21, 1835.]

Adieu, Columbia! I have mark'd thee well,
Nor yet for ever do I move thee now;
And busy thoughts of thee my bosom swell,
And thronging recollections load my brow.

I've pierced from north to south the endless woods;
Have dream'd in fair St. Lawrence sweetest isle;
Have breasted Mississippi's hundred floods,
And woo'd, on Alleghany's top, Aurora's smile.

And now we part! The ship is flying fast,
Her pathway deck'd with whirling wreaths of foam;
And all the swelling sails, that bend each mast,
Obey the flag which fluttering points to "Home."

Home! home! that tender word let me retrace,
And bid each letter conjure o'er the sea
Some cherish'd wish, and every well lov'd face,
To banish thought of those from whom I flee.

Yet shame I not to bear an o'erfull heart,
Nor blush to turn behind my tearful eyes;
'Tis from no stranger land I now depart,
'Tis to no strangers I devote these sighs.

Welcome and home were mine within the land
Whose sons I leave, whose fading shores I see;
And cold must be mine eyes, and heart, and hand,
When, fair Columbia! they turn cold to thee.

EFFECT OF WINTER.

WINTER, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed ; so does old age rob us of our enjoyment only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.

TRUE religion shews its influence in every part of our conduct ; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

CHEAP tailors are bad enough, but the water companies are the worst of slopsellers.

WELL-FED MEN.

EVERY well-fed man carries with him an accumulated stock of fuel in the shape of fat, just as the locomotive has its load of coke. The body when stinted in food, falls back on this store, but it can last only a short time. As it gets exhausted, the man gets leaner, at length he gets famished, and if deprived of food altogether, he perishes of starvation. The flame of life goes out, because the oil is consumed. If the digestive or nutritive process is interfered with in any way, the same result ensues. Every one knows, that if a chimney gets choked up with soot, the functions of the fire place are interrupted, and it is the same in the human system. Or, if the furnace is not duly supplied with air, the fire will go out, and though you keep on fuel, it will not burn. The analogy holds complete.

THE MISCHIEVOUS MAGPIE.

BIRDS of the pie kind are the analogous of monkeys, full of mischief, play, and misery. There is a story told of a tame magpie which was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air dropping them in a hole about eighteen inches deep made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "Currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

THE MODE OF STOPPING HICCUP.

DOCTOR PRINTY appears to have found a very simple means of arresting this disagreeable and often very obstinate symptom. It is sufficient to squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefingers and thumb of the other hand.

THE RING AND PIG.

"I'LL ring your nose," as the man said to the pig that was rooting in his garden.

VERY TRYING.

AN old beau says—"That all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Beans, after being told by her daughter Sally that 'he needn't come again,' was the most so."

EFFECT OF SLEEPING.

A PUBLICAN's wife, in Suffolk, whilst in church fell asleep, and let fall her bag, in which she carried a large bunch of keys. Aroused by the noise, she jumped up and exclaimed—"Sally, there's another jug broke!"

MORTAL GOOD EFFECTS OF MATRIMONY.

A LADY meeting a girl, who had lately left her service, inquired "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am," answered the girl, "I don't live now, I'm married."

LONDON,

IN its large sense, including Westminster, Southwark, and part of Middlesex, is a city of very surprising extent, of prodigious wealth, and of the most extensive trade. This city, when considered with all its advantages, is now what ancient Rome once was, the seat of liberty, the encouragement of arts, and the admiration of the whole world. London is the centre of trade; it has an intimate connection with all the kingdom; it is the grand mart of the nation, to which every part send their commodities, from whence they are again sent back into every town in the nation, and to every part of the world.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

If there be a time when praises
Sweeter sound in Jesu's ear;
If there bloom a green oasis
In the desert of the year—
'Tis the gladsome Christmas morn,
The blessed day when He was born.

If any spot on earth be nearer
Sanctity than other sod;
Where all is dear, if aught be dearer
Than another unto God:
Well I ween that spot must be
The place of the Nativity.

Thither then in spirit tending,
Let us praise the heavenly Child;
From glory into shame descending
That we might be reconciled:
Love how great, and oh! how free,
Boundless as eternity.

Let a kindling love for ever
Guide us in the coming year;
Doing good, with good endeavour,
Kissing off the scolding tear:
For sweet's the pathway to above
When paved with charity and love.

MATRIMONY.

VEN you're a married man, Sammy, you'll understand a great many things, as you don't understand now; but whether its worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste I think it isn't.

ONE OF THE PROPOSED RESOLUTIONS OF THE PEACE SOCIETY, 1853.

"THAT it is the special and solemn duty of all ministers, of religious parents, instructors of youth, and conductors of the public press, to employ their great influence in the diffusion of pacific principles and sentiments, and eradicating from the minds of men those hereditary animosities and political and commercial jealousies, which have been so often the cause of wars." What a disregard of the principles of the divine sermon on the Mount, by professing Christians, principles capable of enlightening and saving mankind.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

THE late Basil Montague, Q.C., whose death at the advanced age of 82, is recorded to have occurred at Boulogne sur Mer, was formerly a commissioner of bankruptcy, and was so eminent a practitioner in such matters, that for many years he was regarded as an oracle of the bankrupt laws. So little had been heard of him, of late years, that many of his quondam friends laboured under the impression that he had long ago discharged the debt of nature. It is not generally known that this distinguished lawyer was the fourth son of John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, by Miss Margaret Reay, a celebrated beauty of her day. She was the daughter of a staymaker in Covent Garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantua-maker, in George's Court, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell. Having during her apprenticeship attracted the attention of Lord Sandwich, he took her under his protection. A young ensign of the 68th regiment was then in command of a recruiting party at Huntingdon, in the neighbourhood of which stands Hinchinbrook, the mansion of Montagu. Mr. James Hackman, the wretched but highly gifted hero of this sad narrative, fell desperately in love with her, and his passion increased with the daily opportunities afforded him by the invitations he received to his lordship's table. With the object of continuing his assiduous attentions to this lady, and the hope of ultimately engaging her affections, he quitted the army, and taking holy orders, obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, only a few months prior to the commission of that crime which brought him to the scaffold. That Miss Reay had given some encouragement to his fiery passion cannot be denied; the tenor of their correspondence clearly proves it; but gratitude towards the Earl, and prudential motives respecting the welfare of her children, induced her afterwards to refuse the offer of the rev. gentleman's hand, and to intimate the necessity which existed for discontinuing his visits. Stung to the quick by this sudden and unexpected termination of his long cherished and most ardent passion, no doubt can exist that Mr. Hackman's mind became unsettled. He was then lodging in Duke's Court, St. Martin's

Lane, and on the fatal day, the 7th of April, 1779, was occupied all the morning in reading "Blair's Sermons," but in the evening, as he was walking towards the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in her coach, accompanied by Signora Galli. He followed and discovered that she alighted at Covent Garden Theatre, whither she went to witness the performance of "Love in a Village." Mr. Hackman returned to his lodgings, and arming himself with a brace of pistols, went back to the theatre, and when the performance was over, as Miss Reay was stepping into her coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged at her, and killed her on the spot; and the other, at himself, which did not, however, take effect. He then beat himself about the head with the butt end of the pistol, in order to destroy himself; but was eventually, after a dreadful struggle, secured and carried before Mr. John Fielding, who committed him to Tothell Fields Bridewell, and afterwards to Newgate, where he was narrowly watched to prevent his committing suicide. He was shortly afterwards tried before the celebrated Justice Blackstone, author of the *Commentaries*, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, on the 19th of the month, where he suffered the last penalty of the law, with all the firmness becoming a gentleman and a Christian, who felt that he had committed an irreparable injury, and that his life was justly forfeited to the outraged laws of his country, although he persisted to the last, that the idea of murdering the woman he so fondly loved, originated in the frenzy of the moment, and never was or could have been premeditated. One circumstance in this slight narrative, which redounds so highly to the honour of the party most aggrieved in this sad affair, must not be omitted. Lord Sandwich with a noblemindedness rarely exemplified in such extreme cases of injury to the pride and sensibility of man, wrote to Mr. Hackman, after sentence of death was passed upon him, the following note:—

"17th April, 1799.

"If the murderer of Miss ——— wishes to live, the man he has just injured will use all his interest to procure his life."

The prisoner replied the same day:—

"Condemned Cell in Newgate.

"The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer, as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not life. One wish he has—could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured. Oh! my lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her, (if departed spirits are not ignorant of worldly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants."

It is almost needless to observe, that the noble earl did faithfully comply with the dying wishes of the wretched man, and was a good and generous father to all the children of this connection, of whom the learned gentleman was one.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A WRITER beautifully remarks, that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune, and even crime, is set up a barrier between her and her son. Whilst the mother lives he will have one friend on earth, who will listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will solace him when in sorrow, and speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affection knows no ebbing tide, it flows on from a pure fountain, spreading happiness through all this vale of tears, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

FORGIVE AND FORGET !

Forgive and forget !—it is better
 To fling every feeling aside,
 Than allow the deep cankering fetter
 Of revenge in thy breast to abide.

For the step through life's path shall be lighter,
 When the load from thy bosom is cast,
 And the sky that's above thee be brighter,
 When the cloud of displeasure is passed.

Though the spirit swell high with emotion,
 To give back an injustice again,
 Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
 For remembrance increases the pain.

And why should we linger in sorrow,
 When its shadow is passing away,
 Or seek to encounter to-morrow,
 The blast that o'erswept us to-day.

Oh ! memory's a varying river,
 And though it may placidly glide,
 When the beams of joy o'er it quiver,
 It foams when the storm meets its tide.

Then stir not its current to madness,
 For its wrath thou wilt ever regret,
 Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
 Ere the sun set forgive and forget !

HEALTH AND MONEY.

THERE is this difference between those two temporal blessings—health and money. Money is the most enjoyed, but the least envied ; and this superiority of the latter, is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

PEA JACKET.

" FATHER, do folks make clothes out of peas ?" " No, foolish boy. Why do you ask that question, Simon ?" " Why I heard a sailor talk about his *pea* jacket."

SUPERIOR TASTE OF WOMEN.

WOMEN have a much finer sense of the beautiful than men. They are, by far, the safer umpires in matters of propriety and grace. A mere school girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill side, beyond the shapeless diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees, that gird the village steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles, around many a mound of earth. In town and village there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs beamed high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the household gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time, and all its comforting and peaceful re-assurances; and of the history that reunited even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness, that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

READY WIT.

A PERSON threw the head of a goose on the stage of the Belville Theatre. Costo, advancing to the front, said—"Gentlemen, if any amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it at the conclusion of the performance."

DOG WANTED.

A KENTUCKY editor advertised as follows:—"Wanted at his office, a bull dog, of any colour, except pumpkin and milk, of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—can come when called with a raw beef steak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove, and steals our exchanges."

NICE DISTINCTION.

"I SELLs peppermints on Sundays," remarked a good old lady, who kept a confectioner's shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps them awake to hear the sermon, but if you want brandy cherries you must come week days, they're secular commodities."

VERY PECULIAR.

THE *Boston Bee* states, that at the recent dress ball at Newport, one of the most attractive ladies present was attired in a white muslin dress, *tuck'd* up to the waist.

MATRIMONY.

SCARCELY one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarcely one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is generally more a fanciful creation of our own than reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt.

UPON SOME DISPUTES IN A MESS AT SEA.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. MR. ENGLISH.

Where spring the seeds of baneful strife,
Blasted are all the sweets of life,
No social joys will here abide,
Till discord quits the vessel's side;
None but ungentle scenes arise,
While friendship's chain disjointed lies.
'Tis harmony that smooths the seas,
And gives the ocean pow'r to please;
'Midst raging winds content imparts,
And weans from shore our anxious hearts.
Then let this wish our goblet crown
Domestic jars no more be known,
Thus of all rancour dispossess,
Fair peace shall dwell in ev'ry breast.

A READY WRITER.

"You labour too hard on your composition, doctor," said a flip-pant clergyman to a venerable divine. "I write a sermon in three hours, and *think nothing of it*." "So do your congregation," quoth the doctor.

THE AMERICAN STAR.

AN American writer says—"We are born in a hurry; we are educated with speed; we make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and to re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high pressure engine, our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

SHERIDAN's persecutor was an elderly twaddler of the fair sex. He escaped her by maintaining that the weather was too bad to go out; and when she caught him returning from a walk, and accused him of inconsistency, "It cleared up," he said, "enough for one, but not for two."

NEVER GET ANGRY,

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort ; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment ; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool : and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way ? Who wishes him for a neighbour, or a partner in business ? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind, as if they were living next to a hornet's nest, or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for being angry. What if business is perplexing, "and every thing goes by contraries," will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the grounds more productive, the markets more favourable ? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured ? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only in the bosom of fools, why should it be indulged in at all ?

GLORY.

THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire with us to be remembered by coming generations. But how shortlived is the immortality of the works of our hands. The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The ploughman turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiselled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being, whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet, once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages, the lineaments of the spirit ; and these alone, can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection, or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered, by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away,

and mourners and mourned have sunk together in forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smoothed tongue beadle, as now he hurries you through the aisles and chapel, utters, with measured cadence, and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honoured dead, and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well conned lesson, to another group of idle passers by. Such in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused our intellect from its slumbers; which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth;" or by those examples which have inflamed our souls with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that we hold communication with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

A SONNET.

To thee we owe a vast, vast debt,
 Oh! what a dull affair would be the year,
 Our weary, wintry, uphill work how drear,
 Were not thy half way house thus blithely set.
 'Twixt fall and spring, for travellers to forget
 Their worst November fogs in thy sweet cheer,
 And dream that January's icy spear
 Might in thy festal glow, drop pointless yet.
 Let the bold winds pipe high! we're strong at heart,
 A toast shall drown their roar! Here's home again
 To all our absent friends from every part,
 Be it from Africa's sands or Arctic main,
 Ah! with the thought, the tears unbidden start
 For those the world is looking for—in vain!

THE VALUE OF A SOLDIER.

THE *Medical Times* has ascertained that the marketable value of every private soldier, dying in our East India possessions, is £130; this sum being required to train, equip, and bring from Europe, another man to place in his stead.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

A DRUNKEN, worthless countryman, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him, and began to lick his mouth. Sawney roared out "Wha's kissen me noo? Ye see how it is to be weel likit among the lasses."

TIME's chariot wheels make their carriage road in the fairest face.

CAN a man who has an appetite for a chicken be said to be *foul* mouthed?

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

JULIAN I. has the credit of transferring the celebration of Christ's birth, from January 6th, to December the 25th, but Mosheim considers the report very questionable. It would appear that the Eastern Church kept Christmas on January 6th, and the Western Church on December 25th. At length, about the time of Chrysostom, the Oriental Christians sided with the Western Church. Bingham also cites Augustine, as saying that it was the current tradition, that Christ was born on the 8th of the Kalends of January, that is, on the 25th of December. Had, therefore, Julian I., dogmatically fixed the 25th of December, as the birthday of our Saviour, it is scarcely possible to suppose that Augustine, who flourished about half a century later, would allege current tradition as the reason, without any notice of Julian.

THE GOVERNESS.

IN engaging with a governess, her efficiency may not, in the exact order of things, be relied on. It is well to remember that some patience will be necessary; you cannot, all at once, expect to find her all you could wish. She will be presumptuous, perhaps, or perhaps she will be nervous, and overanxious. In either case, she will require your forbearance, or even help. There is much in making a beginning. Give her all the benefit of your better knowledge of the characters of your children. Let no maternal vanity interfere with your truth in this respect, encouraging her to refer to you; and when she does so, avoid a too dictatorial tone. She may, without being a weak woman, be a timid sensitive woman; the tone of command discourages, even where it is not felt as an affront. Your first object should be to strengthen her spirits for the task, and give her such assurance in herself, as shall enable her to govern with a firm hand. The writer is obliged to confess having seen the reverse—mothers absolutely alarmed at their governesses' cold, and haughty, and distant manner, out of mere shyness, and an embarrassed consciousness of their own deficiencies. Now, unless they have to deal with a woman of strong sense, and quick penetration, this is fatal to all future good understanding. The health and temper of the governess will greatly influence the happiness of the school room; yet, if the feelings of politeness and reserve, on these delicate points, be once overstepped, it might cause much mischief. Without assuming anything, without dictation or undue interference with personal feelings, it is in the power of a wise and considerate mother to make her arrangements promote both health and good temper, which depend more on outward influences than we are apt to allow, particularly when others are concerned. The accommodation the governesses receive is generally consequent upon fortune. It should be the best circumstances will afford. A large airy school

room is very essential, without luxury, but also without that look of bareness and vulgar discomfort occasionally to be met with. We recollect an instance of the family of a nobleman, as celebrated for his lavish expenditure, as his wife for her airs and extravagance, and whose house was one of the finest in London. You went, by a back staircase, to a small set of rooms, with confined, gloomy aspect. The study was barely furnished, a carpet faded and mended, stifled backed chairs, as if invented for penance, a large table against the wall, the map of Europe, and the stream of Time. A look of meanness, coolness, barrenness, which would have chilled any woman accustomed to a home, or who had known the habits and accessories of elegant life. And out of a vulgar or inferior existence, we presume a governess is seldom to be selected, affording a contrast, painful in the extreme, which most assuredly ought not to be the case. If luxuries are here out of place, let there be, at least, comfort. To surround your governesses with these little appliances, which are felt more in the absence than in the presence, with all that can lighten toil and make confinement and dependence to be endured, is a point of common benevolence and charity. It is, also, a matter of good sense and calculation, for all that sustains the self-complacency and brightens the spirits of the governess, which will re-act on your children.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Hail to the day, which He who made the heaven,
 Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blest,
 Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest;
 Hail to the day, when He by whom was given
 New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
 Arose! That day his church hath still confessed,
 At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
 Sign of a world called forth, a world forgiven.
 Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,
 The Lord's own day! to man's Creator owed,
 And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase,
 In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;
 Type of the rest, when sin and care shall cease,
 The rest remaining for the lov'd of God.

GRIEF AVOIDED.

CICERO says, as the mind by foreseeing and preparing for grief, makes all grief the less, a man should consider all that may befall him in this life; and certainly the excellence of wisdom consists in taking a near view of things, and gaining a thorough experience in all human affairs, in not being surprised when anything happens, and in thinking, before the event of things, that there is nothing but what may come to pass. Wherefore, at the very time that our affairs are in the best situation, at the very moment we should be most thoughtful how to bear a change of fortune.

EDMUND BURKE.

authors, Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, were chosen; and their great follower, Burke, wrote in He says, "to love the little platform we belong germ of all the public affections."

TO SERVANTS, IN TOWN AND
COUNTRY, HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

BY A LOVER OF FUN.

Good friends, as Christmas comes but once a year, and is generally looked upon to be the season of festivity, it will become ye to set a proper example to your masters and mistresses, by shewing a hospitable treatment to your friends. If the family were out so much the better. If ye have leave to entertain two or three friends, be sure to understand that such a licence means two or three and twenty, and if you are told you may give them a dish extraordinary, take great care to provide a dozen. Ye must not mind a little expence, for the more ye increase the butchers', poulterers', and fishmongers' bills, the better they can afford to give you Christmas boxes, and that ye know, is better worth having, than your masters' interest, who probably gives ye no Christmas box at all. If ye have had your wits properly about ye, ye will have taken care long ago, to have provided a good stock of wines, either by taking a bottle at a time out of one bin, whilst your masters are stooping into the other, or by carrying off full bottles amongst the empty ones; or by getting, at every opportunity, possession of the key of the cellar door. The last method is by much the best, as by that means, ye may suit yourselves with the oldest and best liquors, which probably your masters may be too stingy to drink, but upon very particular occasions. I advise ye also to use the best china at dinner, and the best glasses after it, because as it is most likely some of the company will get completely drunk, and many plates and glasses will be broken, ye will have an opportunity to oblige some friend of a chinaman to replace them at your masters' cost. Take care that there is a great profusion of provisions, because what ye don't waste at the time, ye may send to some friends the next day. In the evening, if ye have any gentility, ye will provide card tables and give a dance; two fiddlers will be much better than one, and a pipe and tabour ye will have, of course. Ye can charge the musicians to house expences, under any article you think proper; or at the worst, set them down as sundries. If ye play a quadrille, ye can't play for less than silver, and the losing may be very properly set down in the weeks' expences for the house. If ye observe these rules, ye will observe Christmas as it is generally kept, and my trouble will not be in vain. We should justly observe, that our friend's rules were given upwards of seventy years ago.

EXAGGERATION.

IF there be any one mannerism, that is universal among mankind, it is that of colouring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth, we must exaggerate, we must have "a little too much red in the brush." Whoever heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark," of a stout man who was not "as strong as a horse," or of a miry road that was not "up to the knees." We would walk fifty miles on foot to see the man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks. But where is such a man to be found? From "rosy morn to dewy eve," in our common conversation, we are constantly outraging the truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, "we have scarcely had a wink of sleep." If our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are "as wet as if dragged through a brook." If a breeze blow up while we are in the chops of the channel, the waves are sure to "run mountains high." And if a man grow rich, we all say that "he rolls in money." Very lately, a friend, who would shrink from wilful misrepresentations, told us hastily, as he passed, that "the newspaper had nothing in it but advertisements."

OH! WEEP NOT THUS!

Oh! weep not thus for me, Florence, where'er my course may be,
A few short months, and my proud ship will bear me back to thee;
And when the soft bright glances of the moon shine o'er the deep,
I'll breathe a prayer for thee, dearest, so do not, do not weep.

When I return, I'll bring for thee, gay jewels, rich and rare,
To make a circlet for thy brow, or place amongst thy hair;
I'll catch the golden plumag'd birds, that live amidst the flowers,
And their sweet warblings, soft and wild, will cheer thy lonely hours.

And when dark clouds are low'ring, and the thunder roars on high,
And the lightning, like a flashing sword, doth cleave in twain the sky;
Thou, in all thy youthful beauty, my star of life shall be,
And let the storm rage e'er so wild, I'll ever think of thee!

So weep no more, dear Florence, but banish now thy sadness,
And let the sunlight of thy smile steal forth in all its gladness;
And by all the perfumed flowers, and the glorious sky above,
Thou to thy sailor boy shall be his own fair Queen of Love!

TRUTH AND FICTION.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury said one day to Garrick—"Pray inform me, Mr. Garrick, how it is that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your auditory with things imaginary, as if they were real, while we of the Church speak of things real, which many of our congregation receive as things imaginary?" "Why, my Lord Bishop," replied Garrick, "the reason is plain; we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." The bishop tacitly acknowledged the justice of the remark, and bowed to the reproof of the actor.

TRUE, MOST TRUE !

THE innocent associations of childhood, the kind mother who taught us to whisper the first accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our heart throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the first objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever widening circle.

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer, man's a flower ;
He dies alas ! how soon he dies.

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THE loss of a friend, upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish, and endeavour tended, is a state of dreary desolation, in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing, but emptiness and horror. The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the pious simplicity, the utmost resignation, the patient sickness, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

THE WISH BONE.

A LOVELORN swain broke a wish bone with his "heart's queen," somewhere up in New Hampshire. "Neow, what do you wish, Sally ?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation. "I wish I was handsome," replied the fair damsel ; "handsome as Queen Victory !" "Je-ru-sa-lem ! what a wish !" replied Jonathan ; "why you are handsome 'nuff neow ! But I'll tell you what I wish, Sally—I wish you was locked in my arms, and the key was lost !"

VALUE OF A DOLLAR.

IF you would learn the value of a dollar, go and labour two days in the burning sun as a hod carrier. This is an excellent idea ; and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn their dollars in that way, how much less dissipation and crime should we witness every day. So of our fashionable young ladies, if they, like some of the poor seamstresses of our large cities, had to earn their dollars, by making shirts at twopence a piece, how much more truthful notions would they have of the duties of life, and their obligations to the rest of the world.

HEROIC REPLY.

A SPARTAN once joined the ranks of his countrymen, who were proceeding to battle. He was lame, and the circumstance of his appearing under such disadvantage, provoked the ridicule of his companions. "I came to fight—not to fly!" was the response of the limping hero.

WHAT IS TIME ?

I ask'd an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs—
 "Time is the warp of life" he said, "Oh! tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."
 I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd—
 "Time sow'd the seed, we reap in the abode!"
 I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the tide,
 Of life had left his veins—"Time!" he replied,
 "I've lost it! Ah! the treasures!" and he died.
 I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years;
 They answered—"Time is but a meteor glare,
 And bade us for eternity prepare."
 I ask'd the seasons, in their annual round,
 Which beautify or desolate the ground;
 And they replied, (no oracle more wise)—
 "'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"
 I ask'd a spirit lost, but oh! the shriek
 That pierc'd my soul! I shudder while I speak!
 It cried—"a particle! a speck! a mite!
 Of endless years duration infinite!"
 Of things inanimate, my dial I,
 Consulted, and it made me this reply—
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path of glory, or the path of hell."
 I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said—
 "Time is the present hour, the past is fled;
 Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."
 I ask'd old Father Time himself at last,
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past—
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
 I ask'd the mighty angel who shall stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land—
 "By Heaven!" he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;
 Time was—but Time shall be no more."

GILBERT STEWART, the celebrated portrait painter, is said to have once upon a time, met a lady in the streets of Boston, who hailed him with—"Ah! Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, 'because it was so much like you.'" "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Stewart, "it was not like me." This is said to have been the original, probably, of General Morris's "Miniature."

REFLECTION ON WEALTH.

EVERY man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and his enjoyments. Any enlargement of his wishes is, therefore, destructive to his happiness, with the diminution of possession. He who teaches another to long for what he can never attain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of patrimony. The rich lose all gratifications, because their wants are prevented ; and, added to the lassitude which follows satiety, they have a pride proceeding from wealth, which makes them impatient at the loss of pleasure, though they have no enjoyment from the possession of it. The perfume of ten thousand roses, pleases but for the moment, the pain occasioned by one of the thorns is long felt. One hardship, in the midst of luxuries, is to the opulent, a thorn amongst flowers. They have a lively sense of it, and the effect of every thing is increased by contrast. Riches are of no value themselves, their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are coveted by narrow minds, (which confound the means with the end,) for the sake of power, influence, and sensual enjoyments. It almost always happens, that the man who grows richer, changes his notions of poverty, stakes his wants by some new measure, and flying from the enemy that pursues him, lends his endeavour to overtake those which he sees before him. Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little : the bramble may be planted in a hot-bed, but it will never become an oak !

IDLENESS AND VICE.

GREAT examples to virtue or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy, for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand pacific ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness ; but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle, and cease to be idle.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

PLEASURE is to a woman what the sun is to the flower ; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves ; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary for the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shadows are to the rose, conforming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

LANGUAGE OF YOUNG LADIES.

THE Rev. A. Peabody, in an address which has been published, enlarges upon the use of the exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech, used by young ladies—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands of myriads for any more than two. "Were I," says he, "to write down for one day the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret, literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hair breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experience, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, had enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice, for a dozen common lives."

EPIGRAMS ON COLLEGE SQUABBLES.

NO. I.

"Polly put the Kettle on."

The Poet must still, when he calls for his cup,
Ask Polly, the Kettle to manage,
For the Kettle, when Patty goes putting it up,
Boils over and does itself damage.

NO. II.

"The Nine Muses."

Descend you nine, descend and strip
(Start not, fair maids, but wait),
The mask from term-like Fellowship,
Which means but strife and hate.

NO. III.

'Twas Pot of old and Pat of late,
Who called the Kettle black,
See Kettle now retaliate,
And hurls defiance back.

Now Pat like Pot, may not be white,
But this at least is plain,
So filthy black is Kettle spite,
That Pat's as fair again.

NO. IV.

To choose a Rector, oh! what scheming,
Schemes of which so few were dreaming,
To what a Kettle of fine fish,
Does Thompson owe *his* gaudy dish!

PERSEVERANCES.

A BEAUTIFUL Oriental proverb runs thus—"With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding. And what difficulty is there at which a man should quail, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of the mulberry!"

LEARNING TOO SOON.

AT sixteen, the girl's education is often considered finished. At the very age, when, if a right system of physical and mental discipline had been pursued, she would have been prepared, with a strong mind in a strong body, to commence serious study, her education is pronounced finished, and she willingly lays aside her tasks to enter society more fully than was possible, during the period of her schooling. Henceforth pleasure is the chief object; for the plans that, perhaps, were formed on leaving school, for reading, and study, are never executed; the mind is not prepared to exert its powers alone. The knowledge already acquired has no connexion with her present life; her social nature needs companionship; and the temptations of society are too strong to be long resisted. And what has been gained, during three long years of school, at such a sacrifice of physical strength? The logic has not taught her to reason well on any subject; the mental and moral philosophy will furnish her in the preparation of wholesome food, or taking stains out of her furniture; the botany will not render more interesting the country rambles that she does not care to take. She will never use her natural philosophy to make the fire burn, or ventilate her house. These studies will be completely dropped and soon forgotten; for they were learned too soon; the mind could not retain them; they were acquired too superficially, too unpractically, to be of any use in strengthening the understanding, or aiding in daily life. The music may be useful in society, if there is any natural taste for it; if it is simply acquired with much drudgery, it will be at once dropped. The French will be of doubtful service; the young lady is too shy to speak of it, if the occasion should present itself; if natural taste or circumstances induce her to persevere in its study, it may prove an elegant, accomplishment; but in general, that too, is dropped. What, then, is made serviceable, out of the long list of studies? A little reading and writing, (for it is very rare to find an elegant writer, still rarer one who can read well aloud,) some arithmetic, and the general outlines of history and geography—this may be retained for life, and this is about all! Little real knowledge is gained, but an evil habit of mind has been acquired; a habit of careless, superficial thought, and inability to apply the mind closely to any subject; and this habit, unfortunately, cannot be dropped with the superficial acquirements which produced it. What a result is this for years of time spent and much money! Surely we may call it as criminal waste of life.

A THANKFUL SOUL.

"WHAT are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a gay damsel of her lover. "I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the fine reply. "The *smallest* favours gratefully received," was the merry response of the lady.

CHEATING AND BEING CHEATED.

LYING (says Leigh Hunt) is the commonest and most conventional of all vices; it is one that pervades, more or less, every class of the community; and it is fancied to be so necessary, to the carrying on of human affairs, that the practice is tacitly agreed on. In the monarch, it is the "king craft;" in the statesman, "expediency;" in the churchman, "mental reservation;" in the lawyer, "the interest of his client;" in the merchant and shopkeeper, "secrets of trade."

THE DEATH OF UNCLE TOM.

"Speak!" thundered Legree, striking him furiously. "Do you know anything?" "I know, mas'r; but I can't tell anything. *I can die!*" Hark'e, Tom—ye think 'cause I've let you off before, I don't mean what I say; but this time I've made up my mind, and counted the cost. You've always stood it out agin me—now I'll conquer you or kill you!"—*Vide Uncle Tom's Cabin*, p.p. 302-3.

"Speak!"—cried Legree—"I bid ye speak!
And tell me where they lie!"
"I cannot tell!" the old man cried,
"But mas'r, *I can die!*"
Out spoke Legree—"Now hark to me,
You shall not thwart my will!
I've counted up the cost and swear
I'll conquer you or kill!"

Through the silence of that fearful night,
Beneath God's blessed sky,
That writhing—tortured man was lashed,
And yet he breathed no cry!
Ah! no, that brave heart could not quail,
Though death before him stood,
Nor would he, e'en to save his life,
Betray the guiltless blood!

Legree! Legree! your hour is passed,
And sealed your guilty doom,
The pealing cry of blood shall rise,
From that poor Negro's tomb.
And oh! Columbia! are you free,
Who fostered such a son?
Are fetters worthy of the land
That boasts of Washington?

ALL the world are delighted to watch the young as they grow up together. To me it is no less delightful to see two creatures of distinct tempers and passions, by degrees melting into one, to see how happy those may be who habitually prefer the happiness of another to their own; to see finally, real love, like a flower, blooming amid ruins, surviving the vigour of youth, and all those attractions on which it is thought to depend.

A GREAT crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Dean, "what was to be seen?" "Oh!" replied he, "only a cobbler's end."

BRUMMEL'S IMPUDENCE.

HE had, when a boy, at Eton, been presented to the Prince, on the terrace, at Windsor. It now seems that some of the heir apparent's boon companions, mentioned to him the young Etonian, as having grown up into a second Selwyn, whereupon his Highness expressed a wish to see him. As he had no undue bashfulness to stand in the way of his preferment, he was soon received into a high degree of favour. His assurance, indeed, was sublime, leading him to do and say things, which would scarcely have entered into the head of any one but himself. Take this for an example:—A great law lord, who lived in Russell Square, had one evening given a ball, at which a Miss J., one of the beauties of the day, was present. All the young men were, of course, anxious for the honour of dancing with her, and numerous were the applications made to her, as she sat enthroned in an arm chair. Being, however, to the full as proud as she was beautiful, she refused them all, till the young hussar made his appearance, and he having preferred to lead her out, she at once acquiesced, greatly to the wrath of disappointed candidates. In one of the pauses to the dance, he happened to find himself close to an acquaintance, when he exclaimed, "Ha! you here? Do, my good fellow, tell me who that ugly fellow man is, leaning against the chimney-piece?" "Why, surely you must know him," replied the other; "'tis the master of the house." "No, indeed," said the cornet, coolly, "how should I? I never was invited." This was a feat that, we believe, no one except Theodore Hook, ever rivalled.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

"CERTAINLY," says a cotemporary, "but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due to him."

THE best spider and fly story is the following:—"A very strong loud blustering fellow of a blue bottle fly bounded accidentally into a spider's web. Down ran the old spider, and threw her long arms around his neck; but he fought, and struggled, and blew his drone, and buzzed, and sang sharp, and beat, and battered, and tore the web in holes, and so got loose. The spider would not let go her hold round him, and the fly flew away with the spider!" This is related on the authority of Mr. Thomas Bell, the naturalist, who witnessed the heroic act.

THERE are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Wonts," and the "Cants." The former effect everything, the other oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything.

"I WONDER what the ghost of a mail coach would carry in its bag?" asked the landlord. "The dead letters, of course," said the bag man.

INTEMPERANCE.

THERE is a beautiful and instructive story on this point, the produce of those Eastern lands, where men are temperate, both by the influence of the skies, and also by the influence and character of their religion—false and mistaken as it otherwise is. It is told, that a certain poor sinner was doomed, and was induced to commit one of three great sins, and had his choice which he would fall into. The first sin was murder; the second was not, but it was something very bad, though we cannot now remember exactly what it was; and the third was to get drunk. The poor sinner, left to his own weak, unassisted judgment, ventured on getting drunk, as being, in appearance, free of the atrocious character of the two other crimes offered to him, and perhaps, being to his taste not wholly abhorrent. He made his selection, and got drunk, and then committed the other two crimes, as accompaniments of the crime of his choice.

SPRING.

Up, up, let us greet
The season so sweet,
For winter is gone:
And the flowers are springing,
And little birds singing,
Their soft notes ringing,
And bright is the sun!
Where all was drest
In a snowy vest,
There grass is growing
With dew drops glowing,
And flowers are seen,
On beds so green.

THE POOR AUTHOR IN ALL AGES.

IF the flowers strewed before me had but a little gold leaf on them, I should be the happiest dog in the world. It is strange that the people who value the silk so much, should not feed the poor worm, who wastes himself in spinning it out to them.

AN anxious Scotch mother was taking leave of her son, on his departure for England, and giving him good advice. "My dear Sauny, my ainly son, gang South, and get all the siller from the Southernns; take everything you can; but the English are a brave boxing people, and take care of them, Sauny. My dear son, Sauny, never fight a bald man, for you cannot catch hold of him by the hair of his head."

WHEN admitted to an audience of a Mandarin, whatever is your first remark, he repeats your own words, and instead of answering, asks, "How old are you?" This is considered a form of politeness, and a necessary compliment.

AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS, STEADY BOY.

Advertisement, headed as above. It conveys to
 a moral lesson. "An honest, industrious
 He will be sought for; his services will
 respected and loved; he will be spoken
 of with admiration; he will always have a home;
 his known worth and established character.
 A merchant will want him for a salesman
 A mechanic will want him for an apprentice or
 A man with a job to let will want him for a contractor;
 Parents will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; reli-
 gious congregations for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their
 children; and the people for an officer. He will be wanted.
 Freeholders will want him for a citizen; acquaintance as a neigh-
 bour; neighbours as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as
 an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him as a beau, and finally,
 for a husband. An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it,
 boys, will you answer this description? Can you apply for this
 situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be
 smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you
 honest? You may be capable—are you industrious? You may
 be well dressed, and create a favourable impression at first sight—
 are you both honest and industrious? You may apply for a good
 situation—are you sure that your friends, teachers, and acquaint-
 ances, can recommend you for these qualities? Oh! how would
 you feel, your character not being thus established, on hearing the
 words—"Can't employ you." Nothing else will make up for a
 lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will
 do it. You must be honest and industrious, must work and labour,
 then will your "calling and election" for place or profit and trust
 be made sure.

METHODS OF SPEAKING.

THERE is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and
 speaking seasonably; it is offending against the last to speak of
 entertainments before the indigent, of sound limbs and health
 before the infirm, of houses and lands before one who has not so
 much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before
 the miserable, this conversation is cruel, and the comparison which
 naturally arises in them, betwixt their condition and yours, is
 excruciating.

LOLA MONTES, who had been dancing in the French provinces
 with poor success, took offence at Dr. Vernon, the well known
 editor of the *Constitutional*, and challenged him to fight, not with
 rapier or pistol, but with *two pills*—one poisoned with prussic
 acid, the other not—each to take one.

MEETING HIM HALFWAY.

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Well, it is of no use, governor; I can't stick to business, I want to be a soldier, and you must buy me a commission." GOVERNOR—"No, my boy, I can't afford to buy you a commission, but I tell you what I will do; if you will go down to Chatham and enlist, I give you my word of honour, I will not buy you off."

THE CIVIL LAWS OF ENGLAND.

I FIND them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down, they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously, the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole, they always make another.

LINES FROM "METASTASIO."

Oft as my thoughts, in pensive train,
 Court the kind muses, nor court in vain,
 And fancy's all-inventive pow'r
 Obeys the impulse of the hour,
 O'er the white page my pencil flows,
 Portrayer of fiction's woes:
 Yet though by fancy's aid express'd,
 And purity by her magic dress'd,
 Oft I have wept, and breathless paused
 O'er griefs which I myself have caused.
 Yet should the tender voice of art
 No feeling to my soul impart;
 Am I more wise, or calmer find
 The secret workings of my mind?
 Alas! the fables which I feign
 Do not alone in fancy reign;
 For often as the warm desire
 Sets the fond soul of man on fire,
 Then all is false, and in one dream
 Of madness we pursue the stream.
 Our life is one continued course
 Of dreams supplied from fiction's source;
 Kind Heav'n permit that when 'tis run,
 My heart may, like the setting sun,
 Far from the reach of fancied woes,
 In truth secure a calm repose.

HORRIBLE INVENTION.

IN the Inquisition, in Spain, there was an instrument of fiendish ingenuity, truly horrible. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet, a semi-circle was drawn. The victim, who passed over this fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

"WHAT would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts, by which I gave her gentle spirit pain." Remember this, children, and to be kind to your mothers.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISHWOMEN CONTRASTED.

OUR girl, with her delicate features and nymph-like figure, is far more lovely in her freshness, than the English; but the English woman, in her ripeness and full development, far surpasses ours. She is superb from twenty to forty-five.

WHAT NEXT?

AMONG the peasantry of Westphalia, and in some parts of Wales, young females knock, on Christmas eve, at the henhouse: if a hen first cackles, they relinquish the hopes of being married, during the ensuing year; but if a cock crows, they deem it an infallible omen of their being married before the year expires.

A PURITAN REBUKED.

"AH! Eliza," cried a Puritan preacher to a young lady, who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets. "Ah! Eliza, had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you." "When I was an infant," replied the damsel, "he did: but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

A PARTY OF HIGHFLYERS.

WILD and daring as was the act, it is no less true, that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They conjectured that by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings; and forgetting that birds possess air cells, which they can inflate, that their bones are full of air instead of marrow, and also that they possess enormous strength of sinews expressly for this purpose, these desperate half theorists have launched themselves from towers and other places, and floundered down to the demolition of their necks or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature. We do not allude to the Icarus of old, or any fabulous or remote aspirants, but to modern times. Wonderful as it may seem, there are some instances in which they escaped with only a few broken bones. Milton tells a story of this kind in his *History of Britain*; the flying man being a monk of Malmesbury in his youth. He lived to be impudent and jocose on the subject, and attributed his failure entirely to his having forgotten to wear a broad tail of feathers. In 1742, the Marquis de Bacqueville announced that he would fly with wings from the top of his own

house, on the Quai des Théatins, to the Gardens at the Tuileries. He actually accomplished half the distance, when, being exhausted with his efforts, the wings no longer beat the air, and he came down into the Seine, and he would have escaped unhurt, but that he fell against one of the floating machines of the Parisian laundresses, and thereby fractured his leg. But the most successful of all these instances of the extraordinary, however misapplied, force of human energies and daring, was that of a citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed with some kind of wing contrivance to fly from the mountain of Bologna to the river Reno, without injury. "Wonderful! admirable!" cried all the citizens of Bologna. "Stop a little!" said the officers of the Holy Inquisition, "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. "If the man had been killed," said they, "or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied, but as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear that he must be in league with the devil." The poor, successful man, was therefore condemned to be burnt alive, and in the sentence of the Holy Catholic Church, was carried into execution.

CHARADE, ATTRIBUTED TO SHERIDAN.

WAS HE THE AUTHOR?

There is a spot, say traveller, where it lies,
And mark the clime, the limits, and the size,
Where grows no grass, nor springs the yellow grain,
Nor hill nor dale diversify the plain;
Perpetual green, without the farmer's toil,
Through all the seasons clothes the favour'd soil,
Fair pools, in which the finny race abound,
By human art prepar'd, enrich the ground.
Not India's lands, produce a richer store,
Pearl, ivory, gold and silver ore.
Yet, Britons, envy not these boasted climes,
Incessant war distracts, and endless crimes,
Pollute the soil: Pale avarice triumphs there,
Hate, envy, rage, and heart-corroding care,
With fraud, and fear, and comfortless despair.
There, government not long remains the same,
Nor they, like us, revere a monarch's name.
Britons, beware! Let avarice tempt no more;
Spite of the wealth, avoid the tempting shore;
The daily bread which Providence has given,
Eat with content, and leave the rest to Heaven.

A STORY is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners, as well as success in art. At a party, one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a great favorite. "Ah!" says he, "she has a mouth like an elephant." "Oh, oh, Mr. Sully, how can you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies! what do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory."

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

ERASMUS, who visited England, in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough; the walls unplastered, but, sometimes wainscoted, or hung with tapestry; and the floors covered with rushes, which were not changed for months. The dogs and cats had free access to the eating-rooms, and fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer barrels, and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement, or elegance, in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgencies, which their wealth permitted, consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments, given at York, by the nobility, in 1660, where each exhausted his invention, to outdo the others, it was universally admitted, that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of this supper, will give us a good idea of what was then thought magnificent; it consisted of four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sausages, to a huge pudding in a bag, which served for a chariot.

AN OMNIBUS ON A WET DAY.

AN omnibus, on a wet day, is the most melancholy place you could squeeze your cheerless body into. You get in chilly and surly, your umbrella dripping, and your feet as wet as a bathing woman's! The omnibus, of course, is full; no one makes room for you, and you are thrown on wet laps, from one side to another, till at last you are shaken down, by the jolting of the vehicle, into a seat about as large as the seat of mercy at the Old Bailey. You find your body wedged in between two muffled people, as wet as yourself, with their umbrellas sticking like wet clothes to your knees. There is an agreeable perfume of pluvial macintoshes, which is, perhaps, not the most exhilarating restorative for a person who is labouring under a violent depression of spirits. There is a long avenue of faces, pulled out by the influence of the weather to a most telescopic length. Every human index points to wet. The gentlemen's whiskers, are headed with large drops, and the ladies' "whiskers" in their bonnets, have the starch completely taken out of them. A broken window behind your back sometimes increases the comfort. The cushion under the open window is, of course, saturated through, so that you have the sensation of sitting on a wet sponge. Altogether you enjoy a most delightful sitz bath, without paying anything for it, until the grumpy old lady opposite, with the moist baby in her arms, gets out, and gives you an opportunity of crossing over and changing partners.

A POET'S SENTIMENT.

WHEN Sir Francis Chantrey was building his mausoleum, he said to Allan Cunningham, his friend and principal assistant, that he would make the vault large enough to contain himself also. "No," said Allan, "I should not like, even when I am dead, to be so shut up. I would far rather rest where the daisies will grow over my head."

BOOKS A BLESSING.

LITERATURE is a ray of that wisdom which pervades the universe. Like the sun, it enlightens, rejoices, and warms. By the aid of books, we collect around us all things—all places, men, and times. By them we are recalled to the duties of human life. By the sacred example of greatness, our passions are diverted, and we are all roused to virtue. Literature is the daughter of Heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften the evils of life. Have recourse then to books. The sages, who have written long before our days, are so many travellers in the paths of calamity, who stretch out their friendly hands, inviting us, when abandoned by the world, to join their society.

UPON A BOUDOIR SANSPAREIL.

Erst known, when virgin nuns with pious bent
Bore the full fragrance from the convent door,*
On charity's sweet mission still intent,
And gave the blessed balm to grateful poor;
Entered the lowly cot, the home of care,
Meek hearted pilgrims, from a holy fane,
With new found charm to lay wild fever there,
And sooth with odorous balm the scorching pain.
A dew distilled by *Rowland*—so supplies
The charitable nun her gift divine,
Till cunning love, the honey charm describes,
And, bee like, rifles it for beauty's shrine!
His quiver-feathers the dear nectar sip,
He sprinkles Laura's face with sparkling eye;
Now each too ruby spot hath left her lip,
Lo! from her cheek the summer freckles fly;
The envious sun-specks, that have dared repose
On that fair neck and bosom, fade in flight;
And 'neath the pure transparent skin, there glows
A blushing tide, that longs to tinge its light.
Oh! now, in vain the angry wasp may sting,
The buzzing insect spend its rage in vain;
One milky drop the laughing girl shall fling,
Gone is the spot, and stifled is the pain.
If toilets are the altar of the fair,
Where love declares the loveliest oftenest pray;
Then beauty, load them with thy incense rare,
Rowland's Kalydor sprinkle round the spray,
The skin to robe in snow—the sting to smother,
And let the pretty priestess use no other.

* The allusion is to the first exportation of *Rowland's Kalydor* to France, where (until its fame reached the ears of the Court of Beauties) it was used by the nuns of different convents for charitable purposes.

GARDENS.

No associations are stronger than those connected with a garden. It is the first pride of an emigrant, settled on some distant shore, to have a little garden, as like as he can make it, to the one he left at home. A pot of violets, or mignonette, is one of the highest luxuries to an Anglo-Indian. In the bold and picturesque scenery of Batavia, the Dutch can, from feeling, no more dispense with their little moats round their houses, than they could, from necessity, in the flat swamps of their native land. Sir John Hobhouse discovered an Englishman's residence, on the shore of the Hellespont, by the character of his shrubs and flowers. Louis XVIII., on his restoration to France, made in the park at Versailles, the facsimile of the garden at Hartwell; and there was no more amiable trait in the life of that accomplished prince. Napoleon used to say, that he should know his father's garden, in Corsica, blindfold, by the smell of the earth; and the hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been raised by the Median Queen Nebuchadnezzar, on the flat and naked plains of her adopted country, to remind her of the hills and woods of her childhood. Why should we speak of the plane-trees of Plato—Shakspeare's mulberry tree—Pope's willow—Byron's elm? Why describe Cicero at his Tusculum—Evelyn at Wooton—Pit at Ham Common—Walpole at Houghton—Grenville at Dropmore? Why dwell on Bacon's "little tufts of thyme," or Foxe's geraniums? there is a spirit in the garden as well as in the wood, and "the lilies of the field" supply food for the imagination, as well as materials for sermons.

B——, who has since made quite a noise in the world, while at college, was called upon to undergo an examination, in astronomy. On emerging from the ordeal, one of his companions asked him, "how he got off?" "First rate," said B——; "they only asked me two questions, and I answered them both promptly and correctly." "What were the questions?" "The first was, 'What is a parallax?' and I told them I did not know! And the second was, 'Can you calculate an eclipse?' to which I said, 'No!' I'd like to see anybody answer two questions more correctly than that."

"MRS. JENKINS," said a little red-haired girl, with a pug nose, and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lending her a stick of firewood, filling this cruets with vinegar, putting a little soft soap in this pan, and please not let your turkey roost on our fence."

A MAN was found, at Hanwell, the other day, mounted on a ladder, with his lips pressed to the telegraph wires. He was kissing his wife, in Reading, "by telegruff." It was found, afterwards, that he was a newly-married man.

"JOHN, either you, or I, must quit this house." "Very well, sir," said John, "where will your honour be going to?"

USE OF A WIFE.

RICHTER says, "No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." A very wicked bachelor of our acquaintance says to this, "Oh, yes! suffering and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

 THINGS VERY DIFFICULT NOT TO LOSE ON A RAILWAY.

A LIMB, or an eye, or a tooth, or your time, or your patience, or your trunk, or your luggage, or your wife, or your life!

 FEBRUARY.

Now shifting gales with milder influence blow,
 Cloud o'er the skies, and melt the falling snow;
 The soften'd earth with fertile moisture teems,
 And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams.

The earlier part of this month may still be reckoned winter, though the cold generally begins to abate.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow—blustering from the south subdued,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
 Spotted the mountains shine, loose sleet descends
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
 And where they rush the wide resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste.

Many plants emerge from under the ground in February, but few flowers as yet adorn the fields or gardens. Snowdrops generally are fully opened from the beginning of the month, often peeping out from the midst of snow.

Already now the snowdrop dares appear,
 The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year;
 As Flora's breath by some transforming power,
 Had changed an icicle into a flower.
 Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
 And winter lingers in its icy veins.

"DEAR girl, when I am gone, oh! remember me," as the bee said, when it alighted on a country maiden's cheek, in mistake for a rose.

LORD CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE was very fond of entertaining his visitors with the following story of his bailiff, who, having been ordered by his lady to procure a sow of a particular description, came one day into the dining room, when full of company, proclaiming with a burst of joy, he could not suppress, "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

THE BOTTLE.

THE *Man in the Moon*, in the course of his observations on human character, has remarked, that of all his acquaintance, who are at all in the habit of getting what vulgar people call "boosy," there is not one who does not offer some admirable excuse for so doing. Struck with the singularity of this fact, the *Man in the Moon* has instituted a commission of inquiry into the matter, the result of which he begs to lay before his readers :—

Mr. A. Drinks, because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B. Because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates such quackery.

Mr. C. Just takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. Drinks because he's dry.

Mr. E. Because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. Because he feels something sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. Because he's going to see his friend off to Australia.

Mr. H. Because he's got a friend come home from America.

Mr. I. Because he's so hot.

Mr. K. Because he's so cold.

Mr. L. Because he has got a pain in his head.

Mr. M. Because he has got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. Because he has got a pain in his back.

Mr. O. Because he has got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. Because he has got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. Because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. Because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S. Because he is married.

Mr. T. Because he isn't.

Mr. U. Because he likes to see his friends round him.

Mr. V. Because he has got no friends round him.

Mr. W. Because he has got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. Because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y. Because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z. [We should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on our putting the question to him, he was found to be too drunk to answer.]

Books are a guide to youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men, and then compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design, in their conversation.

SWEET are the uses of adversity.

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CHEATING THE DEVIL.

A TREETALLER going into a public house and drinking peppermint. A shopkeeper selling things on a Sunday and not taking the money till Monday. Telling lies in trade and believing its not a sin to do so.

“THE WORLD.”

Oh! bless'd retirement, 'midst the shady grove,
 Mirror of peace from shining Heaven above;
 Where rapture flashes through the musing soul,
 And every sense reveals thy soft controul;
 In thy retreat the meditative mind
 Roves through the realms of fancy unconfined,
 And contemplation all her rapture brings
 As thought, untrammelled, spreads her lightning wings.
 Thee, oft I mourn, when my unwilling feet
 Tread without joy the city's bustling street,
 Where dreams ambitious crowd the fevered head,
 And drive the dreamer from a sleepless bed;
 There 'midst the din that busy traffic yields
 I sigh for nature's glory in the fields,
 Where downy songsters rise into the sky,
 And glad the heart with their rich melody.

A YANKEE ATTORNEY ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE following oration was delivered somewhere in Winconsin, by one of the profession, who would seem to have quite an aversion to capital punishment:—"May it please your lordship, and gentlemen of the jury. The case is as clear as ice, and sharp to the point as "no from your sweetheart." The Scripture saith "Thou shalt not kill:" now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command, as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen, or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? who, freemen, who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word, not one of you as has a bowie knife or pistol in his pockets. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal vertebra of your anatomical construction, as if turned into a railroad for the grin and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! beware, I say, of meddling with eternal prerogative! beware, I say. Remember the fate of man

who attempted to steady the ark, and trembled. Gentlemen, I abjure you by the name of woman, the mainspring of the ticking timepiece of times theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I abjure you by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I abjure you by the stars set in the flying ensign of your emancipated country, to do no murder! I abjure you by the American eagle, that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of times' illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long-tailed coats—if you ever expect fierce dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the rocky mountains' buffalo—and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally-cutthroated, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down to indistinctability, acquit my client, and save your country." The prisoner was acquitted.

A LADY'S "AT HOME."

THE way in which these meetings are arranged is as follows:—A lady determines to have an "At Home," and directly she sends out cards. She asks about six times as many as her rooms and staircases can possibly hold, but then they will not all come, or certainly not all at once. Then she reflects that the mass of these people are dull and stupid, and incapable of amusing one another; and that she must get some more who can do, or have done, something that is known and talked about; or have social talents. These are the lions. A banished patriot, with cloudy finger nails, is a great card; so is a fiddler with long hair. The appearance of a pet or two about the rooms, has lately been considered a hit; and artists are always good "properties" in the crowd; for albeit they do not talk much, "they serve to be looked at." Travellers are also great cards—Eastern ones especially; and any jackass, who has risked the lives of twenty honest fathers of families, in the childish tomfoolery of scrambling up Mont Blanc, is secured at any cost. Mrs. Padbury's rooms are small, but that makes no difference to her numbers. Women, who come early, get wedged upon sofas at the end, and never get away again. Sometimes a man fiddles. I hate fiddling, so does everybody else. If he don't do that, he bangs the piano about, or bawls. Nobody listens to him, except the people who sit near, and they are obliged to, and look enchanted when it is over: and I dare say they are. The two old Shapcot's are always there. They sit on the stairs, rattle their fans, and go in hard for four and twenty. Its of no use; they are young gushing things of eight and thirty—what I call a good age to admire water-colour drawings on the table, and go to classical concerts. There is never much to eat. If the

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A TREETALLER
mint. A shop-
the money till
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On stairs they seldom leave
you arrive; at least the majority
never looks such a fool as when he
don't want, with the maid staring at
than being done at a railway station,
with all the girls' eyes upon you. Mrs.
ices. The man can't get into the room;
get out; so they are not needed. Half a
and then at the door, just that they may be
and these are seized by the foreigners. Of
eat most sandwiches; great pianists usually pre-
wine and water. But when one happens to be a Pole,
pianist too, it is better to order more of everything. The best
time is when nearly every one is gone, and you sit down with three
or four intimates of the house to the scraps.

THE PARTING.

'Tis evening—while yon burning sun is sinking,
They meet a moment, ere they part for years;
Love's treacherous cup these fever'd lips are drinking
(How bright its brim—its dregs what bitter tears;)
For they must sever 'neath their ban, who hold
A loving heart as nought to shining gold.

Perchance to meet when time's dark waves are driven,
O'er memory's footprints in the sand of life;
When from those throbbing hearts each tie is riven,
Or all forgotten, 'midst the world's deep strife,
Where sordid cares, or bitter tears efface
Too soon, the lines of love's hand hath sought to trace.

Or else to drag through life's long path a yearning—
A bitter yearning—for what cannot be;
To feel the more they strive to *hide* the burning
Of that choked fire death alone can free—
A weary heart that bears through every scene
Nought but a sense of all that might have been.

At the time *Humboldt's Travels* came out, a stockbroker said to a Paternoster Row publisher, "It's all very well to lavish such praise on Humboldt, for his geographical knowledge, but ask him to find his way out of Seven Dials, and see how he would be puzzled."

"CAN you tell me, Billy, how it is that the chanticleer always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?" "No." "Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his comb with him."

"I WISH you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country lass, "for it resembles my love to you, it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," said she, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine to you, for it has no beginning."

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

WHEN God hath brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie, or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF THE HOLY
SCRIPTURES.

THE Scriptures supply an inexhaustible fund of materials, for the most delightful and ennobling discourse and meditation. Would you see history in all her simplicity, and all her force, most beautifully easy, yet irresistibly striking? see her, or rather feel her energy, touching the nicest movements of the soul, and triumphing over our passions, in the inimitable passions of Joseph's life. The representation of Esau's bitter distress, the conversation pieces of Jonathan, and his gallant friend, the memorable journal of the disciples going to Emmaus, are finished models of the impassioned and affecting. Here is nothing studied, no flights of fancy, no embellishments of oratory. If we sometimes choose a plaintive strain, such as softens the mind, and soothes an agreeable melancholy, are any of the classic writers superior, in the eloquence of mourning, to David's pathetic elegy on his beloved Jonathan; to his most passionate and inconsolable moan over the unhappy Absalom; or to that melodious woe, which warbles and bleeds, in every line of Jeremiah's lamentations?

Are we admirers of antiquity? Here we are led back, beyond the universal deluge, and far beyond the date of any other annals. We are introduced to the earliest inhabitants of the earth. We take a view of mankind in their undisguised primitive plainness. We are made acquainted with the origin of nations, and with the creation of the world.

Are we delighted with vast achievements? Where is anything comparable to the miracles in Egypt; to the memoirs of the Israelites, passing through the depths of the sea, sojourning amidst the inhospitable deserts, and conquering the kingdom of Canaan? Here we behold the fundamental laws of the universe, sometimes suspended, sometimes reversed, and not only the current of Jordan, but the course of nature controlled.

If we want maxims of wisdom, or have a taste for the laconic style, how copiously may our wants be supplied! and how delicately our tastes gratified! especially in the book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and some of the minor prophets. Here are the most sage lessons of instruction, adapted to every circumstance of life, and formed upon the experience of all preceding ages. These are delivered with such remarkable conciseness, that one might venture to say, every word is a sentence: at least, every sentence may be called an apothegm, sparkling with brightness of thought, or weighty with solidity of sense. The whole, like a profusion of

foreigners get first to the table down stairs they seldom leave much. You have coffee when you arrive; at least the majority do—I don't. I think a man never looks such a fool as when he is sipping hot coffee which he don't want, with the maid staring at his waistcoat. It is worse than being done at a railway station, eating a sausage roll, with all the girls' eyes upon you. Mrs. Padbury don't have many ices. The man can't get into the room; and the people can't get out; so they are not needed. Half a dozen are shewn now and then at the door, just that they may be said there are some, and these are seized by the foreigners. Of foreigners, Poles eat most sandwiches; great pianists usually prefer wine, or wine and water. But when one happens to be a Pole, and pianist too, it is better to order more of everything. The best time is when nearly every one is gone, and you sit down with three or four intimates' of the house to the scraps.

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pearls, contains, in a very small compass, a value almost immense; all heaped up with a confused magnificence, above the little niceties of order.

If we look for strength of reasoning, and warmth of exhortation, or the manly boldness of impartial reproof; let us have recourse to the Acts of the Apostles, and to the Epistles of Paul. These are a specimen, or rather these are the standard, of them all.

Another recommendation of the Scriptures, is, that they afford the most awful and most amiable manifestations of the Deity. His glory shines, and His goodness smiles, in these divine pages, with unparalleled lustre. Morality, is here delineated, in all its branches, is placed upon its proper basis, and raised to its highest elevation.

Should we be visited with sickness, or overtaken by any calamity, the consolation which Plato offers, is, that such dispensations coincide with the universal plan of divine government. Virgil will tell us, for our relief, that afflictive visitations are, more or less, the unavoidable lot of men. Another moralist whispers in the dejected sufferer's ear, "Impatience adds to the load; whereas, a calm submission, renders it more supportable." Does the word of revelation dispense such spiritless and fugitive cordials? No, these sacred pages inform us, that tribulations are fatherly chastisements, tokens of our Maker's love, and fruits of His care; that they are intended to work in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and to work out for us an eternal weight of glory.

Should we, under the summons of death, have recourse to the most celebrated comforters in the heathen world, they would increase our apprehensions, rather than mitigate our dread. Death, is represented, by the great masters of their schools, as the most formidable of all evils. They were not able to determine, whether the soul survived the body; whereas, this volume strips the monster of his horrors, or turns him into a messenger of peace, gives him an angel's face, and a deliverer's hand, and ascertains to the souls of the righteous, a final translation into the regions of bliss.

The method of communicating advice, or administering reproof, by parables, levels itself to the lowest apprehensions, without giving offence to the most supercilious temper. It has been very justly remarked, that this eloquence of similitudes is equally affecting to the wise, and intelligible to the ignorant. It shews, rather than relates, the point to be illustrated. It has been admired by the best judges in all ages, but never was carried to its highest perfection, till Jesus Christ spoke the parable of the Prodigal Son, which has a beauty that no paraphrase can heighten, a perspicuity that renders all interpretation needless, and a force which every reader, not totally insensible, must feel.

The condescension and goodness of God are everywhere conspicuous. In the productions of nature, he conveys to us the most

le fruits, by the intervention of the loveliest blossoms. In the present is in itself extremely acceptable, he has given additional endearment, by the beauties that array it, or the costumes which surround it. In pages of revelation, likewise, he has communicated to us the most glorious truths, adorned with the excellencies of composition. They are, as one of their writers very elegantly speaks, "like apples of gold in pictures," or rather, perhaps, "dishes of silver."

When we consider the language of the Scriptures, and sometimes experience the holy energy which accompanies them, we are inclined to say, "other writings, though polished with the nicest touches of art, only tinkle on the ear, or affect us like the shepherd's reed. But these, even amidst all their noble ease, strike, alarm, transport us." When I consider the contents of the Scriptures, and believe myself interested in the promises which they make, and the privileges which they confer, I am induced to cry out, "What are all other books in the world, compared with these invaluable volumes!"

WIFE AND HOME.

BY A BENEDICT.

Let rakes extol a roving life,
Of freedom prate, and all that,
Of noisy brats, and scolding wife,
And doctor's bills and all that,
Though fools may rail, and jest, and scoff,
A wife's the thing, for all that;
The time, they'll find, is not far off,
When so they'll think, for all that.

'Tis true when youth and fortune smile,
And health is firm, and all that;
When wine, and song, and dance beguile,
Variety, and all that;
When every place, where'er you roam,
Has jolly friends, and all that;
You want for neither wife nor home,
Nor sympathy, nor all that.

But age comes on with stealthy pace,
And sober thoughts, and all that;
Trouble will show her frowning face,
Sickness, and pain, and all that;
The feast, the bowl, will lose their powers,
And revelry, and all that:
Then shall we need to cheer the hours,
A wife, a home, and all that.

Oh! "when misfortune clouds the brow,"
Disease, and death, and all that;
Then, "woman, then, an angel thou,"
To soothe, and cheer, and all that,
Thy gentle cares beguile our pains,
Our sleepless nights, and all that;
Thy voice the sighing soul sustains,
With hope, and trust, and all that.

THE BANE AND THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN the million applauds you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS.

THE Admiral of Castile, said, "that he who marries a wife, and he who goes to war, must necessarily submit to everything that happens."

AN ACCIDENT.

"WHAT makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump handle's broke, and Missus took the water from the biler."

THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

JOHN was thought to be very stupid; he was sent to the mill one day, and the miller said, "John some people say you are a fool; now tell me what you do know, and what you don't know. "Well," replied John, "I know miller's hogs are fat." "Yes, that's well, John; now what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn fats 'em."

HYPOCRISY.

A GREAT deal of what is called hypocrisy, arises from the delicacy one has in offending the feelings of another.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

THOUGH dry measure and long measure are not the same, it is a curious fact that wet measure—in bottles—and short measure are equivalent.

CAUSE WITHOUT EFFECT.

THE Court of Chancery, is like the description which Thompson, in his *Spring*, gives of a rookery—some "ceaseless caws" may always be heard there.

JUSTICE IN IRELAND.

REMISSION of Taxes whatever—Fixity of Tenure—Optionality of Rent—Emancipation of the Roman Catholic Priesthood from all accountability to the laws.

AN American paper says, "Belles" call a great many people to church.

YOUNG ladies are like arrows: they can't go off without beaux.

A LANCASHIRE THREAT.—Always threatening to rain.

AMERICAN VERDICT.

AN exquisite, in Philadelphia, wore his clothes so tight, the other evening, at a party, that they terminated in apoplexy. The following verdict was rendered by the coroner's jury :—" Choked to death by a white satin cravat."

A PREACHER.

" IF you can't keep awake," said a preacher to one of his hearers, " when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" " I think," was a shrewd reply, " the snuff ought to be put into the sermon."

LINES,

BY A LADY, WRITTEN IN ITALY.

Each wave that rolls, fresh imports toss
Upon a foreign strand;
And every hourly breath that blows,
Blows breath from Briton's land.
In judging of the motley crowd
Whom steam boats bring to view,
It seems as if old laws worn out,
John Bull had brought forth new.
An exile, in our civil code,
Is now the doom decreed
To Briton's sons, who guilty are
Of being much in need,
Of health, or wealth, or friends, or bread,
Of kindred minds, or gold,
Of finding England not wax warm,
Or English hearts wax cold.
This point arranged, I turn my eye,
Upon the banish'd throng,
Who hobble, twaddle, dance or prance
The pathway road along.
A motley crew, indeed they are,
Who follow in one track,
Content their face is to the south,
The north wind to their back.
The sun attracts—the breeze propels—
To Italy they're bound;
But ere they reach the promised land,
How thin their ranks are found.
An empty purse has here brought to,
And e'en more empty head,
A second, there, is stopp'd by death,
Or wife just brought to bed;
A nervous dame is here half bound
By phantasies, and sees
On every side a robber band,
Conceal'd amongst the trees.
Advance she won't—return she daren't—
Infectious are her fears,
And all agree, spouse, children, maid,
Spite of veterans' jeers,

To farm themselves upon the spot
 For half a dozen years !
 Thus every town its tribute has
 Of England's superfluity ;
 And to that town the English are
 No pattern, but annuity.
 But in return, the gain they gain
 Is threefold in their eye—
 For travellers they glorious live !
 And travellers they die !
 And travell'd fools of either sex,
 Too often have at home,
 The local rank of wise and learn'd
 'Mongst those who never roam !

BROKEN ENGLISH.

AN editor inquired of an alderman what he thought of his journal.
 " I like it all," said the alderman, " but its broken English." The
 editor started, and asked for an explanation. "*Why the list of
 bankrupts to be sure.*"

A SPANISH PLAY BILL.

To the Sovereign of Heaven—To the Mother of the Eternal
 World—To the Polar Star of Spain—To the Comforter of all
 Spain—To the faithful Protectress of the Spanish Nation—To
 the honour and glory of the most holy Virgin Mary, for her bene-
 fit, and for the propagation of her worship, the Company of all
 Comedians will this day give a representation of the comic piece
 called " Nunine."

A PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, who preaches for the
 N. Y. Pycaune, devoted his last discourse to a consideration of the
 Duck. We extract his fourthly :—" De Duck hab de 'wantage
 of de ladies in de splendor ob deir busts ; de simetary ob de duck's
 neck am bewteful in de xtreme, and de swell ob de bussom am
 graceful wen deir crops full, and hence dey neber hab to resort to
 pads, and double breasted skoop net work (which am xposed in
 de winders ob a shop in Broadway for sale) to make up deir figor."

A PERSON meeting a friend running through the rain with an
 umbrella over him, said, " Where are you running to in such a
 hurry, *like a mad mushroom ?*"

MATTHEWS, the actor, being asked what he was going to do
 with his son (the young man's profession was to be that of an
 architect)—" Why," answered the comedian, " he is going to *draw
 a house*, like his father."

HE who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.

THE MOON.

ON a recent moonlight, a mother had the following observation made to her by her son, a little urchin of about six years of age:—"It must be all nonsense, mother, about there being people in the moon." "Why, child?" "Oh! because how could they crush themselves together, when *its half moon*."

LOVE MATCHES.

WELL, but you say, half seriously, half in jest, I will escape from this prison-house of misery, I will form new ties like other men, and before it be too late, I will marry. Ah! but I must love! There is the difficulty! difficulty! Yes, and Heaven be thanked for it. Recall all the unhappy marriages that have come to your knowledge, pray have not eighteen out of twenty been marriages for love? It has been so, and it always will; because whenever we love deeply, we exact so much and forgive so little. Be content to find some one with whom your health and honour are safe, you will grow to learn what never wounds your heart, you will soon grow out of love, with what must always disappoint your imagination.

A QUESTION.

"HAVE you the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*," said a city Miss, addressing a young man who stood behind the counter of a country store, not many miles from Worcester (Massachusetts). "No, we have not any of them kind," said the obliging clerk, "but we have good fresh hens' eggs, that we can warrant were lay'd no longer than last week." The girl fainted!

THE late Judge Parke was once trying a prisoner at the Wells Sessions for felony, and a dissenting preacher, who was being examined, repeatedly said "They say so and so." "Pray sir," asked his lordship (who was suffering from gout), "who are they?" This was a poser. On receiving no reply from the straight-haired gentleman, the judge added—"They are a set of good for nothing people, who attend to other persons business and neglect their own."

THERE is a sportsman, in Michigan, so lazy, that he put out one of his eyes the other day, to save the trouble of winking when he takes aim.

A PHILADELPHIA paper, in giving a glowing description of a public dinner, says—"The wines were all pure and of celebrated vintages, having been furnished by a celebrated *impostor*." Much more likely to be true than "*importer*."

"Do you make matches?" asked a wag, of a retailer. "Oh! yes, of all kinds," was the reply. "Then I'll take a trotting match."

JUDICIAL DROLLERY.

A PENNSYLVANIAN paper says of Judge M'Clare, that the other day some case turned up in which the truth was perfectly clear, but which the attorneys seemed determined to keep out of sight, when his honour, apparently wearied out, remarked—"Gentlemen, the object of the law is, to unveil the fact, not to conceal it. If the defendants are charged with having laid their heads together like three tadpoles, it is not important whether their tails were in a singular juxta-position." The earnestness of the learned judge overshadowed his rather singular imagery.

VENICE.

The following beautiful lines, by a modern poet, give a powerful description of the picturesque pomps by which this splendid city was once adorned :—

And where art thou, with all thy songs and smiles
 Thou dream-like city of the hundred isles ?
 Thy marble columns, and thy princely halls,
 Thy merry masques, and moonlight carnivals ;
 Thy weeping myrtles, and thy orange bowers,
 Thy lulling fountains 'mid ambrosial flowers ;
 The cloudless beauty of thy deep-blue skies,
 Thy star-light serenades to ladies eyes ;
 Thy lion looking o'er the Adrian sea,
 Defiance to the world, and power to thee !
 That pageant of the sunny waves is gone,
 Her glory lives on memory's page alone ;
 It flashes still in Shakspeare's* living lay,
 And Otway's† song has snatched it from decay ;
 But ah ! her Chian steeds of brass no more
 May lord it proudly over sea or shore ;
 Nor ducal sovereign's launch upon the tide,
 To win the Adriatic for their bride,
 Hush'd is the music of her gondoliers,
 And fled her glory of a thousand years,
 And Tasso's spirit round her seems to sigh
 In every Adrian's gale that wanders by !

* See the "Merchant of Venice."

† Venice preserved.

IMPOSSIBLE.

"You cannot possibly succeed," as the fryingpan said to the eel, when he tried to leap out.

"BRIDGET, you must wash your hands before you mould that bread." "Sure, ma'am, I don't think its best to be wasting time on that at all. 'Tis but bare three wakes, since the day I cum to ye, an' didn't I wash 'em clane an' nice that very day, an' indade, what have I done since that time that's nasty wid 'em."

ONE of the ceremonies, at a Jewish wedding, at Aleppo, is fastening the eyelids together with gum. The bridegroom is the person who opens at the proper time the eyes of his bride. It is not said whether they continue open during the matrimonial career.

FREEMASONRY NO SECRET.

MASONIC symbolism is a moral, not an operative, application of architectural terms. Geometrical symbols have always, even in the most barbarous nations, been the distinguishing signs of the qualities and attributes of mankind. An upright line was indicative of honesty and straightforwardness, as a crooked one was of the reverse. A circle became an emblem of perfection and eternity from its completeness, while the sphere was regarded as the fitting receptacle of the soul after death. Plutarch considered the *cube* an excellent representation of a perfect man, and his "*man of four angles*," has been repeated by Plato, Julian, Heirotocles, and other writers. Horace speaks of a "*smooth round man*." Then there is the Oxford term, "*a brick*," illustrative of perfection, from preaching down to riding a steeple chase, though such a translation would be rather a liberal than a literal translation of Pythagoras, bricks being oblong not cubitical. Architectural metaphors are infinite. "The house we live in," "Setting our house in order," "Sermons in stones," &c. Then have we not the "living morality of stone," in that energetic historian and mason, Michilet, who in his *History of France*, writes that "the stone breathes and gains a soul under the artist's hand, who calls life out of it," and well is the sculptor named in the middle age, *magister de vivis lapidibus* (the master of living stones).

EXTRACTS FROM MILTON'S DESCRIPTION OF CREATION.

Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious found,
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerful word
And spirit coming to create new worlds.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void : Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss : But on the watery calm
His brooding wings the spirit of God outspread
And vital virtue infus'd and vital warmth.
Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began.
God saw the light was good ;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided : Light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day, ev'n and morn :
Nor past uncelebrated, or unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;
Birth-day of Heav'n and earth ; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creator Him they sung,
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.

JUDICIAL DROLL

A PENNSYLVANIAN paper says of Judge *...ing seed,*
 day some case turned up in which *... kind,*
 but which the attorneys seemed *... earth.*
 when his honour, apparently *... are earth,*
 the object of the law is, to *... whose verdure clad*
 the defendants are charged *... asant green;*
 like three tadpoles, it is *... that sudden flower'd*
 singular juxta-position *... ours, and made gay*
 overshadowed his rat' *... ret: And these scarce blown,*
... the clustering vine, forth crept
... up the corny reed
... and th' humble shrub,
... tuzzled hair implicit: Last
... the stately trees, and spread
... hung with copious fruit or gemm'd
... With high woods the hills were crown'd,
... the valleys, and each fountain-side,
... 'long the rivers.

The following bear
 picturesque po

Almighty spake, let there be lights
 the expanse of Heaven, to divide
 day from night; and let them be for signs,
 seasons, and for days and circling years;
 and let them be for lights as I ordain
 their offices in the firmament of Heav'n,
 to give light on the earth; and it was so.
 and God made two great lights, greater for their use
 to man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altern; and made the stars
 And set them in the firmament of Heav'n,
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
 In their vicissitudes, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide.
 First in His east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road.
 But opposite in levell'd west was set,
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him; for other light she needed none
 In that aspect.
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes and running streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on the earth.
 Forthwith the sounds and in the seas,
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid sea: Part single or with mate
 Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting with thick glance,
 Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend

Fast nutriment; or under rocks their food
 Painted armour watch: On smooth the seal,
 Dotted dolphins play: Past huge of bulk
 Ungainly, enormous in their gait,
 In the ocean. There leviathan,
 First of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth discloses
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledged
 They sum'd their pens and soaring th' air sublime
 With clang despis'd the ground under a cloud,
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build:
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their airy caravan high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till ev'n; nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and rising on stiff pintons, tower
 The mid aerial sky: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours; and th' other, whose gay train
 Adorns him, colour'd with florid hue
 Of rainbows and starry eyes.

Then God said

Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and straight
 Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
 In numerous living creatures, perfect forms,
 Limb'd and full grown: Out of the ground up rose,
 As from his lair, the wild beast where he roves,
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake or den;
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks,
 Pasturing at once, and broad herds up spring
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs broken from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
 The leopard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw

In hillocks: The swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: Scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, up heav'd
 His vastness: Fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants: Ambiguous between sea and land
 The river horse and scaly crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or worm: Those wav'd their limber fans
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exalt
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
 These as a line their long dimensions drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
 Their snaky folds.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course, earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd.
 There wanted yet the master work, the end
 Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing. Thus
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

TALK of the love that outlives adversity! the love that remains with prosperity is a thousand times more rare. The one is the keen but bracing north wind of existence, that invigorates and nerves for exertion; the other is the enervating hot breath of summer, which sickens and weakens our best resolves, making us feverish, captious, and suspicious even of those we love best.

LYING.

LYING supplies those who are addicted to it, with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supreme shelter from punishment. It tempts them to rush into dangers from the mere expectation of impunity, and when practised with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is, in their imagination, at least a sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth; it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius; and will, most assuredly, counteract every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents, and mature the virtues of those whom it infects.

PREJUDICE.

AN old maid, who hates the male sex, most vehemently, cut a female acquaintance who complimented her on the "buoyancy" of her spirits.

LAZINESS.

THERE is a man in Schenectady, so lazy and slow, that his friends say, that if death only wars with the *quick*, that he will live for ever. He is first cousin to the man who invented laudanum.

DISAGREEABLE.

"MY dear," said a gentleman to a young lady to whom he thought to be married, "do you wish to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "nature has saved me the trouble."

FISHING.

"FATHER," said a sporting youth to his reverend parent, "they say trout will bite now." "Well, well," was the consoling reply, "mind your work, and they will be sure not to bite you."

THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1852.

A LONDONER, writing to a friend on the 11th of October, said—"The Exhibition, thank God, closes to-day, and my wife and I shall find relief at last. All this precious summer we have been haunted by cousins, and cozened by aunts."

A SHOWMAN.

A SHOWMAN, exhibiting a picture, said—"Ladies and gentlemen, there is Daniel in the den of lions. These are the lions, and that is Daniel, whom you will easily distinguish from the lions, by his having a *blue cotton umbrella under his arm*."

THE CATALEPSY.

"I say, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalepsy dat befel Phillis?" "Ob course, I didn't; what was it?" "You see, de doctor ordered a blister on her chist; well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she put 'em on de bandbox, and it drew her new pink bonnet out ob shape, and spile 'em entirely."

DANTE AND ARIOSTO.

A NEAPOLITAN nobleman fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. At his death bed, a confessor, who was a great admirer of Ariosto, desired him to acknowledge the superiority of his poet. "Father," answered the dying nobleman, "to tell the truth, I never *read* either Dante or Ariosto."

PROFANE SWEARING.

THE most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion. "Bygar, you call my wife a voman three several times, once more, an' I call the vatch house, and blow your brains like a candle, by dam!"

DONE CRYING.

THE old Irish cry of "Ireland for the Irish," will soon be lull'd, and heard no more, for if the emigration keeps up its present enormous rate, there will soon be not a single Irishman left in Ireland, and the cry must be changed to "Ireland for the English," or any one who chooses to live in it.

SPECULATING PIETY.

A YOUNG man, many of whose connexions were Friends, applied to be received into membership. He put on a very broad brim, and took off the collar of his coat. He was admitted; a lady was telling me about him, and saying, she could not understand what had induced him to join the society, when he crossed the room and took his seat by us. She then addressed him—"Well, Richard, I was just saying that I could not imagine what had induced thee to join our society. Do tell me what it was?" "Well, then, Edith, I'll tell thee," he replied; "I have had my fling of pleasure, and am tired of it. The friends are very well-to-do-people; they have fine credit; and I thought I could get on better among them." "But," said Edith, "thee had to be convinced. Richard, how did thee manage the convincement?" "My coat and hat," said he, smiling, "were undeniable proofs of convincement. I had not any trouble about that. Cousin Joe was one of the Friends sent to visit me, by the meeting, and he was the very man who first advised me to apply for membership, and told me how well I would be likely to prosper, if I played my cards well." "Take care," replied she, "thee hast some of the old leaven about thee still. To speak of cards in Friends' company! I did not imagine there was much of religion in thy conversation. Now thee hast joined us, I hope thee wont disgrace us. If I had been one of the committee sent to visit thee, I would not have let thee in so easily." "Well, Edith, you and I, I beg pardon, thee and I, know two or three things, that we are not going to tell anybody, but just wait for two years, and thee will see me a standard bearer. As soon as ever I can, prudently, I'll begin to speak to the Discipline. I'll be very humble and very tender in my spirit, and I think I'll marry one of the Creide girls. They have five thousand a-piece, I am told, and that will just set me up nicely." Two years after this, Richard was married to the eldest of the Creides, and moreover, was made assistant clerk to the meeting.

KITES.

HOW TO FLY A KITE—Those kites fly the best which have a five shilling stamp upon them.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

IN the castles and palaces of the ancient ex-nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the house of the ex-Duke of Choiseul, is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out—"My good friend, save the archives of the Choiseul family."

TO REMOVE STAINS.

REPENTANCE may renovate reputation, but it won't do for shawls or silk dresses; the only thing left in such cases is to *dye*.

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.

DOWN East there resides a certain M.D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumber by very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation, he went to the window, and asked "Who's there?" "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

A COLD.

"Do you know what it is," says Lamb, "to succumb under an insurmountable day mare?—an indisposition to do anything, or be anything—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb, superficial good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like indifference to passing events—a mind stupor—brawny defiance to the needles of thrusting in conscience, with a total irresolution to submit to water gruel process."

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.

THE following colloquy actually took place at an Eastern Post Office:—"I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a litter for me?" "Who are you, my good sir?" "I am meself, that's who I am." "Well, what is your name?" "And what do ye want wid the name? isn't on the litter." "So that I can find the letter if there is one." "Well, Pat Byrne, thin, if you must have it." "No, sir, there's none for Pat Byrne." "Is there no way to git in there but through this pane of glass." "No sir." "Its will for ye there isn't. I'd teach ye betther manners thin to insist on a gintleman's name; but ye didn't get it after all, so I'm aven wid ye; devil the bit is me name Byrne."

NELSON.

"You have lost your right arm," said George III. to Lord Nelson, at his first interview after the accident. "But not my right hand," replied his lordship, "as I have the honour of presenting Captain Bury to your Majesty."

SYMPATHY.

AN American lady, who had been sick at Marseilles, and had received frequent kind attentions from many of her sex, both French and English, was asked to give her opinion, respecting the two classes of her sympathizers. Her reply was—"They were both very kind. The French ladies brought me flowers all day. The English ladies sat up with me all night."

SUPPOSED SUPERIORITY.

THE Totness correspondent of the *Western Times* shows how, in that town, the "out of trade" people will not mix with "tradesmen," nor wealthier tradesmen with their own class, down even to the scavengers, the mere "straightforward sweeper," being despised by the "superior artist," who can sweep round a post. The scavenger is here the most respectable, is the pride of art; the others shew the souls of snobs.

CHIMING.

THE *Staffordshire Advertiser* gives a strange account of the chimes newly fitted up in the venerable tower of S. Mary's Church, in Stafford. On Sunday, the bells play a psalm tune; Monday, "Life let us cherish;" Tuesday, "My lodging is on the cold ground;" Wednesday, "There is nae luck about the house;" Thursday, "The Harmonious Blacksmith;" Friday, "We wont go home till morning;" Saturday, being market day, "Oh! dear, what can the matter be?"

FLUNKEIANA.

GENTLEMAN—Sixty pounds a year!! Why man are you aware that such a sum is more than is frequently given to a curate? FLUNKEY—Oh! yes, sir, but then you would hardly, I hope, go for to compare me with the hinferior horder of clergy.

A LIVE lobster is a perfect puzzle, which can only be *red*, "inwardly digested," and fully solved after it is dead.

THE FLOWER OF YANKEE LAND—Bloomer. It is natural to inquire what sort of flower is the bloomer? An American aloe, probably, as it is of transatlantic origin, and is hardly likely to come out in bloom oftener than once in a century.

DESERVE IT !

Ne'er droop your head upon your hand,
 And wail the bitter times ;
 The self-same bell that tolls a knell,
 Can ring out merry chimes.
 And we have still the elements,
 That made up fame of old ;
 The wealth to prize, *within* us lies,
 And not in senseless gold.
 Yes, there exists a certain plan,
 If you will but observe it,
 That opens success to any man,
 The secret is—Deserve it !
 What use to stand by fortune's hill,
 And idly sigh and mope ?
 Its sides are rough and steep enough,
 'Tis true ; but if you hope
 To battle against impediments,
 That rudely stop your way,
 Go boldly to't, *strike* at the root,
 You'll surely gain the day.
 Prate not about new fangled plans,
 Mine's beat, if you'll observe it ;
 I say success is any man's,
 If he will but deserve it !

MATHEMATICAL LOVER.

WHEN about the age of seventeen, Madame de Stael was placed at a convent in France. She was in the habit of visiting a friend who lived across the square on which the convent was situated. The brother of her friend always insisted on escorting her home, and led her around the two sides of the square. But, as his passion decreased, he gradually shortened the route, until he led her home by the nearest way. The witty lady remarks—"By this I learned that his passion diminished in the exact proportion of the diagonal to the two sides of a square." Probably the most accurate calculation of waning affection that maiden ever made.

SPEECH LESS EXPRESSIVE THAN SIGNS.

To say, leave the room, is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, "Do not speak." A beck of the hand is better than "Come here." No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly, as opening the eyes, and raising the eye brows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. If a man cannot understand, without being talked to, it is quite useless to talk, because it is immaterial whether such a man understand or not.

BOOKKEEPING TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON—Don't lend them !

A LOQUACIOUS tailor asked a Quaker in what fashion he would be measured. "In silence," was the solemn reply.

BEAUTY.

GAZE not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee; if thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou cling to it, it destroys thee; if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate, it is the soul's purgatory; it is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace.

It might be deemed a defect in this book if it did not include some selections from the Holy Scriptures. But there are so many passages in the Bible suited to the comprehension of young persons, and well adapted for the purpose of recitation, that every valuable end may be answered by the following lists of subjects and references:—

- The Ten Commandments, Exodus xx., 1-17.
- Jonathan's Fable, Judges ix., 8-16.
- Nathan's Parable, 2 Samuel, xii., 1-7.
- The Search after Wisdom, Job xxviii.
- The Righteous and Ungodly contrasted, Psalm i.
- God's condescending Love to Man, viii.
- Nature and Revelation bear Testimony to the Divine Perfections, xix.
- God is the great Shepherd, xxiii.
- God is the King of Glory, xxxiv.
- The Righteous may confide in the Divine Providence, xxxiii.
- The Offspring of God Instructed, xxxiv.
- God's Providence in Spring and Summer, lxv.
- Human Mortality, a Prayer of Moses, xc.
- Cheerful Worship, c.
- God's goodness to Man, ciii.
- God's Providence in the World of Nature, civ.
- God's goodness to Man in Difficulty and Danger, cvii
- The Divine Perfections, Objects of Praise, cxi.
- God's universal Presence, cxxxix.
- The Divine Goodness the most exalted subject of Praise, cxli., cxlv.
- Psalms of Praise in Winter, cxlviii.
- Advantages of Wisdom stated, Proverbs iii., 13-18, iv., 5-9.
- General Exhortation, 20-27.
- The Ant a pattern of Industry, vi. 6-11.
- Address of Wisdom, viii.
- Infirmity and Mortality of old age, Ecclesiastes xii., 1-7.
- Wisdom's Panegyric, xxiv., 1-22.
- Description of a Wise Man, xxxix., 1-11.
- God's works are glorious, xliii.
- Reign of Christ, Isaiah xi., 1-9.
- Triumphant Song of Praise, xii.
- Powerful Effects of the Gospel, xxx., 3-10.

- God's Almighty, wise, and benevolent Providence, a Source of Comfort and an Object of Worship, xl.
 Description of Christ's Humiliation and Suffering, liii.
 Exhortation to Holiness, lv.
 Objects and Effects of Christ's Preaching, lxi.
 The Divine Equity, Ezekiel xxxiii., 1-20.
 Christ's Sermon, Matthew v., vi., and vii. Luke vi., 20, &c.
 Parables—The Sower, the Tares of the Field, &c., Matthew xiii., 1-52.
 The Vineyard, xx., 33-41.
 The Talents, xxv., 14-30.
 The last Judgment, 31, &c.
 The Good Samaritan, Luke x., 2-5-37.
 The Prodigal Son, xv., 11-32.
 The Rich man and Lazarus, xvi. 19-31.
 The Pharisee and Publican, xviii., 9-14.
 Christ the good Shepherd, John x., 1-18.
 Christ's Consolation to his Disciples, xiv., 1-4.
 God the Husbandman, Christ the Vine, the Disciples the Branches, xvi., 17.
 Christ's Prayer for his Disciples, xvii.
 Peter's address at the House of Cornelius, Acts x., 34-43.
 Paul's speech at Athens, xvii., 16-31.
 Paul's farewell address to his Ephesian friends, xx., 17, &c.
 Paul's defence before Agrippa, xxvi., 1-29.
 Apostolical Exhortation, Romans xii.
 Description of Benevolence, 1 Corinthians, xiii.
 Christ's Resurrection, a Pattern and Proof, xv.
 Patience, Wisdom, and Religion recommended, James i.
 Earthly and Heavenly Wisdom contrasted, iii., 13-18.
 Exhortations to Christians in Tribulation, 1 Peter, iii., 8-17, iv., 12-19.
 Love the Character of God and the Duty of Man, 1 John iv., 7-21.
 The Saints numerous in Heaven, Revelations vii., 9-17.

DRUNKENNESS seems to be a stupid and brutal vice, the understanding has a share in all other vices, and there are some which may be said to have something generous in them. There are some in which there is a mixture of knowledge, diligence, valour, prudence, dexterity, or cunning; while drunkenness is altogether corporeal and terrestrial.

THE voluntary actions of man, to be accountable and moral, must be subject to the controul of his reason. Liberty is a principle of his nature, which is no less attested by the whole economy of the divine government towards him, than by the conscious dictates of his own bosom.

YOUTH NEVER COMES BUT ONCE!

HENCE we should in our youthful days, improve our time. The sun rises in the east, and rolls on in his upward course until noon time, when he gradually descends and hides himself in the west. So with youth. It rises in the morning of life, and keeps rising until the noon time of life, when old age, with all her infirmities, comes upon us. The youth should not undervalue their days, for the day is coming when all the world's riches would be given for one hour unimproved. Boys, do not mispend your time, but improve every moment as it flies, and you will reap your reward.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A little child with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a pond'rous book,
All bound with velvet and edged with gold;
And every day she prized it more:
For it is said—and she look'd at her smiling mother—
It is said, "Little children must love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a bursting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
The holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother
For "Little children must love one another."

I'm sorry he is naughty and will not pray,
But I love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown, if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus when we kneel to pray to night,
I will clasp my arms around my brother,
And say, "Little children should love one another."

The little girl did as the Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy look'd up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full he could not speak,
He pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God look'd down on the happy mother
Whose little children lov'd each other.

A CHAP out West, who had been severely afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph of homæopathy, "Like cures like."

A JUDGE suspected of bribery, chided his clerk for having a dirty face. The clerk replied, "I plead guilty, my lord, but my hands are clean!"

WHAT EVERY CHRISTIAN MUST EXPECT.

LAUNCHED at his baptism, upon "the waves of this troublesome world," on his course towards the land of everlasting life, it would be unreasonable not to expect, that in such a course he must sometimes meet an adverse wind; sometimes be thrown back by an adverse tide; sometimes be tossed and driven by those storms and tempests with which this ocean of life abounds.

And surely the changes of the world are but too truly signified by the changes of the ever restless ocean. As the ship, amidst the perils of the sea, so is the Christian amid the changes of life. In youth he enters upon his course in all the buoyancy of inexperience. Like a vessel newly trimmed, he sails for a time in safety, and in joyousness, gradually and imperceptibly the scene is changed, clouds arise, he wonders whence! The wind rages—the sky lowers—the ocean foams in its might—one deep calleth unto another, and their waters rise with accumulated horrors, till "the mountains shake" at the "tempest of the same," and he turns to the ruler of the storm with mournful complaint of the fainting Psalmist—"all thy words have gone over me; thou hast vexed me with all thy storms."

"God is not slack as some men count slackness." He only waits till we are better prepared to make a right use of what He may intend to grant. If, however, earthly blessings be all removed, if friends forsake us, and enemies abound; if competence be denied, and poverty press hard upon us; if our fair fame be overclouded, and unmerited disgrace hang over us, honours, though not before men, yet remain; riches, compared to which the wealth of the world were poverty, are yet in store; a friend is left to us, whose favour is better than life.

EPITAPH IN A CHURCHYARD.

HERE lie the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world is not worth a *fig*, and I have good *raisins* for saying so.

LOGIC.

CICERO said that nobody dances while sober. If Cicero was right, every dance is a reel.

IN whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim, with Hamlet, "Take any shape but that."

A NEW SIGN OF INEBRIETY—A man trying to put his night cap on with his boot hooks.

YOU are at all times what God sees you to be; you are not at any time what man judges you to be; only so far as his judgment is in agreement with the Divine light. This is a most interesting consideration.

TURNING A PENNY.

AMONG the new inventions of the day, is an article called a revolving till; we are not fully aware of the advantage, of a revolving till, but one of its uses may probably be the reception of good round sums.

SUMMER IS GONE.

The flowers are gone, the brown leaves fall,
The woodbine withers on the wall,
The little birds of song take wing,
To find elsewhere the smiles of Spring.

Adown the lane, and through the glade,
Where minstrel winds sweet music made,
Where roved the bee and butterfly,
Beneath the blue and sunny sky.

No more we mark the glittering sheen
Of nature, in her robes of green,
No more we hear the pleasant tune
That came from out the heart of June.

Farewell! farewell! bright sunny hours,
The breath of time has stripped your bowers;
Glad Summer's gone, and Autumn's hue
The sage instructor of the year.

Now, round the ingle, warm and bright,
To wile away the long dark night,
Are met and mingled young and old,
And songs are sung and tales are told.

Now, in the cheerful game or dance,
The soft eye answers glance with glance,
And many a sweet and welcome word,
Is look'd and felt before 'tis heard.

Now friends hold argument with friend,
And soul, in arms, does each contend,
As manly nature's ever still—
In logic foes, yet friendly still.

Thus though the sunny hours are passed,
And ancient winter comes on fast,
While hearths and homes with love are blest,
Glad summer lingers in the breast.

So soft a pillow is death to a good man, so willingly, so gently does he leave the world, as a weary labourer goes to bed at night.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A SLOVEN.—His coat collar always shone—but his boots never.

WHAT a beautiful virtue is benevolence! It is a precious tie existing between man and man, as children of one common father—a tie wholly unaffected by difference of age, station, kindred, or country, and over which the artificial distinctions of a world have little power.

A MATRIMONIAL UMPIRE.

THE following story of "Life in Kentucky," being in print, ought of course, to be believed :—"Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard. All ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a man and a bear engaged in combat. They were at it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under, the man's wife standing by and hallooing 'fair play.' The company ran up and insisted on parting them. 'No, no,' said the woman, "let them fight it out; for its the first fight I ever saw that I didn't care which whipped."

MERLIN AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE following extract from the prophecy of Merlin, in Godfrey of Monmouth's *British History*, book vii., chap. 4, reads rather curiously in these days of railways and of electric telegraph communication between France and England :—"Eric shall hide his apples within it, and shall make subterraneous passages. At that time shall the stones speak, and the Sea towards the Gallic coast be contracted into a narrow space. On each bank shall one man hear another and the soil of the isle shall be enlarged. The secrets of the deep shall be revealed and Gaul shall tremble for fear."

POLITICAL TRUISM.

If the Ministers do not fall out, it is more than probable, they will keep in.

AN UP AND DOWN REPLY.

DURING the examination of a witness, as to the locality of stairs in a house the counsel asked witness, who, by the way, was a noted wag, replied that "one way they ran up stairs, but that the other way, they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

THE PEACH.

"HAPPY," says the Persian proverb, "is the peach that is sunned on both sides."

THE COUNTENANCE.

WILKES, who was one of the ugliest men of his time, had the tact of making himself eminently agreeable; conscious of which he used to say, that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face.

YOUNG ladies are like jellies, as they are moulded so they will turn out.

THE first expence, is the least in everything, except law and matrimony.

“ LARNING ! ”

“ LARNING, larning ! ” is the cry of the father an’ mother : if my boy had the “ larning,” what a janus he would be ! In coorse, ye old fools, your *bouchal* would be a swan among the goslings ; but it isn’t “ larning ” half the world want ; instead of “ larning,” by which they mean cobwebs picked out of dead men’s brains, if they would get some discipline. Discipline—discipline—discipline—that’s the only education I ever saw that brought to a boy any good. What’s the use of battering a man’s brains full of Greek and Latin pothooks, that he forgets before he doffs his last round jacket, to put on his first long-tailed blue, if you don’t teach him the old Spartan virtue of obedience—hard living, early rising, and them sort of classics. Where’s the use of instructing him in hexameters and pentameters, if you leave him ignorant of the value of a penny piece ? What height of blotherin’ stupidity it is, to be fillin’ a boy’s brains with the wisdom of the ancients, and then turn him out like an *omadhaum* to pick up his victuals among the moderns !

A JEU DE MOT.

Cook, the actor, one day
To a lady did say,
Whom he afterwards took unto wife,
“ You are in heart and in feature
Such a duck of a creature,
That I would you my own were for life.”

To which she made answer,
“ If really, I am, sir,
A duck to your liking, why look ye !
’Tis on these terms alone,
You may make me your own,
Ere possessed, you must *properly* Cook me.”

WEDDING RINGS.

THE wedding ring of the Romans was called *annulus sponsalitus*, or *pronubus*. In the time of Pliny, it was one of iron and plain, and it was afterwards of gold. The wife was accustomed to put it on the fourth finger of the left hand, because she believed there was a vein there which went to the heart. There were some, also, of brass and copper, with the figure of a key, to signify that the husband in giving that ring to his wife, delivered her the keys of his house, of which it was her house, of which it was her business, to take care. Some of them have been found with these inscriptions or devices :—“ *Bonam vitam, Amo te, ama me.* ” I wish you a happy life—I love you, love me.

THE man who was carried away by his feelings has returned safe.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

EXTRAORDINARY PLAIN SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1853.

SIR JOHN SHELLY having moved, "that a proved case had been reported against an elector, the Attorney General be directed to prosecute."

An honourable member laughed at the motion, in the most extraordinary speech, perhaps, uttered in Parliament.

"He argued that so long as there were rich and poor, there would be bribery and corruption.

"There were only two ways of governing mankind," said he, "you must either govern by brute force, with the assistance of standing armies and police, or you must govern by self-interest. You might call it bribery, or corruption, or give it any hard name you liked, but it was that which pervaded your whole system, from the Palace of the Sovereign, through the House of Lords, through the House of Commons, and through the whole of the constituencies, and you could not rule in any other way. True, the brute force system had rather run to seed in France, just now, (laughter) and the Bastille and *lettres de cachet* were revived in a way that seemed very offensive to us, who talked of the liberty of the subject; but pray, was not our system, of national representation run to seed.

"Committees on elections merely played a part of the hypocritical game got up by * * * and * * * agents.

"Why was there such desperate anxiety to come to that House? Because that House was the great place—bazaar—the great office—market. Here place scrip was sold and bought. Why was the House blessed with so many gentlemen of the legal profession? Was it not because they found that a flashy partisan speech in that House was a surer road to the bench than hard fagging in Chambers, or attendance in Court? But was it for the public advantage that that should be the school in which the lawyer should study for the gravity of the ermine?

"Bribery and corruption reigned everywhere, and in everything. You could not bribe in the House of Lords by 2*l.* 10*s.*, or a place in the Post Office, but was there no bribery in making Barons Viscounts, and Viscounts Earls, and Earls Marquises?

"What was the danger of the Government? Simply mere want of places. There was no danger to the Government from any opposition that could be offered from the other side of the House. The danger was that it received from shots from the rear. If the Treasury were to be symbolized or embodied, it would be as Cybele or Tellus, with more applicants for nourishment than she could supply; or he would take a more homely illustration—that of Gillray's caricature of 'the sow that brought forth more young pigs than she had teats for.' He saw in the notice paper, a motion from one of the friends of the Government—something about India. What was it but the squeak of a pig that had got no teat?

Mr. * * * had a remedy, and that was, "to make the rich the governors, the poor the governed, and to keep them there;" he added—

"Unless they gave property its legitimate way of action it would use the illegal way of continual bribery, and moreover, he hoped it would, and that they would not be able to make that House a mass of paupers. They must make that House the representative of the wealth of the people, and when they did that, they would not find the bribery which they now complained of." Mr. Hume was in a fluster, and Mr. Muntz said "he was not the member wanting a teat!"

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOREGOING SPEECH.

PROBABLY there are not a dozen members in the House, not a dozen who voted for the motion, who had not expressly promised their support, whatever they could get for them from Government; and if the speech took away Mr. Hume's breath, the veteran *£ s. d.* is not likely to have recovered his wind, as his eye glanced over the trenchant essay in which it occurs.

Mr. * * * speech is perfectly *sui generis*. It is an ugly declaration of something too near the truth to be pleasant; but although it smote heavily against the universal and deeply organized hypocrisy that taints our institutions of every kind, it brings no consolation; indeed it leaves the mind in doubt whether the present system, utterly false and hollow though it be, is not preferable to the plain wickedness which Mr. * * * would set up in its place. The very hypocrisy of the age is a left handed tribute to the truth, and has at least this of good in it, that it affects a virtue if it have it not. Mr. * * * proposes to substitute the reign of wealth, which would be a reign of brute force and its appropriate operation, a Government of the vote and the sabre. Its sole virtue would be its negation of hypocrisy, neutralised by its open assertion of plain devilism.

MARCH.

Winter still ling'ring on the verge of Spring,
Retires reluctant, and from time to time
Looks back, while at his keen and chilling breath,
Fair Flora sickens.

This effect is beautifully touched upon in a simile of Shakspeare's—

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Checks all our buds from blowing.

This seeming tyranny, however, is to be regarded as the most useful discipline. The sun has now acquired so much power, that in a clear day we often feel the genial influence of spring, though the naked shrubs and trees still give the landscape the comfortless appearance of winter. But soft pleasant weather in March is seldom of long duration.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless.

The importance of a dry season for getting the seed early and favorably into the ground, is expressed in the old proverb—

“A bushel of March dust is worth a king’s ransom.”

But nothing in the animal creation is a more pleasing spectacle, than the sporting of the young lambs, most of which are yeaned this month, and are trusted abroad when the weather is tolerably mild. The following is a very natural and beautiful description of this circumstance—

Spread around thy tend’rest diligence
In flow’ry spring time, when the new dropt lamb,
Tott’ring with weakness by his mother’s side
Feels the first world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th’ innumerable ills, that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour’s dog, nor earth, nor sky:
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis’d food; and oft the dam
O’er her weak twins with empty udder mourns
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark’s note and the nightingale’s
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk;
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport:
Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers.

Towards the end of the month, primroses peep out between the hedges; and the most delightfully fragrant of all flowers, the violet, discovers itself by the perfume it imparts to the surrounding air, before the eye has perceived it in its lowly bed. Shakspeare compares an exquisitely sweet strain of music to the delicious scent of the flower.

O! it came o’er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

There are several kinds of violets; but the fragrant (both blue and white) is the earliest, thence called the *March violet*. To these flowers Shakspeare adds the daffodil,

Which comes before the swallow dares, and takes
The winds of March and beauty.

ON THE STUDY OF THE LAW.

OBSERVATIONS TO PARENTS.

BLACKSTONE said, "I think it beyond dispute, that those gentlemen, who resort to the Inns of Court, with a view to pursue the profession, will find it expedient (whenever it is practicable) to lay the previous foundations of this, as well as every other science, in one of our learned Universities. We may appeal to the experience of every sensible lawyer, whether anything can be more hazardous, or discouraging, than the usual entrance on the study of law. A raw and unexperienced youth, in the most dangerous season of life, is transplanted on a sudden into the midst of allurements to pleasure, without any restraint or check, but what his own prudence can suggest; with no public direction in what course to pursue his inquiries; no private assistance to remove the distresses and difficulties, which will always embarrass a beginner. In this situation he is expected to sequester himself from the world, and by a tedious lonely process to extract the theory of law from a mass of undigested learning; or else by an assiduous attendance on the Courts to pick up theory and practise together, sufficient to qualify him for the ordinary run of business. How little, therefore, is to be wondered at, that we hear of so frequent miscarriages; that so many gentlemen of bright imaginations grow weary of so unpromising a search, and addict themselves wholly to amusements, or other less innocent pursuits; and so many persons of moderate capacity confuse themselves at first setting out, and continue ever dark and puzzled during the remainder of their lives. The evident want of some assistance in the rudiments of legal knowledge has given birth to a practice, which if ever it had grown to be general, must have proved an extremely pernicious consequence. I mean the custom, by some, so warmly recommended, of dropping all liberal education, as of no use to students in the law; and placing them, in its stead, at the desk of some skilful attorney; in order to initiate them early in all the depths of practice, and render them more dexterous in the mechanical part of business. A few instances of particular persons, (men of excellent learning, and unblemished integrity,) who, in spite of this method of education, have shone in the foremost ranks of the bar, have afforded some kind of sanction to this illiberal path to the profession, and biassed many parents of short-sighted judgment in its favour; not considering there are some geniuses, formed to overcome all disadvantages, and that there are some particular instances in which no general rules can be formed; nor observing, that those very persons have frequently recommended by the most forcible of all examples, the disposal of their own offspring, a very different foundation of legal studies, a regular academical education. Perhaps, too, in return, I could now direct their eyes to our principal seats of justice, and suggest a few hints in favour of University learning.

"Making therefore, due allowance for one or two shining

exceptions, experience may teach us to foretell that a lawyer, thus educated to the bar, in subservience to attorneys and solicitors, will find he has begun at the wrong end. If practice be the whole he is taught, practice must also be the whole he will ever know : if he be unrestricted in the elements and first principles upon which the rule of practice is founded, the least variation from established precedents will totally distract and bewilder him, *ita lex scripta est* is the utmost his knowledge will arrive at ; he must never aspire to form, and seldom expect to comprehend, any arguments drawn *a priori*, from the spirit of the laws and the natural foundations of justice.

“Nor is this all ; for, (as few persons of birth, or fortune, or even of scholastic education, will submit to the drudgery of servitude and the manual labour of copying the trash of an office,) should this infatuation prevail to any inconsiderable degree, we must rarely expect to see a gentleman of distinction or learning at the bar. And what the consequence may be, to have the interpretation and enforcement of the laws (which include the entire disposal of our properties, liberties, and lives,) fall wholly into the hands of obscure or illiterate men, is matter of very public concern.”

BURKE'S REMARK ON BARRISTERS.

A LOQUACIOUS barrister, who, by the habit of clothing profusely and indiscriminately the thoughts of others, loses the power of inventive conception, and becomes as destitute of original ideas, as of real honour and moral principle.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
 Through him the rays of regal dignity shine ;
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows :
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r ;
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

A REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION UPON A MONU-
MENT IN HORSLEYDOWN CHURCH,
CUMBERLAND.

" HERE lie the bodies of Thomas Bond, Esq., and Mary, his wife. She was temperate, chaste, and charitable, but she was proud, passionate, and peevish. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother, but her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance, except with a disgusting frown. Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised with an endearing smile, her behaviour was discreet towards strangers, but impudent in her family. Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding, but at home by ill-temper. She was a professed enemy to flattery, and was seldom known to praise or commend; but the talents in which she principally excelled, were, difference of opinion and discovering of flaws and imperfections. She was an admirable economist, and without prodigality dispensed plenty to every person in her family, but would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle. She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities, but much more often miserable with her many failings, inasmuch that in thirty years cohabitation he often lamented that amongst all her virtues he had not in the whole enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort. At length finding she had lost the affections of her husband, as well as the regards of her neighbours, (family disputes having been divulged by servants,) she died of vexation, July 20, 1826, in the 48th year of her age. Her worn out husband survived four months and two days, aged 54.

" William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone as a weekly monitor to the surviving wives of this parish, that they may avoid the infamy of having their memories handed down to posterity with a patchwork character."

MISERIES OF AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.

BY A LAD OF TEN YEARS STANDING.

It isn't pleasant I can tell yer, to be suspended, like Mahimet's coughing, 'twixt eaven and earth all day, come bad wether, come good, come rein, snow or ale. Neither is it quite haygreable to have a big fist a knocking at ye, just as if a gemmen inside couldn't ax ye to stop without breaking the glass of yer silver watch, and robbing ye of your breath. I calls it nuffin more nor less than a reg'lar buster: but people imagine, I really believe, we have no bowels, 'cos we are "Bus Conductors." These xperiments arn't pleasant tho'.

There's summat else two that tries us more 'tickarly than another, and that's a big bull fresh from Smithel, and as black as yer hat, which comes behind you and sharpens his two horns on the soft part of yer two calfs; and the pelissemen axes you, as cool as Joseph Heyday, if you're going to stick there all day? just as if

you were a mutton-pie, and was only made to be tossed for. I can't and wont stand such things that's flat ! Again it quite takes you hoff yer legs when you're seased round the weast, and hung over the door for all the world like a hosier's golden fley's, 'cause an incider is too prond to make you stop. All umberellers, if I was a Bus proprietor, should be put down by Act of Parliament. They're the newsances of public vehicles. Either they are being lost or mislaid, or stolen, or they turn the Bus into a watering cart, or they raises a storm, 'twixt two hopysight gentlemen, 'specially if one on 'em is Irish with ducks, or else they're thrown out of the window to hook and eye us, for one dont like it.

I mean to say this, that there shold be some plan of communication between the Conductor and his fair. I dont ax for the 'Lectric Tellegraph, that's absurd, nor a bell, much less a chec string, which brings us to the old hackney coach, nor a trumpet, but some easy thing, that will tell me of the Bus wishes. And I'm tired of having my leg pulled off. How can I guess what a fellow at the bottom of the Bus wishes, and the soul torn rooflesly out of my Blucher, whenever its kneedful to hold ard.

But no matter : my leg might go, if that was all, but I dont like my coat being tugged, as if it were a bell pull, every minit. Its useless soing won's skirts on, they are sure to come off again the next day, and a spencer or military jacket does not look well on a Conductor, for I tried it, and all the Strand and Cheapside laffed, and I never felt so exposed or so small since I ran from Paddington to the Bank. I thought of pinning "spring guns" on to my coat tales, and of filling 'em with crackers or a live badger, but it would never do ; for I have jumped to this conclusion since I have hopped on and off my perch for the last ten ears, and that is, the real badge of our order is sufferin. All hands are raised agin the Bus Conductor—he never has a good word from nobody—he only comes in for the bad sixpences ! I shall go over to France, and get my guinea a day like a gent, by sitting in the National Assembly. Anythin is betterer than this where and tare of won's hole eggistence.

THE following epigram by Lord Erskine, on presenting the Prince Regent with Bonaparte's spurs, will just now be read with new interest :—

These spurs Napoleon left behind,
Flying swifter than the wind :
Useless to him, if buckled on,
Needing no spur but Wellington !

THE UNHAPPY.

THESE Six—The peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious, and those who live on others' means—are for ever unhappy.

A HARD NAME.

A MAN named Stone exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a sovereign I have the hardest name in the company." "Done!" said one of the company, "What's your name?" "Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

CONFIDENCE.

"DONT put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," says Mrs. Partington to her niece, "let them tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, and cheeks like a carnation, and eyes like an asterisk, but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

THE HEARTS' MELODIES.

Listen! listen! full is ever
This wide world with music true,
Nought can still it, mar it, never
Nought that hate or wrong can do.

Gentle, humble, all who tremble
While fierce passions round them jar,
Shall hear whispers that resemble
Angel voices from afar.

None so weary, none so lonely,
But some heart responsive gives
Beat for beat; and love need only
Touch the chords, and music lives.

Though the world with darkness blendeth,
Though the wood be hushed and drear,
Though the lone flower, trembling, bendeth
As the cold wind moaneth near.

Morn shall come: again from blindness
All to life and glory start;
So, like light, one touch of kindness
Wakes the music of the heart.

TAILORS DEFENDED.

A TAILOR possesses the quality of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following:—1. As an economist, he always cuts his coat according to his cloth. 2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage. 3. As a sailor, he shears off whenever it is proper. 4. As a play actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin. 5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits. 6. As an executioner, he supplies suspenders for many persons. 7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose. 8. As a sheriff, he does much sponging. 9. As a rational member of society, his great aim is to form good habits for the benefit of himself.

PUMPED HIM DRY.

A BARRISTER tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water, before he could say another word. Upon this, the judge remarked—"I think, sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

VEXATION.

A CERTAIN noted physician was lately complaining that he had three fine daughters, to whom he would give ten thousand pounds each, and yet that he could find no one to marry them. "With your *lave* doctor," said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and making a very respectable bow, "I'll take *two* of them."

COINCIDENCE OF NUMBERS.

IT is a singular coincidence as connected with the greatest personages of modern warfare—Nelson, Bonaparte, and Wellington—that Nelson on the day of his greatest victory and death had attained the age of 47 years. Bonaparte and Wellington were each in their 47th year, at the great and last decisive battle of Waterloo; and in the 47th year from the death of Nelson, the last of this illustrious trio, the great Wellington, passed silently and quietly into eternity.

PITT AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IN her *Memoirs*, Lady Hester Stanhope says—When Mr. Pitt was going to Bath in his last illness, he told me he had just seen Arthur Wellesley. He spoke of him with the greatest commendation, and said, "the more he saw of him, the more he admired him." "Yes," he added, "the more I hear of his exploits in India, the more I admire the modesty with which he receives the praises he merits from them. He is the only man I ever saw, that was not vain of what he had done, and had so much reason to be so. He has given me the details so clear upon affairs in India, and he talked of them, too, as if he had been a surgeon of a regiment, and had nothing to do with them, so that I know not which to admire most—his modesty or his talents; yet the fate of India depends on him."

A CHANCE FOR BACHELORS.

AMONG the multitude of advertisements, relating to the Duke of Wellington, in the *Times*, is the following:—"The widow of a clergyman, possessing several letters of his Grace, is *open to an offer*." This is very delicately put, and should lead to something definite.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

WHILE Mrs. Butler was playing Juliet, at Philadelphia, and just when she had exclaimed, "Oh! cruel poison," a tall lean gaunt, sandy-haired medical student, in the stage box, deeply absorbed in the scene, thrust down his hat upon his head, with a convulsive effort, crying out in a voice of thunder at the same time, "Keep him up, Juliet, I'll run and fetch the stomach pump!"

I M P R O M P T U ,

BY MR. LE GROS,

ON the text of a sermon, preached by Pelham, Bishop of Exeter, upon his translation to Lincoln—"Be ye stedfast and immovable":—

Not what the preacher says, but *does*,

Ought chiefly to be noted;

Be ye *immoveable*, he says,

But off *he* goes *promoted*.

The preacher's comments from his text

Appears a variation;

The original is not perplexed,

The fault's in his translation.

ANECDOTE OF MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

I HAVE heard an amusing anecdote related by persons worthy of credit about the Emperor Maximilian, who was very eager to enquire into his descent, and was induced by a silly trifter, to believe that he had traced his lineage to Noah's ark. This subject made so powerful an impression on his mind, that he left off all business, applied himself earnestly to this single investigation, and would allow no one to draw him away from it, not even the ambassadors who came to treat with him about important matters. All were astonished at his folly, and silently blamed him for it, but no one had power or courage to suggest a remedy. At length his cook, who was also his jester, and often entertained him with his sayings, asked leave to speak, and as one who was desirous to uphold the Emperor's dignity, told him this, "his eagerness to trace his descent would neither be useful nor honourable;" for said he, "at present I revere your Majesty, and worship you as a God; but if we must come to Noah's ark, there we shall all be cousins, for we are all descended from it." Maximilian was so deeply affected by this saying of the jester, that he became ashamed of his undertaking, though formerly neither friends nor counsellors, nor business, could dissuade him from it; for he perceived that his name, which he wished to render more illustrious by enquiring into his remote ancestors, would be altogether degraded if they came to its earliest source, from which princes and peasants, nobles and artisans, are descended.

MR. DUFFY'S OPINION OF IRELAND.

THE Irish nation is fast dissolving, as the Jewish nation dissolved before the sword of Rome—as the Red Indian race silently dissolves, before the face of the White man. Ireland is ceasing to be a Roman Catholic nation.

A GRAMMATICAL CHARACTER.

A WORTHY minister, noted for his wit, on being asked what kind of a person the wife of Mr. — was, replied—"I will give you her *grammatical character*, she is a noun substantive, *seen, felt, and heard*."

DIGNITY OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

THE editor of the *American Mechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Hearken unto his wailings. "Owing to the facts, that our papermaker disappointed us, the mails failed, and deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending babies, our paper is unavoidably delayed beyond the proper period of publication."

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths, who have become mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was their secret of success? Why they picked up pins, and nails in the street, and carried them home, in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them, and they will grow into other thoughts almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.

AMERICA VINDICATED BY THE GREEK SLAVE.

'Tis false that in that show of ours,
America has not shewn her powers;
For in the Crystal Palace nave,
She shews her power by a slave.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A WOMAN in new Hampshire, who had been ill-used by her husband, on finding him sound asleep one day, quietly sewed him up in the bed clothes, and then gave him a tremendous thrashing.

AMBITION.

THE road that ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, too dark for science.

A CLEVER REPLY.

AN inquisitive priest having asked a young female her name, whilst in the confessional, she replied, with as much wit as modesty, "Father my name is not a sin."

AN EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MUNGO.

Thank you my massas! Have you laugh your fill?
 Then let me speak, nor take that freedom ill.
 E'en from my mouth some heartfelt truths may fall,
 And outrag'd nature claims the care of all.
 My tale, in any place would force a tear,
 But calls for stronger, deeper feelings here;
 For whilst I tread the freeborn British land,
 Whilst now before me crowded Britons stand,
 Vain, vain, that glorious privilege to me,
 I am a slave, where all things else are free.
 Yet I was born as you are, no man's slave,
 And heir to all that liberal nature gave.
 My thoughts can reason, and my limbs can move
 The same as your's—like your's my heart can love.
 Alike my body, food or sleep sustains;
 Alike our wants, our pleasures, and our pains.
 One sun rolls o'er us, common skies surround,
 One globe supports us, and one grave must bound.
 Why then am I devoid of all to live
 That manly comforts to a man can give?
 To live untaught religion's soothing balm,
 Of life's choice arts; to live unknown the calm
 Of soft domestic ease; those sweets of life,
 The duteous offspring, and the obedient wife:
 To live, to property and rights unknown,
 Not e'en the common benefits my own:
 No arm to guard me from oppression's rod,
 My will subservient to a tyrant's nod:
 No gentle hand, when life is in decay,
 To sooth my pain, and charm my cares away;
 But helpless, left to quit the horrid stage,
 Harass'd in youth, and desolate in age.
 But I was born on Afric's tawny strand,
 And you in fair Britannia's fairer land.
 Comes freedom then from colour? Blush with shame,
 And let strong nature's crimson mark your blame.
 I speak to Britons—Britons then behold,
 A man by Britons snar'd, and seiz'd, and sold;
 And yet no British law condemns the deed,
 Nor do they more than murderous villains bleed.
 O sons of freedom! equalize your laws,
 Be all consistent, plead the Negro's cause,
 That all the nations in your code may see,
 The British Negro, like the Briton—free.
 But should he supplicate your laws in vain,
 To break for ever this disgraceful chain,
 At least let gentle usage so abate
 The galling horrors of the passing state,
 That he may share the great Creator's social plan;
 For though ne Briton—Mungo is a man.

DEPORTMENT.

BE reserved, but not sour ; grave, but not formal ; bold, but not rash ; humble, but not servile ; patient, but not insensible ; constant, but not obstinate ; cheerful, but not light ; rather be sweet tempered, than familiar ; familiar, rather than intimate ; and intimate with very few, and with those few upon good grounds.

FAT PEOPLE.

WE like fat people—good, jolly, laughing, broad visages, fat people. We love fat women—fat boys—fat babies—fat purses—a fat list of subscribers—a fat job—fat advertisers—fat everything. Fatness is a big sign of big health. Fat men are never treacherous—fat women are not sharp tongued—fat boys are not mischievous—fat babies are always good—in fine, fat people are the kindest, and therefore the most popular. Commend us to fat people.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

OUR religion, politics, morals, language, manners, and even gesture, are mostly derived from the parental type. How careful then, our fathers and mothers ought to be, to set us good examples.

DRUGS.

"DOCTOR, that 'ere ratsbane of yours is fust rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it! knowed it!" said the pleased vender of drugs; "don't keep nothing but first rate doctor's stuff." "And doctor," said the joker, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye." "Another pound?" "Yes sir, I gin that pound I bought the other day to a nibbling mouse, and it made him dreadfully sick, and I am sure another pound would kill him."

PASSPORTS.

A good story is told about the recent arrest of a Turk upon the frontier of the Herzegovina. For some time past, the Turkish Government have allowed their authorities to wring a little more out of the people, by means of passports and the devices thereunto belonging. But it chanced that a great many persons in power can neither read nor write, and therefore a shrewd fellow may palm any species of official looking paper he thinks proper upon people as his regular pass; thus it was that a Turk, who had travelled some time in peace with a document of imposing appearance, which he had picked up in the streets of Constantinople, at last found some one who could read it, when it was found to be one of Jean Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne labels.

THE HOLLOW WORLD.—Mr. Wyld's great globe.

AFTERNOON ELOPEMENT WANTED,

By a gentleman, who, in consequence of the closing of the Great Exhibition, doesn't know what on earth to do with himself.
Address, A. Lounger, Esq., Fop's Alley !

EXCUSE FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

OVERSLEPT myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; put my papers to rights; letters to write; tied to business six days in the week; no fresh air but on Sundays; mean to take a little necessary exercise; new bonnet not come home; don't like a liturgy; always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, it is too noisy; don't like singing without instrumental music, makes me nervous; can't bear a written sermon, too prosy; dislike an extemporary sermon, too frothy; nobody to-day but our own dull minister; don't like a strange one; can't keep awake when at church; fell asleep last time I was there; shan't risk again; and so on *ad infinitum*.

THE MATRIMONIAL WELL.

IN the small parish of St. Keyne, Cornwall, there is a famous well, the virtues of which are such that it gives mastery to husband or wife, just as the one or the other may have first tasted its waters. Southey made this superstition the ground work of an amusing tale, in verse, commencing—

A well there is in the west cowntre,
And a clearer one was never seen;
There is not a wife in the west cowntre,
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

A traveller sitting by the side of this well, the story goes on to say, met a countryman, with whom he had a long chat about its tradition—

“ You drank of the water, I warrant betimes,”
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“ I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And left my good wife in the porch;
But faith, she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church !”

A POEM in a Southern paper begins—“ I've liv'd upon thy memory.” That is about as bad as Jerry Bryant's boarding house feed, where they had nothing for dinner, and had it warmed over again for supper, and what was left served up the next morning for breakfast.

GOOD TIMEKEEPER.

"How late is it, Bill? Look at the boss, and see if he is drunk yet—if he isn't, it can't be much after eleven." "Does he keep such good time?" "Splendid; they set the town clock by his nose."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN Irishman and Scotchman were once talking about the sun and moon. The latter asserted that of the two luminaries the sun was the most useful. To this Pat replied "How can that be? for sure doesn't the moon shine when it is dark, and the sun only makes his appearance when it is daylight, at any rate."

SUPPLEMENT.

A YOUNG writer thus informs his "lover" what he intends to do, should she "up and die" some day. 'The authorities should keep an eye on the youth:—

I'll deck your tomb with flowers, the rarest ever seen,
And with my tears for showers, I'll keep them ever green.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

OH! how wonderful is the human voice! It is, indeed, the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon the forehead and in his eye: and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, visible to man.

"EPHRAIM," said Simon, "what does a fellow look like when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower?" "Why," replied Ephraim, looking at his boot, "he has very much the appearance of looking like a rain beau."

ONE of the States passed an act, that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence, he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing as to where the muzzle shall be placed, and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put it on his tail."

AT a Church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text, "*Adam, where art thou?*" He made an excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon, Mr. Adam preached upon the words, "*Lo, here am I.*" The impromptu and the sermon gained the appointment.

FATES OF THE FAMILIES OF ENGLISH POETS.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other females of our greatest poets. Shakspeare and Milton, each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakspeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child—a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls, dependant on the friendship of his friend Wilkes, the actor, who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the Government, and having long out-lived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children—one of two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue? The poet of the "Fairie Queen" lost a child when very young by fire, when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son,—of Dryden's sons,—of the sons of Burns,—of Allen Ramsey's son,—of Dr. Young's son,—of Campbell's son,—of Moore's son,—and of Shelley's son. Ben Johnson survived all his children. Some, and those among the greatest, died unmarried—Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thompson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them. Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons and a daughter. Her mother is still alive to see, perhaps, with a softened spirit, the shade of the father beside the early grave of his only child. Ada's looks, in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips, whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father.

 INSTINCTIVE FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

A MAN who had got drunk in Perth lately, was so overcome on his way home to Ruthenfield, that he lay down on the road, where he was watched for some time by his dog, until a person passing along the footpath, the faithful animal ran up to him, and to his alarm seized his coat tails and dragged him to his prostrate master in the ditch. When raised to his feet, the dog returned thanks in his own fashion for the assistance, which his master was unable to express, by licking his hands and other signs of canine attachment.

EFFECTS OF DRINKING.—He who takes too many glasses will become himself a tumbler.

WOMAN.

WE come to men for philosophy, to women for consolation. And the thousand weaknesses and regrets, the sharp sands of the minutæ that make up sorrow—all these which I would have betrayed to no man—not even in the dearest and tenderest of all men—I showed without shame to thee, my mother !

TO "E—— T——."

No, never to *thee*, were those trifling words spoken,
None seeketh for *mirth*, where the spirits are broken :
I meant not to wound thee—nor guessed it was thou ;
Believe me and read what I say to you now.

For thyself—have compassion—nor vainly recall
The sad past—which had long been forgotten by all ;
By all, save thyself ; oh ! then, let it die,
And believe, that sincere, and still faithful, am I.

Bright *honour* has set her strict guard o'er my tongue,
That whate'er else betides, *that* can ne'er do thee wrong ;
The clouds of the past, draw a véil o'er thine eyes,
Or thou'd'st own that *thy* path, too, thro' rosy "light" lies.

Cast off the dark medium—look up and thou'lt see,
How the *bright* path *may* also be trodden by *thee* ;
Think, oh ! think, of the *future*, go bury the *past*,
Then shall cheerfulness smile, too, where *thy* lot is cast.

ECONOMY.

A YOUNG man had entertained a tender passion for a young woman, but was so bashful, that he could not tell his love. He had courage, however, to put up the "askings." The young lady was indignant, and gave her lover a severe lecture. He replied "that it was easy to go again to the parson, and forbid the banns." After a moment's pause, she replied—"If it has been done, it is a pity the shilling should be thrown away."

A CUTE down Easter, says, "he once saw a fellow who could lie down and jump over himself, stand up and jump under himself, turn round and jump beside himself, and then turn back and jump Jim Crow." We should call that *Jimnastic* exercise.

AN Irishman complained of his physician that he kept so stuffing him with drugs, that he was *sick* for a week after he was *quite well*.

THE labour of removing so ponderous a column as Cleopatra's needle to Old England, will be the most costly *needlework* ever heard of.

WHEN a painter can no longer earn a living, he should throw away his *palette*.

OLD ENGLISH SPORT.—The fairest cock fight is fowl play.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

INSTALLATION OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON.

I CANNOT claim to myself the eloquence of a Stanley, or a Macaulay—the ripe statesmanship of a Peel, or a Lansdowne, the varied genius of a Brougham, the brilliant acquirements of a Jeffrey, or a Cockburn, the learning of a Mure, or the pen of an Alison, but I will yield to none in upholding the sacred cause of education. I trust I have no more vanity than other men, but if anything could at such a time be a drawback to the gratification which I feel, it is that I should have been opposed, however unwillingly on my part, as well as on his, to a nobleman whom I esteem and admire so much as the Duke of Argyle, one who though young in years, is already rich in eloquence, in learning, and in wisdom—one who has already earned for himself a niche in the temple of fame, and a high place in the estimation of his fellow countrymen, who has never prostrated his great talents to factious purposes or selfish ends, unblemished in character as he is unsullied in hereditary descent—a worthy representative of perhaps the greatest family among the nobles of Scotland. He is worthy of the encomium which Thompson bestowed on his greatest ancestor—

From thy rich tongue,
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate,
While mixed in thee combine the charms of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age!

I should have cheerfully submitted to defeat in such a contest, and hailed him with pleasure, as your Lord Rector, in the well known words of Cicero. His Lordship (among other able remarks) went on to say to his juvenile auditors:—"It is now that a caravan is plying twice a week with Edinburgh, but the city is surrounded by a positive net work of railways, three of which alone conveyed along the rails last year nearly 5,000,000 passengers. Till within these few years, this place was barely known as one of commerce. It is energy, combined with education, and aided, too, by science, which has achieved these wonders, and which is every day raising this great city, and displaying the invincible industry and indomitable perseverance of her inhabitants. And now, gentlemen, allow me to address a few words of advice and exhortation to you—to you, my young friends, who by your kindness have not only given to me the right, but have made it a duty, that I should speak to you with some authority, and without more reserve. The few years which you spend in this place, are the most important in your lives. The choice which you make here will probably rule your future destiny; on the principles which you here imbibe will probably depend your fate in eternity. There may be some individual exceptions, which prove the rule, but in the great majority of cases the character of the after man springs from the character of the youth; his career in after life is

foreshadowed by his career at school and college. Every one of you is as much engaged in the formation of your character as the sculptor is with the shapeless clay; every one of you has an immortal soul committed to your keeping. There is not one of you who cannot make for himself respectability, at least, if not fame. It is for you to decide whether you will be hereafter respected, and honoured, or whether you will be a pest to society, and a burden to yourselves. I trust you will all accept the first offer, that is held out to you by the advantages you now enjoy, and that few indeed will take the latter course. There are no doubt some among you with better intellects, and keener perceptions than the rest, and every one cannot hope to attain excellence, or to climb the highest pinnacle of human ambition; but there is not one of you who cannot, at least attain to mediocrity, and if you cannot gain the admiration, you will at least claim the esteem of your fellow creatures. Never allow yourself to despair of any thing beyond your reach, never think that any branch of knowledge is beneath you, for there is no intellect which cannot be sharpened, there is no memory which cannot be improved, there are no bad habits that cannot be rectified, in the plastic season of youth. There may be some of you whom I am addressing, who are not destined to cross the threshold of that busy life, on which you are now standing, and to realize those expectations, they and their friends have formed of the youthful promise of them. I will say especially to them, 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth,' and if you do there is no happiness which any imagination can conjure up, no brilliant destiny which talent and application can give to you, or no honour which any earthly power can bestow upon you, which will equal those blessings which this will bring to you. For some of you there is probably in store long life and chequered circumstances. To them I will say, seize upon the present advantages you enjoy, as a drowning man seizes on the last hope of his preservation, and profit by the excellent education which is here afforded to you."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A WIFE.

FANNY FERN, a very pretty writer for some literary papers, says she is ready to jump at the first offer of marriage, and presents her qualifications as follows:—"I have black eyes and hair, and am *petite*. I am as sensitive as the mimosa, spirited as an eagle, and untameable as a chain of lightning. Can make a pudding, or write a newspaper squib, cut a child's frock, or cut a caper, and crowd more happiness or misery into ten minutes than any Fanny that was ever christened."

POETS seldom make good astronomers. They so love women, they cannot see the *other* heavenly bodies.

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

A LADY of not very amiable temperament, rudely discharged her servant girl. "I will not only send you away," said she, "but I will not even allow you to refer to me for a character." "Thank you, ma'am," said the girl; "the only favour I can ask is, that you will never mention my having lived with you, for, if you do, I fear no one else will give me a place."

A WORD FOR THE WISE.

KEEP doing, always doing; and whatever you do, do it with all your heart, soul, and strength. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining, are all idle and profitless employments. The only manly occupation is to keep doing.

APRIL.

Now daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do point the meadows with delight;
The cuckoo now, on every tree,
Sings cuckoo—cuckoo.

April weather is become a proverbial expression for a mixture of the bright and gloomy. The pleasantness of its sunshiny days, with the delightful view of fresh greens and newly opened flowers, is unequalled; but they are frequently overcast with clouds, and chilled by rough wintry winds—

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;

says the beautiful ballad of *Margaret's Ghost*.

April generally begins with raw unpleasant weather, the influence of the equinoctial storms still in some degree prevailing. Its opening is thus described—

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, the evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring,
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around
That clothe the garden's southern bound.
Scarce a sickly struggling flower
Docks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps.

* * * * *
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays,
Weakly green its budding sprays.

Early comes the swallow, but at first here and there only appears, glancing quick by us, as if scarcely able to endure the cold—

The swallow for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green.

But in a few days their number is much increased, and they sport with seeming pleasure in the warm sunshine.

And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
Where, on the sunny bank the lambkins play,
Alike attracted to th' enlivening gleam,
The stranger swallows take their wonted way.

The nightingale, that most accomplished and enchanting of songsters, is heard soon after the arrival of the swallow. He sings by day as well as by night; but in the day time his voice is drowned in the multitude of performers; in the evening it is heard alone; whence the poets have always made the song of the nightingale a nocturnal serenade—

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
The chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song.

Another of the most striking events of this month, is the renewal of the cuckoo's note, which is generally heard about the middle of April. This is so remarkable a circumstance that it has commanded attention in all countries; and several rustic sayings, and the names of several plants which flower at this time are derived from it—

Hail beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the Spring,
Now heaven repairs the rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wand'ring in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

The fish this month are inspired by the same enlivening influence which acts upon the rest of inanimated nature.

Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting thro' the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild duck's early brood.

A considerable number of plants flower in this month, and fruit trees blossom—

Hope waits upon the flowery prime.

It is, however, an anxious time for the possessor, as the fairest prospect of a plentiful increase is often blighted. Shakspeare draws a pathetic comparison from this circumstance, to paint the delusive nature of human expectation—

This is the state of man, to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.

And Milton beautifully uses the same simile—

Abortive as the first-born bloom of Spring
Nipp'd with the lagging rear of Winter's frost.

HOME TRUTH FOR HOME PEACE.

WHAT an inconceivable measure of domestic mischief and vexation would be prevented by a little self-government in the selection and pronounciation of words.

PROBLEM FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

THE *Glasgow Citizen* has a correspondent, one of whose friends saw a monument in a Highland strath, bearing the following inscription :—

Here lies Alexander M'Pherson,
Who was a most superior person :
He was six feet two without a shoe,
And was slew at Waterloo.

SHORT GRAMMATICAL EXERCISE.

WHAT is the most difficult word all over the world to decline ? *Bonus*, for we never knew a director, or a shareholder yet, who was able to decline it.

How much does the Cup of Glory hold ? It varies. With the Chartist, it holds *six pints* ; with Louis Napoleon, an *imperial measure*.

MRS. PARTINGTON says, that her minister preached about the parody of the "probable son."

A FRENCHMAN, who proposed to establish a school in New Orleans, having heard that a high school would be most respectably patronised, took a room in the garret of a four-story house.

A WAG thus eulogizes his musical talents :—the one is "Auld Lang Syne," the other isn't ; I always sing the latter.

A LARGE retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.

THE PRESS GANG.

MEN of note—reporters—persons of intelligence—own correspondents—men of letters—type-founders.

DISSIMULATION.

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to the world, and another to himself, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the most true.

ON TOWN BURIALS.

GATHERINGS FROM GRAVEYARDS.

THERE it remains visible to any eye, that chooses to glance at it, that the dangerous and fatal results produced by the unwise and revolting custom of inhuming the dead in the midst of the living, on which we find a motto most significant, a motto taken from the sombre verses of *Kirke White*, those verses which fell from him so scantily and gloomily, like yew berries upon tombstones—

And who would lay
His body in the city-burial place,
To be thrown up again by some rude sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Exposed to insult, lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the village ground,
There are the dead respected.

COCKNEY PHILOSOPHY.

THE Socratic mode of argument is the only true mode of *chopping* logic, because it proceeds altogether on the principle of *axing* questions.

TAKE a company of boys chasing butterflies, and put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into sovereigns, and you will have a beautiful panorama of the world.

TRUE love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap than flowers are marred by timely rains.

FALSE happiness is like false money, it passes for a time, as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions, but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

IN a country play-house, after the play was over, and most wretchedly performed, an actor came upon the stage to give out the next play. "Pray," said a gentleman, "what is the name of this piece you have played to-night?" "The Stage Coach, sir." "Then let me know when you perform it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

SHERIDAN.

It was a neat sarcasm of Sheridan on some Parliamentary opponent that he was indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE Duke selected this title because that town is near the little village of Wensley, which bears a strict resemblance in its name to that of Wesley, the old family name, since altered to Wellesley. Efforts were made to purchase an estate in the neighbourhood of Wellington, but without success.

THE CRADLE.

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot,
As it rocks in the noble's hall;
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot,
Is a gift that is given to all:
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes,
Is a boon like the common air;
And, like the sunshine of the skies,
It falleth everywhere.

HOW TO ACQUIRE WEALTH HONESTLY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in condemning the system of plundering by war, and cheating by commerce, says, "the only honest way to acquire wealth is by agriculture, wherein man receives a re-increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle wrought by the hand of God in his favour, as a reward for his innocent life and virtuous industry."

BENEFITS OF OPPOSITION.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than nothing. No man ever worked his voyage anywhere in a dead calm. The best wind for anything, in the long run, is a wide wind. If it blows aft, how is he to get back? Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything.

THE JEW.

"JACK SHAW," mayor of Liverpool, in the olden time, once told a Jew witness he would throw an inkstand at his head, if he did not tell him his *Christian* name.

DEAN SWIFT, on being asked what he thought the easiest and yet most difficult thing a man could do, replied, "*to bolt a door.*"

THE HOME OF TASTE.

How easy it is to be neat ! to be clean ! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety ! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance ! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper ; it is not put up with the hangings and curtains, it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabre, or the marble ornaments : it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must be always most graceful ; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode ; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lightened by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire, but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, which will far outvie the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

BEAUTY.

Where is beauty ? Everywhere,
Down on earth, in sea, and air ;
Where the balmy flowers are growing,
Where the gladsome larks' ascending,
Where the tri-hued bow is bending,
If we look with stainless eye
There will beauties self descry ;
For, to beauty fully see,
Soul and nature must agree.
'Midst the surge's snowy foam,
In the sapphire-tinted dome,
'Mongst the many spangling stars,
Down in mines with crystal spars—
Where'er's form, or hue, or motion,
In earth, air, or sky, or ocean,
There's a secret power that tells,
Beauty's spirit therein dwells.
O'er creation's treasured field,
Springs of beauty ever yield
Priceless pleasures, rich, and high,
Unto soul and mind and eye ;
O'er untraversed mind's domain,
Blend the everlasting twain,
Pilgrims search whole regions over,
Their sweet union to discover.
Narrow is our bounded view
Of the *beautiful and true*.

DR. FULLER was very much pleased with the conceit of his own epitaph, made by a boon companion—" Here lies *Fuller's earth*."

JACK KETCH being asked on what ground he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered—" As their *executor*."

THE ambitious man is galled with envy at every man that gets before him ; for in this case, he that is not first is last.

COLOUR IN DRESS.

SKY blue is always considered as most becoming to fair persons, and it contrasts more agreeably than any other colour with the complimentary orange, which constitutes the key note, as it were, of the general hue of their complexions and hair. Yellow and red inclining to orange, contrasts best with dark hair, not only in colour, but in brilliancy; violet and green also, the complementaries of the two colours, do not produce a bad effect when mingled with dark hair.

A DIFFERENCE AND DISTINCTION.

ADMIRING a beautiful girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same; and, therefore, it is necessary that a young girl should be on the alert, to discover to which class, the attentions paid her by a handsome and gay young gentleman, belong. First, then, if a young fellow greets in a loud, free, hearty voice—if he knows precisely where to put his hat, or his hands—if he stares you straight in the eye with his own wide open—if he tells who made his coat—if he squeezes your hand—if he eats heartily in your presence—if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother—if he sneezes when you are singing, or criticises your curls, or fails to do very foolish fifty ways, then don't fall in love with him for the world; he only deceives you, let him say or do what he pleases.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of the wife. If she unite in mutual endeavours to reward his labours with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his shop, his counting-house, or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulties, and encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of a happy home! Solitude and disappointments enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for *happy* hours; while for the months of *darkness* and *distress*, from which few mortals are exempt, no sympathizing partner is prepared!

A SHERIFF's officer was lately sent to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at the house, he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry, whether her husband was at home, answered in the affirmative, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently some time, but the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise, that he should see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he should see thee. He has seen thee! He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thee, and has left the house by another path."

A ROYAL LESSON OF HUMANITY.

QUEEN CAROLINE, wife of George II., being informed that her eldest daughter, afterwards Princess of Orange, was accustomed at going to rest to employ one of the ladies of the Court to read aloud to her, till she should drop to sleep, and that on one occasion the Princess suffered the lady, who was indisposed, to continue the fatiguing duty until she fell down in a swoon, determined to inculcate on her daughter a lesson of humanity. The next night the Queen, when in bed, sent for the Princess, and commanded her to read aloud. After some time her Royal Highness began to be tired of standing, and paused in hope of receiving an order to be seated. "Proceed," said her Majesty. In a short time a second pause seemed to plead for rest. "Read on," said the Queen again. The Princess again stopped, and again received an order to proceed, till at length, pale and breathless, she was forced to complain. "Then," said this excellent parent, "if you thus feel the pain of this exercise for one evening only, what must your attendants feel who do it every night? Hence learn my daughter, never to indulge your own ease, while you suffer your attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue."—*Memoirs of George II.*

MUSIC.

Strike the harp, the sylphs descending
Shall their airy echoes bring,
Each with each the fine tones blending
Of her own peculiar string.

Smite the chords, the tones they borrow
Speak a language of their own,
Thrills of joy, and pangs of sorrow,
Hopes of what shall be to-morrow,
Sighs for what is gone.

Strike the harp, the grasp of anguish
Loosens at thy mild control;
All the sterner sorrows languish,
Languishes the willing soul.

Strike the strings, as brooding madness
Felt of old before the strain,
My full heart's absorbing sadness,
Yields awhile to pensive gladness,
But, ah! returns again.

WOMAN'S PRIDE.

FIGURATIVELY speaking, a fine woman may be said to XL at forty.

A LIFE without rest is painful, like a long way without an inn.

THE most important lesson of morality is this:—"Never do an injury to any one."

QUARRELS.

DON'T quarrel with a neighbour, even though he denies you your just rights. It is better to suffer in peace, than to get angry and maintain your ground. There is nothing so much to be deprecated as a quarrel. The toothache is nothing to it. We can only compare it to a writ at your heels—and even this would not come nineteen times in twenty, had there not previously been hard words and hard thoughts. There can be nothing equal to a quarrel. If we were a preacher, once a year we should preach from the text, "Live peaceably with all men." Look at a neighbourhood, family or church, that is cursed with a quarrel, and what does it present?—a cage of unclean things. Hatred, envy, bickering, hard words, and base insinuations, move on the face of all that was lovely, destroying peace, joy, and virtue. And alas! how difficult it is to end a quarrel, when it gets into the church or family. Every one feels right with himself, no matter what he has said or done that was wrong, and every one looks on his neighbour as an enemy and a scoundrel. We tell you to keep out of a quarrel. Don't permit it to enter a church. It has a long tail, and before you can find its end, the church may be torn in splinters and scattered to the four winds. Reader, avoid a quarrel; run from it as a pestilence. Give up a few dollars, an inch or two of land, or anything reasonable, rather than have a dispute, that will descend to your children, till the third or fourth generation. We know it is sometimes difficult to move on smoothly with certain characters; but if you never suffer your temper to be ruffled, your tongue to be unhung, we think you will weather all difficulties, and remain in peace with everybody, to the close of life. At least you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty, which to reflect upon is no mean comfort.

A CLERGYMAN in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another "liars," but when any one said "the thing that was not," they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the "parable of the loaves and fishes," and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days, they were as big as some of the hills of Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced these words, when he heard a loud whistle. "Wha's that ca's me a liar?" "It is I, Willy Macdonald, the baker." "Well, Willy, what objection have ye to what I ha' told you?" "None, Mess John; only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in?"

Few things are necessary for the wants of life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

AGE is not without its pleasures, if we did but know how to use them; or at worst, it is equivalent to the enjoyment of pleasures, not to stand in need of any.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON, PREACHED ON THE
DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

BY W. I. FOX, PARLIAMENT COURT CHAPEL, HACKNEY.

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest."
—Job. iii., 17.

THE passage of which the text is parts, is a poetical and noble description of the grave as a place of rest, of refuge, and equality. The subject has seldom been touched so finely, or so impressively. For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept; then had I been at rest, with kings and counsellors of the earth, which build desolate places for themselves; or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver; or as an hidden, untimely birth I had not been; as infants which never saw light. "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

It is a state of *rest*. The eye, in life, not satisfied with seeing, the ear not satisfied with hearing, there cease to listen or to gaze; no more in this world to be dazzled with beauty, or charmed with melody. The tongue of eloquence there has lost the power that could melt in tears, thrill with horror, and raise or quell the storms of passion. At the entrance of the tomb, labour deposits its load, and authority resigns its sceptre. Avarice ceases to be anxious, philosophy to speculate, folly to sport, and misery to weep. Awful is the silence of the mansions of the dead, and impressive their contrast with the ceaseless noise and bustle of the living. There *she* rests from her wanderings, her sufferings and her conflicts.

It is a place of *refuge*. Job looked forward to that shelter from the assaults of hostile hands, and the censure of evil tongues. It has ever been the retreat of the wretched; but, alas! for them who leave the wretched no other retreat. So natural is the power and love of life; so rich and diffusive are the bounties of Providence; that happily situations are rare in which that cold asylum is otherwise regarded than with aversion. Yet there are instances: such are they whose hearts are riven by one mortal calamity after another; who have stood by the grave of friend, wife, parent, child; the treasures of whose soul have been thrown into that yawning gulf which renders not back its spoils; who are left desolate, or rather abandoned to the constant companionship of bitter recollections; such are they whom oppression grinds to atoms, on whose back the lash incessantly descends, on whose limbs the chain ever clinks; whose toil and toil, but not for themselves or theirs; to whom *life* means labour, poverty, rags, and disease: such have been some of the noblest advocates of religion, and in the cause of religion, whom persecution stretched on its racks, buried yet living in its dungeons, or tortured to a protracted death by the lingering, writhing agonies of its slow fires; such have been

some of the best patriots who have destroyed themselves in a vain effort to save their country—the evil eye of despotism has been on them for many a league, and its iron arm has reached them in many a country; but the spell of the one, and the strokes of the other, though as fatal, have been less merciful than the scaffold, and they have slowly perished of ruined fortunes, disappointed hopes, abandonment and vindictiveness; such was—the Queen of England.

It is a state of *equality*. Death is the universal leveller; he gathers into one promiscuous assemblage those whom once no earthly power could unite in fellowship. Here lies some ancient chronicler of generations, who long walked hand in hand with time; there infancy, which just opened its eyes to close them on the world, “no sooner blown but blasted;” here greatness indulging yet the mockery of State, and mouldering in its last earthly house of marble; and there the pauper’s disregarded and nameless grave; here the turf covers one, the summit of whose science was to solve the questions, “What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewith shall I be clothed?” and there it hides another whose restless mind incessantly sought knowledge from man, from nature, and from books; who endeavoured to grasp the past, and pry into the future; to trace both certainties, and probabilities; and who seemed to realize South’s paradoxical description of the human soul, “that its rest is motion, and its quietness activity.” Here lies the mightiest that ever injured with impunity, and there the most oppressed that ever endured in helplessness and hopelessness. Old, young, learned, ignorant, nobles, beggars, friends, enemies, relatives, strangers, all forming one mass of earth, where in time, their very atoms blend; and could we tell what once was theirs, the disorder would produce emotions stronger than touch the traveller in those wild scenes where the strange assemblage of all kinds and forms of substance makes him believe he sees

“In profusion hurled
The fragments of an earlier world.”

O many are the lessons which the grave teaches. Even though we look no farther than the grave, it should moderate the licentiousness of power. Well is it for the greatest to anticipate his lying down in the dust with the meanest and feeblest of those on whom he tramples now. The reflection may soften the imperious mandate, mingle mercy with the rigours of punishment, and hold back the arm of injustice and oppression. Death teaches charity and kindness; it shows the limit of our power to protect, console, or bless, and therefore urges to the exercise of all social duties. When those on whom we have inflicted pain, to whom we might have ministered happiness, have reached that bourn, repentance comes too late. As to them, there is no place for it, though we seek it carefully, and with tears. It gives firmness to virtue, for there

ceases all the power of its mightiest foes. Not shrinking from that, they may be defied and scorned ; they can do no more ; we are beyond all power but that of God, and He is just, and merciful, and good. " There the wicked cease from troubling," is an expression which bears two constructions ; either that their victim is safe from malignity, or that they themselves must, in turn, bow their heads to that narrow prison-house, and be stretched by those who rest from the weariness of enduring their oppressions. The former I take to be the real meaning ; but this, too, is an obvious truth. There the wicked and the weary mingle. There are persecutors and persecuted, inquisitors and their martyrs—Bonner and Cranmer, Calvin and Servetus. There are licentious tyrants and their victims—Herod and Marianne, Nero and Octavia, Henry and Catharine. There are prosperous oppressors, and murdered patriots—Edward and Wallace, Charles and Russell. There, a future generation will say, are Caroline of Brunswick, and her witnesses, accusers, betrayers, and persecutors.

EVENING SONG.

The summer night is calm, and bright
 The languid summer day ;
 Clear is the autumn morn, and soft
 The vernal warmth of May.

And sweet it is at matin prime
 To gaze upon the sea,
 But, ah ! to me the sweetest time
 Was eventide with thee.

The distant village faintly sounds,
 Faintly the sea beneath,
 The stars look down with eyes of love,
 And wild winds hold their breath.

Ah ! thus when far away, alone
 The hours came back to me ;
 The hours that are for ever flown,
 The hours of eve with thee.

A HANDSOME MAN.

IF you are ever threatened with a handsome man in the family, just take a clothes pounder, while he is in the bud, and batter his nose with a pumice. From some cause or other, handsome men are invariably asses. They cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they have no time to think of their brains. By the time they have reached thirty, their heads and hands are equally soft. Again we say, if you wish to find an intelligent man, just look for one with features so rough, they might use his head for a nutmeg-grater.

INDIGESTION and industry are two things seldom found united.

COAST OF GUINEA SLAVERY.

THE misery and hardships of the negroes is truly moving, and though great care is taken to make them propagate, the ill-treatment they receive so shortens their lives, that instead of increasing by the course of nature, many thousands were annually imported to the West Indies, to supply the place of those who pine and die by the hardships they receive. They are, indeed, stubborn and untractable for the most part, and they must be ruled with a rod of iron; but they ought not to be crushed with it, or to be thought a sort of beasts without souls, as some of their overseers do at present; though some of these tyrants are themselves the dregs of this nation, and used to be the refuse of the jails of Europe. Many of the negroes, however, who fall into the hands of gentlemen of humanity, find their situations easy and comfortable; and it has been observed, that in North America, where in general these poor wretches are better used, there is a less waste of negroes, they live longer, and propagate better. And it seems clear, from the whole course of history, that those nations which have behaved with the greatest humanity to their slaves, were always best served, and run the least hazard from their rebellions. The slaves, on the first arrival, from the Coast of Guinea, are exposed naked for sale; they are then generally very simple and innocent creatures, but they soon become roguish enough; and when they come to be whipped, excuse their faults by the example of the whites. They believe every negro returns to his native country after death. This thought is so agreeable, that it cheers the poor creatures, and renders the burthens of life easy, which would otherwise to many of them be intolerable. They look on death as a blessing, and it is surprising to see with what courage and intrepidity some of them meet it; they are quite transported to think their slavery is near at an end, that they shall re-visit their native shores, and see their old friends and acquaintance. When a negro is about to expire, his fellow slaves kiss him, and wish him a good journey; and send their good wishes to their relations in Guinea. They make no lamentations, but with a great deal of joy enter his body, believing he is gone home and happy.

THE character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent, and accomplished, the young men will feel the requirement that they themselves should be upright, and gentlemanly, and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found dissipated and worthless. But remember always, that a sister is the best guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of faith in female purity and worth. As a daughter she is the true light of home. The pride of the father oftenest centres on his sons, but his affection is expended on his daughters. She should, therefore, be the sun and centre of all.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

It is fitting that the requiem for England's greatest warrior should be hymned by England's laureate. To sing the birth of insignificant princes, and to write in ink an unfelt sorrow, for unregretted kings, have constituted the prime duties of Mr. Tennyson's predecessors. To commemorate the loss of a true man, over whose bier millions mourn, is his own privilege. We have read of the funeral obsequies of Albemarle, and we have been taught to admire a people's gratitude in the last honours paid to Marlborough; but the pure spirit of poetry, in magnifying their glories, turns aside from the contemplation of their too visible frailties. Our laureate may survey his subject boldly. Mighty are Wellington's achievements, but mightier still his singleness of purpose and his perfect abnegation of himself. What can the poet ask more than the combination of the loftiest power with the lowliest humanity—of the grandest deeds with purest aims—of unlimited authority with complete self-controul?

There is less of grandeur than of beauty in Mr. Tennyson's poem. The severe old soldier on the battle field is not before us—the stern, unbending statesman—inflexible till inflexibility became a fault—does not strike our minds with awe. Both have passed away, and we are summoned to weep because the brother has gone from us, who taught mankind the simple lesson of duty, as never it had been taught before. Mr. Tennyson writes—

Mourn, for to us he seems the last:
Our sorrow draws but on the golden past.
O, friends! our chief state oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long enduring blood,
The statesman, warrior, moderate resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of largest influence,
Yet free'st from ambition's crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime!
O good grey-head, which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true;
O fall'n at length that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore;
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er:
The greatest world-victor's will be seen no more.

They are conveying him to his last resting-place and the spirit of Nelson is disturbed with the approaching murmur:—

Who is he that cometh like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,

With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?
 Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land, as thou by sea.
 Thine Island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since the world began.
 Now to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 His martial wisdom kept us free;
 O warrior, seaman, this is he!
 This is England's greatest son,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rights,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 He that gained a hundred fights,
 And never lost an English gun.

* * * * *

Mighty seaman tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile;
 O saviour of the silver-coasted Isle!
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile!
 If aught of things that here befall,
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all,
 Be glad because his bones are laid by thine!
 And through the centuries let a people's voice,
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice.
 The proof and echo of all human frame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel, and pomp, and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim,
 With, honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name!
 Read on!

A people's voice we are a people yet,
 Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers,
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of most unbounded reverence and regret.
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours,
 O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul,
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown,
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
 For saving that, ye save mankind,
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And help the march of human mind,
 Till crowds be sane, and crowns be just;
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust,
 Perchance our greatness will increase;
 Perhaps a darkening future yields,
 Some reverse from worse to worse,
 The blood of men in quiet fields,
 And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.
 And O, remember him who led your hosts;

Respect his sacred warning ; guard your coasts.
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lower,
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent. You, remember all
He spoke among you, and the *man* who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with eternal God for power,
His eighty winters freeze with one rebuke,
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named,
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.

Why ? Because the path of duty was his way to glory ! Never
has that path been more simply and faithfully drawn than in the
following lines :—

Lo ! the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Followed by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish honour showered all her stars,
And affluent fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things award
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once or twice, in our rough Island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden,
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice, in our fair Island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that ever following her commands
On with toll of heart, and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light, has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun ;
He has not fail'd, he hath prevail'd ;
So let the men whose hearths he saved from shame,
Thro' many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel, and pomp, and game,
And when the long illumined cities flame,
Their ever loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour, to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

There is no affectation in these nor in any of the lines. In
truth the subject forbade the intrusion of grotesque forms, and
Mr. Tennyson is faithful to his mission. We have already indi-
cated the nature of this effusion. It has more beauty than force,
more sweetness and feeling, than dignity or magnificence.

A SLEEPING DEMOCRACY.

ONE "gent," who generally retired about the same hour as I did, told me as a "curiosity," that on the last night we had the honour of having as bedfellows, two real judges, five ex-governors, three lawyers, and as many doctors—streaked with blacksmiths, tinkers, and tailors, "that made a most beautiful amalgam—that's a fact."

PERSONS WHO SHOULD EMIGRATE.

ALL sheriffs' officers; all income-tax gatherers; all punsters, and conundrum-makers; all wall-flowers at evening parties; all widows, as being a dangerous class of community; all linen-draper, who are always coming out with "an alarming failure," or alluring customers into their shops to be the victims of a "large sacrifice;" all quack doctors, and advertising professors, no matter whether in the hair-cutting, or corn-cutting, or saltatory, or tonsorial, or mesmeric, or electro-biological, or any other empirical line; all persons who propose toasts, and sentiments, and healths, at convivial parties; all persons who give imitations of actors; all persons who take you aside to tell you "a funny thing they heard yesterday;" all matchmaking ladies, for their officiousness in making matches would be of the greatest value in England and the Indies; all young men who smoke before the age of fifteen, and young ladies who wear ringlets after they are thirty; all cabmen and omnibus collectors, who have been fined, or sent to Brixton, "for change of air," more than six times; all fast young ladies, who drive dog carts, and row, and smoke, and play the cornet à piston, &c.; all old ladies who keep more than two dogs, or the same number of cats; all mothers-in-law, without a single exception; all, &c., &c., &c.

ON MAN.

May he ever be lean, and never grow fat,
Who carries two faces under one hat.

PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

"LOK Soosan! How's a feller to eat meat such weather as this. Now, a bit o' pickled salmon and cow-cumber, or a lobster salad *might* do."

OUR old grandmother used to say to our grandfather—"Its useless quarrelling, my dear, for you know we must make it up again."

MR. CONGREVE going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him, as they passed by Peterborough House, at Millbank, that the house had sunk a *story*." "No friend," said he; "I rather think it is a *story* raised."

WIT AND JUDGMENT.

WIT is brushwood, judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

EVIL HABITS.

THOSE who have become addicted to evil habits, must conquer them as they can ; and they must be conquered, or they will conquer us, and destroy our peace and happiness. And those who have not yet yielded to bad habits, must be on their guard, lest they be unexpectedly assaulted and subdued.

HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Ask now of History's authentic page,
And call up evidence from every age,
Display with busy and laborious hand,
The blessings of the most indebted land,
What nation will you find whose annals prove
So rich an interest in Almighty love ?
Where dwell they now ; where dwelt in ancient day,
A people planted, water'd, blest as they ;
Lét Egypt's plagues, and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favours pour'd upon the Jewish name :
They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Received the transcript of the Eternal mind ;
Were trusted with His own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of His cause ;
Their's were the prophets, their's the priestly call,
And their's by birth, the *Saviour of us all*.

CHARITY.

IT is an old saying, that charity begins at home ; but this is no reason why it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world. He may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives ; but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

A PARTY had once climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of the Skiddaw, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company), who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide, " Pray what is the highest part of this mountain ? " " The top, sir," replied the guide.

Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

IT is with ambition as with a lofty tree, which cannot shoot its branches into the clouds, unless its roots work into the dirt from whence it rose, on which it stands, and by which it is nourished.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

WITH THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN RECOGNISED.

SIR CHARLES DARLING (the ladies' candidate) presented himself on the hustings, amidst a general waving of handkerchiefs, and spoke as follows:—"Ladies and (with a smile) need I say gentlemen? (*Titlers, and droll creature, and think not.*) Gallantry forbids my recognising their existence, in any other light than as the devoted slaves of that divine sex, of whom I am proud to esteem myself the humblest. (*Cries of "How nice!"*) Ladies then, angels, goddesses, (*Oh! from an elderly bachelor, who was removed by the police,*) for the thrilling position in which I am placed, how can I be sufficiently grateful to that glorious reform in our electoral system, which has partially recognised the true position of lovely woman? (*"Partially," in a tone of sarcasm, from a member of Mr. Screwdriver's committee.*) My honourable and gallant friend objects to the adverb. I say *partially*, for by admitting the ladies to the franchise with the gentlemen, they are but recognised as *equals*, instead of *superiors*. (*Great sensation.*) Yes, ladies, and it shall be my earnest endeavours as your representative. (*"Yah," and "Not yet," from Mr. Screwdriver.*) My honourable and gallant friend observes "Not yet." It is true I have a formidable rival to contend with. The charms of his person; (*screams and "the old fright!"*) his known politeness; above all, his taste in dress; (*here the laughter and clapping of kid gloves rendered the speaker inaudible for some moments;*) compared with such claims, mine are worthless; (*do listen! and "The Duck!"*) extending no farther than a willingness, I may say a downright anxiety, to die in the cause of the fair creatures, who, I believe I may say, have done the honour to elect me as their champion. (*Yes, yes.*) With the ladies voices in my favour, I believe I need not fear those of gentlemen being exerted against me. (*Cries of "We should like to see them." "Speak up, Alfred, do." "I am ashamed of you," &c.*) I thank you, gentlemen—or rather I do not thank you; I honour you for your—may I say obedience, (*Oh! yes, in a rapturous tone, from the engaged gentlemen,*) though after all, I don't see how you were to help yourselves. (*Great applause and numerous bouquets thrown.*)

THE HON. MRS. POSER stepped forward, and begged to be allowed to address a few questions to the candidate.

MRS. POSER—What are Sir Charles's views with regard to the existing excise regulations?

SIR CHARLES—My first measure will be to bring in a bill legislating the smuggling of laces and French ribbons. (*Rapturous cheering.*)

A VOICE—About the Sanitary movement?

SIR CHARLES thought every family should leave town at the end of the season. It was his opinion that all husbands paying

the income-tax should be compelled to take their wives and children to the sea-side for the autumn months. It should have his earliest attention. In answer to another speaker, he considered that assembly rooms should be maintained in every town by the public purse.

MRS. POSER—What foreign policy will you advocate ?

SIR CHARLES would advocate peace with France, at all hazards, that nothing might endanger the immediate importation of Parisian fashions. (*Cheers and bouquets.*)

A YOUNG LADY—About the army ?

SIR CHARLES—I am for keeping up a standing army, to consist entirely of regiments of horse guards, composed exclusively of officers. (*Immense sensation.*)

MRS. POSER—I should like to hear your intentions as to the tobacco duties.

SIR CHARLES—To prohibit the importation and cultivation of that objectionable plant altogether, so that there may be no more smoking.

A show of parasols was demanded, and Sir Charles Darling was declared duly elected.

LIFE IN THE SICK ROOM.

OF all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has never known a day's illness : he is a mortal dunce ; one who has lost the greatest lesson in life ; who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor in divinity, yet he is as one of those gentlemen, whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout, or a half year of ague ; how infinitely below the fellow creature who has been soundly taught his *tic douloureux*, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in the scarlet fever ! And yet, what is more common than to hear a great hulking florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig, and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition ? To such a monster of health, the volume before me, (*Miss Martineau's Life in the Sick Room,*) will be a sealed book, for how can he appreciate its allusions to physical sufferings, whose bodily annoyance has never reached beyond a slight tickling of the epidermis, or the tingling of a foot gone to sleep ? How should he, who has sailed through life with a clean bill of health, be able to sympathize with the feelings, or the quiet sayings and doings of an invalid, condemned to a life-long quarantine in his chamber ? What should he know of life in the sick room ? As little as our paralytic grandmother knows of life in London.

THE DEATHWATCH.

THE deathwatch, or *ptinus*, is an instance of insect-hearing. It makes a ticking noise, by beating its head with great force against what it stands on. Derham, the naturalist, kept two in a box for three weeks, and found that by imitating their sound, which is done by beating with the point of a pin, or the nail, on the table, the insect would answer him, by repeating its own tick, as often as he pleased.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

Ye, who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like—or like not—
At its own capricious will!
Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking—or disliking—
Oft before a word is said!

Why should *smiles* sometimes repel us?
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What is that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?
Oh—no feature, plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun,
Prompts our liking, or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit
Which protects us,—and controls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls?
Is it instinct?—is it nature?
Or some freak, or fault of chance,
Which our liking—or disliking—
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment of danger,
Though the sky no shadow flings;
Or that inner sense, still stranger,
Of unseen—unutter'd things!
Is it—oh! can no one tell me,
No one show sufficient cause
Why our likings—and dislikings—
Have their own instinctive laws?

POETIC.

AN editor, in speaking of a dandy's dickey, says—"It was scented and torn like a south wind after passing through a fence made of thorn bushes."

"WHY what in the world has happened to Mr. —'s arm?"
"Oh! nothing at all," was the reply; "he only wears it in a sling because he's *too lazy to swing it!*"

ASIA.

As Asia exceeds Europe and Africa in the extent of its territories, it is also superior to them in the serenity of its air, the fertility of its soil, the deliciousness of its fruits; the fragrant and balsamic quality of its plants, spices, and gums; the salubrity of its drugs; the quantity, variety, beauty, and value of its gums; the richness of its metals, and the fineness of its silks and cottons. It was in Asia, according to the sacred records, that the allwise Creator planted the Garden of Eden, in which He formed the first man and first woman, from whom the race of mankind was to spring. Asia became again the nursery of the world after the deluge, whence the descendants of Noah dispersed their various colonies into all the other parts of the globe. It was in Asia that God placed his own favourite people, the Hebrews, whom he enlightened by revelations delivered by the prophets, and to whom he gave the oracles of truth. It was here that the great and merciful work of our redemption was accomplished by His divine son; and it was from hence that the light of his glorious gospel was carried with amazing rapidity into all the known nations, by His disciples and followers. Here the first Christian churches were founded, and the Christian faith miraculously prophesied and watered with the blood of innumerable martyrs. It was in Asia the first edifices were reared, and the first empires founded, while the other parts of the globe were inhabited by other wild animals. On all these accounts, this quarter claims a superiority over the rest; but it must be owned, that a great change hath happened in that part of it called Turkey, which hath lost much of its ancient splendour, and from the most populated and best cultivated spot in Asia is become a wild and uncultivated desert. The other parts of Asia continue much in their former condition, the soil being as remarkable for its fertility, as most of the inhabitants for their indolence, effeminacy, and luxury. This effeminacy is chiefly owing to the warmth of the climate, though in some measure heightened by custom and education; and the symptoms of it are more or less visible, as the several nations are seated nearer to, or farther from, the north. Hence the Tartars, who live near the same latitude with us, are as brave, hardy, strong, and vigorous, as any European nation. What is wanting in the robust frame of their bodies, among the Chinese, Mogul Indians, and all the inhabitants of the more southern regions, is in a great measure made up to them by the vivacity of their minds, and ingenuity in various kinds of workmanship, which our most skillful mechanics have in vain endeavoured to imitate.

This vast extent of territory was successively governed in ancient times by the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, and the Greeks; but in the immense regions of India and China were little known to Alexander or the conquerors of the ancient world. Upon the decline of those empires, great part of Asia submitted to the Roman

arms, and afterwards in the middle ages, the successors of Mahomet, or as they were usually called, Saracens, founded in Asia, in Africa, and in Europe, a more extensive empire than that of Cyrus, Alexander, or even the Roman, when in its height and power. The Saracen greatness ended with the death of Tamerlane, and the Turks, conquerors on every side, took possession of the middle regions of Asia, which they still enjoy. Besides the countries possessed by the Turks and Russians, Asia contains, at present, three powerful empires, the Chinese, the Mogul, and the Persian, upon which the lesser kingdoms and sovereignties of Asia generally depend. The prevailing form of government, in this division of the globe, is absolute monarchy. If any of them can be said to enjoy some share of liberty, it is the wandering tribes, as the Tartars and Arabs. Many of these Asiatic nations, when the Dutch came among them, could not conceive how it was possible for any people to live under any other form of government than that of a despotic monarchy. Turkey, Arabia, Persia, part of Tartary, and part of India, profess Mahometism. The Persian and Indian Mahometans are of the sect of Hali, and the others that of Omar; but both own Mahomet for their law-giver, and the Koran for their rule of faith and life. In the other parts of Tartary, India, China, Japan, and the Asiatic Islands, they are generally heathens and idolaters. Jews are to be found every where in Asia. Christianity though planted here with wonderful rapidity, by the apostles and primitive fathers, suffered an almost total eclipse by the conquests of the Saracens, and afterwards of the Turks. Incredible, indeed, have been the hazards, perils, and sufferings of Popish missionaries, to propagate their doctrines in the most distant regions, and amongst the grossest idolaters, but their labours have hitherto failed of success, owing, in a great measure, to the avarice and profligacy of the Europeans, who resort thither in search of wealth and dominion. The principal languages spoken in Asia are, the modern Greek, the Turkish, the Russian, the Tartarian, the Persian, the Arabic, the Malayan, the Chinese, and the Japanese. The European languages are also spoken upon the coasts of India and China. Asia is bounded by the Frozen Ocean on the north, on the west it is separated from Africa by the Red Sea, and from Europe by the Levant or Mediterranean, the Archipelago, the Hellespont, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, the river Don, and a line drawn from it to the river Tobol, and from thence to the river Oby, which falls into the Frozen Ocean. On the east it is bounded by the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, which separates it from America; and on the south, by the Indian Ocean; so that it is almost surrounded by sea.

LORD LYNTHURST is, perhaps, the only living British subject, who personally remembers Washington, at Mount Vernon. His lordship was born a colonist in Boston.

THE PINEAPPLE.

TEN years ago, when the progress of horticulture had been so successful as to place the pineapple on all the tables of the rich, it grew for them only ; for the price of fifteen shillings, or even a guinea, per pound, was not likely to command many purchasers among the masses, and unless the fruit weighed at least a pound and a half, your money was pretty much thrown away, and the delicious flavour unknown. Thanks to the rapidity of steam communication and to free-trade, the poorest among us are now made familiar with this and many other tropical fruits, and the pineapple, the melon, and the banana, are as much within our reach as the commonest productions of our own country. The pineapple is called, by the Spaniards and French, "*ananas*," from "*nana*," its common name in the Brazils ; and it has received its English name from the resemblance the fruit bears to the cones of some species of pine tree. The pineapple was introduced into England as a botanical plant, in the year 1690, by Mr. Bentinck, afterwards Earl of Portland. In the West Indies, the pineapple is not cut in slices, except when eaten with sugar and wine, but the pips are torn out with a fork, to be sucked in the same manner as the orange.

MAY.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear ;
If not the first, the fairest of the year :
For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,
And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.

May-day, though still observed as a rural festival, has often little pleasure to bestow, but that arising from the name. In a very elegant poem, entitled *The Tears of Old May-day*, this newer rival is thus described :—

No wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face
And opening charms her rude embraces fear ;
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year ?
With show'rs of sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace ;
With blushes, harb'ring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the Spring's increase.

The hedges are rich in fragrance from the snowy blossoms of the hawthorn ; and the orchards display their highest beauty in the delicate blush of the apple blossoms :—

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance,
And the birds sing conceal'd.

All this scene of beauty and fertility is, however, sometimes dreadfully ravaged by the blights. The mischief seems to arise from innumerable small insects, brought by the north-east winds.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew; or dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
 The full blown Spring, thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engend'ed by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core
 Their eager way.

Among the numerous wild flowers, none attracts more notice than the cowslip :—

Whose bashful flowers
 Declining, hide their beauty from the sun,
 Nor give their spotted bosoms to the gaze
 Of hasty passenger.

The husbandman now looks forward with anxious hope to the reward of his industry :—

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
 And temper all, thou world reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year!

At a Camp meeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humour, arose and said—"I think if those ladies, standing on the benches, knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down!" This address had the desired effect; there was an immediate sinking into the seats. A young minister, standing behind him and blushing to the temples, said—"Oh! brother, how could you say that?" "Say that," said the old gentleman, "its a fact, if they had'nt holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on."

Two men in dispute reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied that—"he was never whipped but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth." "I believe, then," retorted the other, "the truth was whipped out of you, for you have never spoken it since."

MACHINERY has reached a great state of perfection. We saw some burnt peas put into the hopper of a coffee mill the other day, and in less than two minutes it was occupying a place in a grocery window, labelled "Fine old Mocha."

SONNET.

THE SWAN.

Queen of the silent lake,
 Gliding majestic o'er the liquid court,
 Deep in the shadowy break,
 Where the imaginary water nymphs resort;
 Where fox-gloves hang their bells,
 And oaken-bowers their branches intertwine;
 And solitude in leafy covert dwells,
 That sanctuary, snowy queen, is thine.
 Few violate the state—the timid deer
 May drink the pure wave as he trots along,
 The forest loving birds may hover near,
 The nightingale may pour her stream of song,
 Yet, queen acknowledged, on thy glassy throne,
 Thou reignest in still majesty alone!

ON CARVING.

THE following excellent remarks on carving are selected from the *Illustrated London Cookery Book*, which has recently taken a standing as one of the best works on the subject:—

“One of the most important acquisitions in the routine of daily life is the ability to carve well, and not only well but elegantly. It is true that the modes now adopted of sending meats, &c., to table, are fast banishing the necessity for promiscuous carving from the elegantly served boards of the wealthy; but in the circles of middle life, where the refinements of cookery are not adopted, the utility of a skill in the use of a carving knife is sufficiently obvious.

It must not be supposed that the necessity for this acquirement, is confined to the heads of families alone: it is important for the bachelor visitor to be familiar with the art, as it is for the host himself; indeed, he is singled out usually for the task of carving a side dish, which happening to be poultry of some kind, becomes a task most embarrassing to him, if he should be ignorant of the *modus operandi* of skilfully dissecting a fowl. He may happen to be on the right hand of the lady of the house, and at her request, very politely conveyed, he cannot refuse; he rises, therefore, to his task, as though one of the labours of Hercules had been suddenly imposed on him; he first casts around him a nervous glance, to ascertain whether any one else is carving a fowl, in order to see where they insert their fork, at what part they commence, and how they go on; but it generally happens, that he is not so fortunate as he desires, and therefore he is left to get through the operation as well as he can. He takes up his knife and fork desperately; he knows that a wing is good, a slice of the breast a dainty, and that a leg is a gentleman's portion, so he sticks his fork in at random, and slashes at the wing, misses the joint, and endeavours to cut through the bone; it is not an easy task, he mutters something about his knife not being sharp, essays a grin, and a faint

jeu de mot at the expence of the fowl's age, and finding the bone will not sunder by fair means, he puts out his strength, gets off the wing with a sudden dash, which propels the mangled member off the dish upon the cloth, sends the body of the fowl quite to the edge of the dish, and with the jerk splashes a quantity of gravy over the rich dinner dress of the lady seated next to him, much to her chagrin at the injury to her robe, and her contempt for the barbarous ignorance he has displayed. He has to make a thousand apologies for his stupidity, which only serve to make his deficiency more apparent: he becomes heated, suffused with blushes, and perspiration, continues hacking and mangling the fowl, until he has disjointed the wings and legs, and then, alas! the body presents itself to him as a *terra incognita*; what to do with it he is at a complete loss to imagine, but it must be carved; he has strength of wrist, and he crashes through it at the hazard of reaping the mishaps he commenced with. His task over, he sits down confused and uncomfortable, to find his efforts have caused the rejection of any portion of the fowl he has wrenched asunder by those who have witnessed his bungling attempt; he is disgusted with the fowl, himself, carving, and every thing else; loses all enjoyment for his dinner, and during the remainder of the evening cannot recover his equilibrium. He will possibly, too, have the very questionable satisfaction of witnessing an accomplished carver dissect a fowl; he perceives, with a species of wonder, that he retains his seat, plants his fork in the bird, removes the wings and legs, as if by magic, then follow merrythought and neck bones, then the breast, away come the two sidesmen, and the bird is dissected; all this, too, is accomplished without effort, and with an elegance of manner as surprising as captivating: the pieces carved look quite tempting, while there is no perceptible difference in the temperature of the carver—he is as cool and collected as ever, and assists the portions he has carved with as much grace as he displayed in carving the fowl. The truth is, he is acquainted with the anatomy of the bird; he has felt the necessity of acquiring the art, and has taken advantage of every opportunity, which has enabled him to perfect himself in the requisite knowledge to attain the position at which he has arrived.

Ladies ought, especially, to make carving a study; at their own houses they grace the table, and should be enabled to perform the task allotted to them with sufficient skill to prevent remark, or the calling forth of eager proffers of assistance from good natured visitors near, who probably would not present any better claim to a neat performance.

Carving presents no difficulties; it simply requires knowledge. All displays of exertion or violence, are in very bad taste; for, if not proved an evidence of the want of ability on the part of the carver, they present a very strong testimony of the toughness of a joint, or the more than full age of a bird: in both cases they should

be avoided. A good knife, of moderate size, sufficient length of handle, and very sharp, is requisite ; for a lady it should be light, and smaller than that used by gentlemen. Fowls are very easily carved ; and joints, such as loins, breasts, fore-quarters, &c., the butcher should have strict injunctions to separate the joints well.

The dish upon which the article to be carved is placed, should be conveniently near to the carver, so that he has full controul over it ; for if far off, nothing can prevent an ungracefulness of appearance, or a difficulty in performing that which in its proper place could be achieved with ease.

In serving fish, some nicety and care must be exercised : here lightness of hand and dexterity of management are necessary, and can only be acquired by practice. The flakes, which in such fish as salmon and cod, are large, should not be broken in serving, for the beauty of the fish is then destroyed, and the appetite for it injured. In addition to the skill in the use of the knife, there is also required another description of knowledge, and that is an acquaintance with the best parts of the joint, fowl or fish being carved. Thus, in a haunch of venison, the fat, which is a favourite, must be served with each slice. In the shoulder of mutton there are some delicate cuts in the underpart. The breast and wings are the best parts of a fowl. The trail of a woodcock on a toast is the choicest part of the bird. In fish, a part of the roe, melt, or liver, should accompany the piece of fish served. The list, however, is too numerous to mention here ; and indeed, the knowledge can only be acquired by experience. In large establishments the gross dishes are carved at the buffet by the butler, but in middle society they are placed upon the table.

TINTERN ABBEY, 1851.

THE speed of the "iron horse" has now brought this most attractive spot within an easy day's journey of our vast metropolis ; and indeed, if we remember rightly, during the last great year of sight seeing, excursion trains started from London early in the morning, whirled hundreds down to Bristol, who were there embarked upon steam-boats, carried up the Avon to its junction with the Wye, then passed Chepstow, another most beautiful locality, up to Tintern, and sufficient time being allowed for full inspection of its loveliness, were brought back by the same route, arriving at London on the evening of the same day. Sailing up the Wye, the traveller cannot but be impressed with the charming scenery that surrounds him on all sides ; but his delight receives a fresh and vigorous impulse when he approaches the ruins of the old abbey, which afford the most striking indication of the wealth, magnificence, and taste of the religious brotherhood to whom it belonged. It stands on a gently rising eminence, and was originally built in the form of a cathedral, having a nave, north and south aisles, trans-

cept, and choir, with a tower rising from the intersections. The roof and tower, have fallen, but the exterior, viewed from a distance, is still eminently beautiful, but excelled by the yet more striking appearance of the interior, as the visitor enters the western doorway. From this point the eye traverses along the range of stately columns, and passing under the lofty arches that once supported the tower, rests upon the grand eastern window at the termination of the choir. From the length of the nave, the height of the walls, the imposing form of the pointed arches, the style of the edifice is that known as Early English decorated, and the size of the east window the first impressions one receives are those of grandeur and sublimity: but, on a close examination, these feelings are combined with those of admiration at the regularity of the plans, the elegance and the lightness of the architecture, and the exceeding delicacy of the ornamental work, mingled and partly covered in, some portions as it is, with a profusion of wild flowers, and masses of ivy and other climbing plants. We are accustomed to exclaim against the barbarisms of past ages, but how much have not these ages taught us of the noble and the beautiful!

SYDNEY SMITH'S RECIPE FOR A WINTER SALAD.

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen sieve
 Unwonted softness to the salad give.
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon;
 Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt.
 Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
 And once with vinegar procured from town.
 True flavour needs it, and your poet begs,
 The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And scarce suspected animate the whole;
 And lastly, on the flavour'd compound toss
 A magic tea-spoon of anchovy sauce.
 Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
 And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
 Serenely full the Epicure may say—
 Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

CABBY (politely)—Beg pardon, sir; please don't smoke in the keb, sir; ladies do complain o' the 'bacca uncommon. Better let me smoke it for yer outside, sir.

"PLEASE, sir," said a little boy to a milk vender, "mamma says she don't like to buy milk of you." "Why not? Don't I give her good measure?" "Yes, sir; but mamma says you feed your cows on such *watery* turnips."

DISCONTINUING A NEWSPAPER.

MR. A believes he shall discontinue his paper, because it contains no political news; while B is decidedly of opinion that the same paper dabbles too freely in the political movements of the day. I declares he does not want a paper filled with the hodge, podge, doings and undoings of the Legislature. J declares that paper the best that gives the greatest quantity of such proceedings. K patronises the papers for the light and lively reading they contain. L wonders that the paper does not publish Dewy's Sermons, and such other solid matter. O likes police reports. P would not have a paper, in which these reports are printed, in his house. Q likes anecdotes. R wont take a paper, that publishes them, and says, that murders and dreadful accidents ought not to be put into papers. S complains that his miserable paper gives no account of that highway robbery last week. X will not take his paper unless it is left at his door before sunrise; while Y declares that he will not pay for it if left so early; that it is stolen from his house before he is up.

COBBETT'S NOTION OF A CORONATION.

THE king (God bless him!) is, it seems, to be crowned next Thursday. Some people are saying, that he might do very well without it. No, hang it; I don't think so; for a king without a crown and robes, is like a peacock without a topknot and tail.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON.

THE following is interesting for its subject, a reminiscence of Washington, at New York, in 1797. Day after day my departure was postponed; and an invitation to dine with a gentleman, living at the same boarding house with General Washington, then at New York, induced me to postpone it still further. My recollection of that great man is, that he was very tall, perhaps six feet two inches to six feet four inches, very reserved and polite, clear and quick sighted, had an aquiline nose, and high forehead falling back. On being introduced to him as a British officer, he inquired if it were usual for gentlemen to enter the army as young as I appeared to be; he particularly asked if I were a German, the name belonging he thought to that country. On my replying, he asked if I were related to the Professor of Fortification, at Woolwich; he claimed me as an acquaintance, when he heard that I was his son. "Not personally, sir," he added, "but I have read some of your father's valuable works, which I admire, and have introduced them into the course of education at our Military College." No further conversation occurred worthy of being recorded. As soon as the cloth was removed, he rose, bowed, and left the room.—*Adventures of Colonel Laundman.*

DROPPING THE RENT.

A HANDSOME plump widow went to the landlord, a widower, in Cambridge, to complain that she was paying too high rent. He gazed at her, was smitten, and exclaimed—"You are to blame if you pay any rent again: marry me, and your difficulty is obviated?" "Well, I will," said the sprightly fair one, and as soon as could be the nuptial knot was tied.

THE GLOWWORM.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray:
That shews by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been and still prevail,
From what its rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure, the hand of might,
Which kindles up the skies,
Gives *him* a quantity of light,
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant
But such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went
Be careful where he trod.

Nor crush a worm whose useful light
Might serve however small,
To shew a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

SPEAKING.

THERE was a rule in an old debating society, which might be advantageously recommended to some of our public bodies, "that any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening should have a room to himself."

MILTON's description of a gentleman's great notoriety, on beholding his own offspring,—

Whence and what art thou execrable shape,
That dar'st though grim and terrible
Advance thy miscreated front athwart my way.

"WHY," asks the *lantern*, "is the rudder of a steam-boat, like a public hangman?" and answers the question thus—"Because it is a *stern* duty to perform."

FASHIONABLE.

FASHIONABLE ignorance—"Oh! dear," exclaimed a fashionable girl, when she first beheld a cucumber, "I always thought such things grew in slices."

THE VACATION TERM TIME.

LAW.

THE Temple, Chancery Lane, Serjeants' Inn, and Lincoln's Inn even unto the Fields, are like tidal harbors at low water; where stranded proceedings, offices at anchor, idle clerks lounging on lop-sided stools, that will not recover their perpendicular until the current of Term sets in, lie high and dry upon the ooze of the long vacation. Outer doors of chambers are shut up by the score, messages and parcels are to be left at the Porter's Lodge by the bushel. A crop of grass would grow in the chinks of the stone pavement outside Lincoln's Inn Hall, but that the ticket-porters, who have nothing to do beyond sitting in the shade there, with their white aprons over their heads to keep the flies off, grub it up and eat it thoughtfully. There is only one Judge in town. Even he only comes twice a-week to sit in chambers. If the country folks of those assize towns on his circuit could only see him now! No full-bottom wig, no red petticoats, no fur, no javelin-men, no white wands, merely a close-shaved gentleman in white trousers and a white hat, with sea-bronze on the judicial countenance, and a strip of bark peeled by the solar rays from the judicial nose, who calls in at the shell-fish shop as he comes along, and drinks iced ginger beer! The bar of England is scattered over the face of the earth. How England can get on through four long summer months without its bar—which is its acknowledged refuge in adversity, and its only legitimate triumph in prosperity—is beside the question; assuredly that shield and buckler of Britannia are not in present wear.

NATURE AND ART.

A LECTURER, addressing a Hampshire audience, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that Art could not improve Nature; until one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar, by exclaiming, "how would you look without your wig?"

FEMALE'S PHRASEOLOGY.

IGNORANCE of female modes of speech often leads to misunderstanding. A lady, who says "I would not make a fright of myself," means generally, that she neglects nothing, however minute, to make herself attractive. While another, "to be decent," means to have a mass of most beautiful lace, and a little fortune in diamonds.

MR. AND MRS. CHADBAND.

MR. CHADBAND is a large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system. Mrs. Chadband is a stern, severe-looking, silent woman. Mr. Chadband moves softly and cumbrously, not unlike a bear who has been taught to walk upright. He is very much embarrassed about the arms, as if they were inconvenient to him, and he wanted to grovel; is very much in a perspiration about the head; and never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them. "My friends," says he, "what is this which we now behold as being spread before us? Refreshment. Do we need refreshment then, my friends? We do. And why do we need refreshment, my friends? Because we are but mortal, because we are but sinful, because we are but of the earth, because we are not of the air. Can we fly, my friends? We cannot. Why can we not fly, my friends? Is it because we are calculated to walk? It is. Could we walk, my friends, without strength? We could not. What should we do without strength, my friends? Our legs would refuse to bear us, our knees would double up, our ankles would turn over, and we should come to the ground. Then from whence, my friends, in a human point of view, do we derive the strength that is necessary to our limbs? Is it," says Chadband, glancing over the table, "from bread in various forms, from butter which is churned from the milk which is yielded unto us by the cow, from the eggs which are laid by the fowl, from ham, from tongue, from sausage, and from such like? It is. Then let us partake of the good things which are set before us!"

BOROUGH INTEREST CURIOUSLY MAINTAINED.

THE late Lord Sandwich, having the privilege of appointing a chorister to Trinity College, Cambridge, sent them one not only ignorant of music, but who croaked like an old raven, because the fellow had a vote for the borough of Huntingdon. This gave rise to the following epigram:—

A singing man and cannot sing;
From whence arose your patron's bounty?
Give us a song. "Excuse me, sir,
My voice is in another county."

A DISMAL IDEA.

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irish clergyman to his congregation.

GOOD ADVICE.

WHEN your wife begins to scold, let her have it out. Put your feet up cozily over the fire place—loll back in your chair—light one of your best cigars—and let the storm rage on. Say nothing.

A PROUD HEART.

MATTHEWS, whose powers of conversation, and whose flow of anecdote, in private life, transcended even his public efforts, told a variety of tales of the Kingswood colliers (Kingswood, near Bristol), in one of which he represented an old collier looking for some of the implements of his trade, exclaiming, "San, what's thee mother done with the new coal sacks?" "Made pillows on 'em," replied the son. "Confound her proud heart," rejoined the collier, "why could not she take th' ould ones?"

ASTRONOMY.

When the black tempest sweeps the sea,
And rocks deceitful lurk below,
The sailors boldly trust to me,
And safely through the ocean go:
I steer the vessel through the deep,
Manage the helm with steady hand,
At distance from the breakers keep,
And shun the peril of the sand.

And to the farmer on the plain,
My knowledge is of equal worth,
At my command he trusts his grain,
Into the bosom of the earth:
I teach him when to shear his fleece,
Or reap the produce of his field,
When to expect the rich increase,
Which pasturage and tillage yield.

I guide the sage historian's pen,
Point out a long connected plan,
And help him clearly to explain,
The active scenes of busy man.
Cæsar by me reformed the year,
And Newton regulated time;
While planet, comet, eclipse, star,
Are punctual seen in every clime.

Nor are the tunes for worship made
Secure without the light I bring;
The festivals require my aid,
The fasts from my direction spring:
The Jews expect to know from me,
When to assemble round the lamb;
Easter, without my aid might be
A torch to kindle hostile flame.

WHAT IS MAN?

A THING to waltz with, to flirt with, to take you to the theatres, to laugh at, to be married to, to pay one's bills, and to keep one comfortably. "We are sorry," says an American paper, "to be obliged to say, that many young ladies of the present day, consider this a true definition."

OMNIBUS ENGLISH

"OUR busses," said a conductor in our hearing, "runs a quarter arter, art, arter, quarter to, and at — !" In English, this means "every quarter of an hour."

A GLANCE AT ALEXANDRIA.

EGYPT.

PASSING through the streets where the bazaars are held, we were again fascinated by the imposing variety of costume. A mosque was dismissing, too, and the moonshee with his floating robes, mingled among the crowd. The only unbecoming dress is that of the soldier, which is white fustain, made into jacket and trousers ; so that, were it not for the tarboush, the dress of the Turkish soldier would be precisely that of our mechanic. As through suffocating heat, irritation from mosquito bites, and the prevalence of fleas, I sleep almost none ; I have had opportunities of making observations, not exclusively astronomical, during the watches of the night ; and may here relate my experience of the *night side* of Alexandria. From ten till twelve, the ear is assailed with barking, howling, yelling of dogs ; with a large intermixture of caterwauling ; from twelve till two, with serenading of all sorts, harmonious and otherwise, with a spice of the cats and dogs between hands ; from two till four, cock crowing incessant—not an interval of rest to the ear, but, crow, crow, crow—shrill, harsh, far, near, young, old, unabated crowing ; from four till six, donkeys braying, camels lowing, men shouting and cursing, a very Babel of sounds, that it is impossible to convey by any language. As some compensation, however, the stars are truly magnificent, and the milky way, much more brilliant than it is with us. By six o'clock all the world is up. The young Egyptian girl is in the okella with her flock of milk goats ; and the Nubian maids are waddling down the stairs, and along the passages, to get milk for the morning coffee ; and the Lavantine lady, with her long hair, hanging down her shoulders, is weaving it into plaits ; or this piece of the toilet furnished, is leaning over the balcony, with her kerchief tied round her head, and her cup of black coffee in her hand ; or may be, she is away to matins, with her great silk cloak wrapped around her, and on her feet her bright yellow boots.

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.

IN the tenth century, to eat out of the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and gentleman.

RAGGED LITTLE GIRL—Ha ! penny candle, please, and be quick, for mother wants her tea. POLITE SHOPKEEPER—Oh ! yes, of course Miss ; could we send it any where for yer ?

A CHILD'S EYES.

THOSE clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has scarcely passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it, or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think. Speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of a love for some one you fear will not love in return—it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought—it will not judge how much you should believe; whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss; whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feelings which is your feeling for the hour.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed by buzzing night flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch,
A watch case to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds
Which take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes:
Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give the repose
To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude;
Yet in the calmest and stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy, low, lie down;
Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown.

TOO TRUE.

IT is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation while there are so many evil tongues.

CONVERSATION.

AVOID quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass, which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very *mal adroit* use of one. "Ah!" said he, with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "we are all fearfully and wonderfully made."

AN ENCUMBERED ESTATE.

A FRIEND was commiserating an Irish gentleman, the other day, on the sale of his estate, under a decree of the commissioners, at which he thought much below the value of such considerable property. "Oh! it is all right enough!" replied the light-hearted ex-proprietor; "I put a few hundreds in my pocket, and the encumbrances are quite cleared off me—a widow, mother-in-law with thirteen children."

BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

ON the subject of behaviour in company, Leigh Richmond gives the following excellent advice to his daughters:—"Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember that God's eye is in every place, and His ear in every company. Beware of levity, and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; and not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another party should be trifling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

MEDICINE GOING THE WRONG WAY.

OLD ELWES, having heard a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked—"This sermon on the necessity of *alms*, is unanswerable: I have almost a mind to beg."

"IF it wasn't for hope the heart would break," as the old lady said when she buried her seventh husband, and looked anxiously amongst the funeral crowd for another.

A CHEERFUL face is nearly as healthful as good weather.

A GOOD heart often betrays the best head in the world.

HOW TO SPEND PRIZE MONEY.

COLONEL LAUNDMAN relates, that in the early part of the present century, while at Plymouth, then the scene of much excitement, he noticed one of the many ingenious ways devised by drunken sailors to get rid of their pay and prize money. A foremast man, who had just received £700 and twenty-four hours leave of absence, hired three carriages and four—one for his hat, another for his stick, and another for himself—and in this fashion rode about the streets of Plymouth, from public house to public house, until morning.

AMUSEMENTS, COSTUME, AND LIVING, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BESIDES pitching the bar, shooting with broad arrow, playing at racket, quoits, nine holes, and leaping hedges and ditches, their most favourite diversion was baiting different animals. Hetzner, after giving a description of the baiting of bulls and bears, adds:—"To this entertainment there follows that of whipping a blind bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circularly, with whips, which they exercise on him without mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain. He defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down those that come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing their whips out of their hands, and breaking them. Elizabeth partook of these rude sports." In the Sydney papers it is said:—"This day she appoints a Frenchman to do feats upon a rope in the Conduit Court, to-morrow she has commanded the beares, the bull, and the asses, to be bayted in the Tylt Yard; and on Wednesday, will have solemne dawning." Like her subjects, the Queen was fond of noisy entertainments; during her meals she listened to "twelve trumpets, and two kettle drums, which together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half-an-hour together."

Luxury in costume made a great progress. The pocket handkerchiefs of the ladies were frequently wrought with gold and silver, and the chemise richly embroidered. The chopine is sometimes mentioned, it was an Italian shoe, with a heel ridiculously high. The fly cap was in great vogue. Aldermen's wives had bonnets of velvet, large and showy. Chains and bracelets were ornaments used mostly by women of rank. The ruffs, made of lawn and cambric, stiffened with yellow starch, were immoderately large. The poking of these gracefully behind was considered a most important attainment. The waist was made enormously long; the bodice or stays furnished with a most extended point in front at bottom; and to render the appearance still more inconvenient and grotesque, the upper part of the gown, near the shoulders, was considerably enlarged by wool or other stuffing. The farthingale, a Spanish potticoat, bulky over the hips, now

went out of fashion ; it was introduced by Philip and Mary, and Howel intimates, that it was invented to conceal unlicensed pregnancy.

When Hentzer saw Elizabeth, then in her 67th year, she had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops. She wore false hair, and that red ; her bosom was uncovered, "as all the English ladies have till they marry." She was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls the size of beans ; and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads ; and instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. Needles and pins were now in common use. The making of the former was commenced in 1566, by Grouso, a German. Pins were known in the time of Henry VIII., and afforded the ladies a convenient substitute for ribbons, loop holes, tags, clasps, and skewers made of wood, brass, silver, and gold.

The introduction of silk and worsted hose, was a great improvement. Mrs. Montague, Elizabeth's silk woman, in her third year, presented her Majesty with a pair of black silk knit stockings, which pleased the Queen so much, that she never afterwards wore cloth hose. Soon after, Thomas Burdet, an ingenious apprentice, living opposite Saint Martin's Church, presented Lord Pembroke with a pair of worsted stockings, the first knit in this country.

The beard was on the wane. In the reign of Mary it thrived luxuriantly. Those of Bishop Gardiner and Cardinal Pole, in their portraits, are represented of an uncommon size. It gradually dwindled down into the mustachoes or whiskers. The hair was cut close on the top of the head, and grew long on the sides. Showy young men wore jewels in the ears, and sometimes ribbons. The hat had superseded the woollen cap and hood. The crown of the hat was made high, narrowed towards the top, and had sometimes a rich hat-band, adorned by goldsmith's work, and precious stones, which, with a feather and scarlet cloak, marked the man of distinction.

Before the introduction of coaches, by Lord Arundel, the Queen, on public occasions, rode behind the chamberlain. The novelty and convenience of the new vehicle soon brought it into general use by people of fortune. Hackney coaches were not known till fifty years afterwards.

The style of living had much improved. Lamb, and a great variety of delicate meats, mark the luxury of Elizabeth's reign. There were several courses, and each had its appropriate sauce. Beef began to be deemed too gross ; brawn, however, was a favorite. A dessert of fruit, spices, and jellies, was not unusual. Breakfast was little used. If anything was taken, it was a glass of ale, and a slice of bread.

Rural life may be learned from *Tusser's Pointes of Husbandrie*. "The farmer and family diet is fixed to be red herrings, and salt fish in Lent. At other times, fresh beef, pork, &c. A Christmas

'good drinkie,' a good fire in the hall, brawne, pudding, and souse, and mustard, withal; capon or turkey, cheese, apples, and nuts, with jolie carrols. The prudent house-wife is advised to make her own candles. Servants are directed to go to bed at ten in summer, and nine in winter; and to rise at five in winter, and four in summer. The holidays throughout the year are appointed for the working men. The gayest of these festivals seems to have been the wake-day, or vigil of the parish saint, "when every wanton maide danse at her wille."

The hour of dinner with people of fortune, was at eleven before noon; and of supper, between five and six in the afternoon; while the merchants took each of their meals an hour later, and the husbandmen one hour later than the merchants. Thus the fashion is entirely changed, the opulent and leisure classes taking their meals later than the industrious orders. Why the meals became later as the times became more refined, is a curious fact. The chief cause seems to be, as Hume intimates, that, in rude ages, men have few amusements or occupations, but what daylight allows; whereas, in ages of refinement, reading, study, and conversation afford employment, which can be as conveniently pursued in the night as the day.

TO KEEP YOUNG.

No surer destroyer of youth, of youth's privileges, and powers, and delights, than stifling the spirit to the empire of ill-temper and selfishness. We should all be cautious, as we advance in life, of allowing occasional sorrowful experience to overshadow our perception of the preponderance of good. Faith in good is at once its own vicissitude and reward. To believe good, and to do good, truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanity's conditions. To take events, cheerfully, and to promote the happiness of others, is the way to insure an enduring spring of existence. Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth which keeps a man's nature and being fresh and green. "Lord keep my existence fresh and green," would be no less wise a prayer than the one so beautifully recorded respecting a man's memory behind us, and there is no way better to secure it than by living graciously. A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances, that shall flourish immortally, after the present stock is decayed and gone.

"Now waiter, what's to pay?" "What have you had, sir?" "Three fish, waiter." "Only brought up two, sir." "No, three; I had two mackerel, and one smelt." [*Exit waiter.*]

RAILWAY SIGNALS—Signal extortion, signal neglect, and signal impudence.

POETICAL LINES ON GOLDSMITH.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Here rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
 A poet whose like, we shall scarce meet again :
 Who, though form'd in an age when corruption ran high,
 And folly alone seem'd with folly to vie ;
 When genius, with traffic too commonly train'd,
 Recounted her merits by what she had gain'd ;
 Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and self,
 And in poverty's spite dar'd to think for himself,
 Thus free'd from those fetters the Muses oft bind,
 He wrote from the heart, to the hearts of mankind :
 And such was the prevalent force of his song,
 Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
 The lovers—'twas theirs to esteem and commend,
 For his Hermit had prov'd him their true and friend.
 The statesman, his politic passions on fire,
 Acknowledged repose from the charms of his lyre.
 The moralist, too, had a feel for his rhymes,
 For his essays, were curbs on the rage of the times :
 Nay, the critic, all schooled in grammatical sense,
 Who looked in glow of description for sense,
 Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
 And confessed by his eyes what he felt in his heart.
 Yet blest with original powers like these,
 His principle force was on paper to please :
 Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in the chase,
 On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace :
 Whilst dullness and cunning, while whipping and goring,
 Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before him :
 Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
 That his manners alone would have gain'd human hearts.
 So simple in truth, so ingeniously kind
 So ready to feel for the wants of mankind :
 Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
 His flux of philanthropy quickly stood still :
 Transformed from himself, he grew meanly severe,
 And railed at those talents he ought not to fear.
 Such then were his foibles : but though they were such
 As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
 The style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
 And the whole the result of a masterly hand.

It has been generally circulated, that he was a mere fool in conversation. In allusion to this, Mr. Horatio Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was an inspired idiot ; and Garrick describes him as one—

For shortness call'd Noll,
 Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

FOR BACHELORS ONLY.

MRS. CHISHOLM says the best time to select a wife is in the morning. If a young lady is at all inclined to silks and slatterness, it is just before breakfast. As a general thing, a woman don't get "on her temper" till after ten, a.m.

HINTS TO NEWS' ROOM MONOPOLIES.

IN a country news' room the following notice is written over the chimney :—"Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's papers."

EDINBURGH.

LORD CARLISLE said—"This is a city from which royalty would never depart—which sat enthroned in natural and architectural beauty on her sparkling estuary at her feet—and which retained that sovereignty of intellect derived by her from a long series of philosophers, orators, poets, and divines, still kept glowing with copious lustre, amid her schools, her chair, her press, her forum, and her pulpit.

RECIPROCITY OF COMPLIMENT.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted a portrait of Mrs. Bellington, the vocalist, representing her as St. Cecilia, the eyes turned towards heaven, listening to a choir of angels, faintly introduced on the upper part of the painting. Haydn, the composer, was present just as Sir Joshua was giving the finishing stroke, and his opinion of its merits was asked by Mrs. Bellington. "It resembles you," said Haydn, "but it has one great fault." "And what is it?" asked Mrs. Bellington, with inquietude, fearful that the artist might take offence. "The painter," continued Haydn, "has represented you as listening to the songs of angels; he should have painted the angels listening to your enchanting notes." Flattered by such a compliment, the beautiful Bellington threw her arms round Haydn's neck and kissed him.

CANARY BIRDS.

"ARE those pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird dealer, with whom he was negotiating for a "gift for his fair." "Yes, sir," said the dealer, confidentially; "I raised them ere birds from canary seed?" It was deemed sufficient proof of the purity.

WARNING TO FIDGETY WIVES.

IF anything can justify a man for *sometimes* thinking of putting away his wife, it is when despite of continual entreaty and admonition, "she is *always* putting away his things." Home truths for home peace.

WANTED.

A LINE to fathom the sea of troubles. A poker to stir the fire of genius. The cow that yields Circassian cream, The botanical nature of "ill weeds grow apace." The chair the sun sets in. The bed the moon rises from. A drummer to beat time to the "March of Intellect."

GOLDSMITH'S COUNTRY VILLAGE.

THE author addresses this poem to his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He writes in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of Auburn, and which he pathetically addresses. He then proceeds to contrast the innocence and happiness of a simple and natural state, with the miseries and vices that have been introduced by polished life, and gives the following beautiful apostrophe to retirement :—

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine;
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease:
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat learns to fly!
For him no wretches born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend:
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way:
And all his prospects brighten to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

His description of the parish priest (probably) intended for a character of his brother (Henry), would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this description the simile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The rest of the poem consists of the character of the village schoolmaster, and a description of the village ale-house, both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a descant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the vanity of artificial pleasure; the miseries of those who, for want of employment at home, are driven to settle in colonies abroad; and concludes with the following beautiful apostrophe to poetry :—

And thou sweet poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade:
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymphs, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride:
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found me pure at first and keep'st me so:
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel;
Thou nurse, of every beauty, fare-thee-well!

A POETICAL transatlantic auctioneer concluded an announcement of a furniture sale, with the following sublime comparison :—
“And a host of domestic appreciables, in some degree countless as the glittering jewels which bestride the lacteal turnpike of the blue ethereal.”

A WEIGHTY JURY.

IN the Quarter Sessions Court, at Hull, lately, a very ludicrous scene occurred. The court was convulsed with laughter on the clerk of the court calling out the names of a jury. Twelve of the fattest men, in Hull, made their appearance in the box, and for some minutes considerable merriment continued, the recorder heartily joining in it. They probably formed the stoutest jury ever empaneled in an English court of law. Their several weights appear to have been as follows:—Messrs. Thomas Whately, 17st.; James Shaw, 18st.; G. F. Bristow, 21st.; William Josey, 20st.; J. Hookem, 18st.; P. Blenkin, 16st.; O. Lyndall, 14st.; J. Empson, 19st.; T. Wells, 17st.; George Smithson, 16st.; G. H. Fredrick, 13st.; and J. Gray, 16st.

THE END OF EDUCATION.

THE multitudes think that to educate a child, is to crowd into his mind a given amount of knowledge; to teach the mechanism of reading and writing; to load the memory with words; to prepare for the routine of trade. No wonder, then, that they think every body fit to teach. The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to gain and spread happiness. Reading is but an instrument; education is to teach its best use. The intellect was created, not to receive passively a few words, dates, and facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Accordingly, education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the process of investigation. A sound logic—by which we mean the science of the art which instructs in the laws, of reasoning, and evidence; in the true method of inquiry, and the source of false judgment—is an essential part of a good education.

A QUESTION BY AND TO THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.

"WHAT," asked Margarita of Cecilia, "what dearest do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered "Arrow root."

AN American paper says—"We are, indeed, a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principals; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all helps; no gaolers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in Bridewell, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous: lastly, nobody is drunk, the very utmost you can assert is that "he has taken his wine."

AN AMERICAN EDITOR'S EULOGIUM.

A WESTERN editor, announcing the death of a lady of his acquaintance, thus touchingly adds—"In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand by their bedside as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand, and a cup of rhubarb in the other.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE ?

IF you should see a man digging a snow-drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself; but in what respect does this man differ from you while you sow the seeds of dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles ?

THE BACHELOR'S DIFFICULTY.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

PRUDENT ADVICE.

A MAN was in the habit of making great professions when he was sick, but always returned to his old ways when he got well. In one of his illnesses, when he was as usual, making loud protestations of his change of heart, a homely neighbour said to him—"Wait a bit, John; thou hast got the handcuffs on now."

THE OLD ONE.

Soon after Doctor Watson had been installed at Llandaff, a rural boniface exchanged for his original sign of the Cock, an effigy of his new diocesan. But somehow the ale was not so well relished by his customers as formerly. The head of the bishop proved less inviting to the thirsty than the comb and spurs of the original chanticleer. So to win back the golden opinions of the public, mine host adopted an ingenious device. From reverence to the church he retained the portrait of Dr. Watson; but as a concession to popular preference he caused to be written under it the following inscription:—"This is the old Cock."

A GALLANT country parson, once wrote the following to a young lady, who sent her compliments on the ten of hearts:—

Your compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere;
You send ten hearts, the tithe is only mine;
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

FOUND.

THE key to the trunk of an elephant. A hair from the head of a river. A dozen feathers picked from the "wings of the wind." A drop of blood from the heart of a stone. The nail from the finger of scorn. The diary of the "man in the moon." A boot from the foot of the mountain.—The owners are requested to call, prove property, pay expences, and take them away.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR PASSIONS.

Say love, for what good end design'd,
Wert thou to mortals giv'n?
Was it to fix on earth the mind?
Or raise the heart to heav'n?

Deluded oft, we still pursue
The fleeting bliss we sought,
As children chase the bird in view,
That's never to be caught.

Oh! who shall teach me to sustain,
A more than *manly* part?
To grow thro' life, nor suffer *pain*,
Nor *joy* to touch my heart.

Thou blest *indifference* be my guide,
I court thy gentle reign;
When passion turns my steps aside,
Still call me back again.

Teach me to see through *beauty's* art,
How oft its *trappings* hide
A base, a lewd, a treacherous heart,
With thousand ills beside.

Nor let my gen'rous soul give way,
Too much to serve my *friends*;
Let reason still controul their sway,
And shew where *duty* ends.

If to my lot a *wife* should fall,
May *friendship* be our *love*;
The passion that is transport all,
Does seldom *lasting* prove.

If *lasting* 'tis too great for *peace*,
The pleasure's so profuse;
The heart can never be at ease,
Which has too much to lose.

Calm let me estimate this life,
Which I must leave behind;
Nor let fond *passions* raise a strife,
To discompose my mind.

When *Nature* calls, may I steal by,
As rising from a feast;
I've had my fill of life, and why
Should I disturb the rest?

QUERY—How many children did the mother of pearl have?

COPIED ADVERTISEMENT OF GOLDSMITH'S
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

THERE are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties, but it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull, without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the *three* greatest characters upon earth : he is a priest, an husband-man, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey ; as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence, and refinement, whom can such a character please ? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside. Such as mistake ribaldry of humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation ; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one, whose chief stories of comfort *are drawn from futurity!*

PLAYING TRUANT.

WE never knew a boy in the habit of playing truant, and wasting the golden hours of youth, to become a great and distinguished man ; most often the idler of early life is the laggard in the world's race. Truly happy is the boy whom parental or friendly care saves from the alluring danger of youthful days. The reason why truancy is so serious an evil, is not the loss of a day or two at school, now and then, or any other immediate or direct consequence of it ; it is because it is the beginning of a long course of sin ; it leads to bad company, and to deception, and to vicious habits ; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temptation and sin, which if not closed, must bring the poor victim to ruin. These are what constitutes its dangers.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

ONCE on a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was carried away, with the exception of the centre arch, on which stood a house, whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows, while the foundations were visibly giving way. "I will give a hundred French louis," said the Count Spolverini, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from the crowd, seized a boat, and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the Count. "No," was the answer of the young man, "I do not sell my life ; give the money to this poor family, who have need of it." Here, indeed, spoke out the true spirit of the gentleman, though he was but in the garb of a humble peasant.

OUR LOADS OF HUMILITY.

THAT excellent church reformer, the Rev. S. G. Osborne, wishes for bishops who may drive about their dioceses in gigs, really and actively performing the duty of supervision. This, we must say, with all respect for Mr. Osborne, is an inconsiderate suggestion, and had he been acquainted with the writings of Mandeville, he would not have thrown it out. The author of the *Fable of the Bees*, having observed on the state of the bishops with their coaches and four, makes the reflection that it requires a great many horses to draw such a load of humility as lies in a Christian bishop. Now, how could such a load of humility as our Philpots, or Blomfield, be drawn by one horse? It would be a case of downright cruelty to animals, punishable by the magistracy.

JUNE.

Now genial suns and gentle breezes reign,
And summer's fairest splendours deck the plain;
Exulting Flora views her new-born rose,
And all the ground with short liv'd beauty glows.

Soft copious showers are extremely welcome towards the beginning of this month, to forward the growth of the herbage. Such a one is thus described:—

Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver, through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkle leaves
Of aspen tall.

At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap.

The following tokens are given by Dyer, in his *Fleece*, to mark out time:—

If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crowfoot and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing time approaches.

Before shearing, the sheep undergo the operation of washing.

Upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plunged in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
With his white flakes, that glisten thro' the tide;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,

Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears,
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

The shearing itself is conducted with a degree of ceremony and rural dignity, and is a kind of festival, as well as a piece of labour.

At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head, and ranged in lusty rows:
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears;
The house-wife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay drest maids attending round:
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd king.
A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage.

A profusion of fragrance now arises from the fields of clover in flower, honeysuckle, and the still more delicious odour from the bean blossoms.

Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.

THE HAY SEASON.

The fragrance of the new-mown hay, the gaiety of all surrounding objects, and the genial warmth of the weather, all conspire to render it a season of pleasure and delight to the beholder. It is at this season that we can peculiarly feel the beauty of these charming lines of Milton:—

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or teded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Though the other senses are so much gratified in this month, the ear loses most of its entertainment, as the birds, now the season of courtship and rearing their young is past, no longer exercise their musical powers.

The groves, the fields, the meadows, now no more
With melody resound. 'Tis silence all,
As if the lovely songsters, overwhelmed
By bounteous Nature's plenty, lay entranc'd
In drowsy lethargy.

A HAPPY RETORT.

"MADAM," said a snarling son of Esculapius, "if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," retorted the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.

"I WAS invited," said the Doctor, "by my friend, Percy, to wait upon the Duke of Northumberland, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments, I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland House, and acquainted the servants, that I had particular business with his Grace. They shewed me into the anti-chamber; where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away extremely chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

CURIOUS DYING SCENES.

ACCORDING to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb-bottle in his hand.

Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once, that his term of favour had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of its paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees.

Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences, and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement.

When the three sons of Diagoras, of Rhodes, were crowned at the Olympic games, "Die, Diagoras," whispered a friendly Lacedæmonian, "for you are too happy to live any longer." He took the hint, and forthwith expired of joy, in the arms of his children.

The Emperor Vespasian on his death-bed sarcastically remarked to his courtiers and flatterers "I feel that I am about becoming a god!"

The first Darius, King of Persia, when dying, desired to have this intellectual epitaph engraved on his tomb—"Here lies King Darius, who was able to drink many bottles of wine without staggering."

Jerome Carden, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour he foretold.

When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he felt his strength declining and his last moments approach. He then said—"Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest, let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain—the farce is over."

When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangean to beg him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but, turning round to the Countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said with a smile—"Countess, take care, or Dangean will filch from you the credit of my conversion."

SONG.

Hear me ev'ry nymph and swain;
 Wholesome counsel I impart;
 Love and change, and love again,
Cupid likes a frolic heart.
 Rebels only—those alone,
 Who his gentle laws despise;
 Hearts as hard and cold as stone,
 Those alone doth he chastise.
 Bless us all! were once is ire
 'Gainst inconstant lovers bent;
 Darts by millions 'twould require;
Cupid's stock would soon be spent.

CRITICISM.

TRUE criticism is the application of taste and good sense to the several fine arts. The object which it proposes, is to distinguish what is beautiful, and what is faulty in every performance; from particular instances to ascend to general principles, and so to form rules and conclusions concerning the several kinds of beauty in works of genius.

BASE COIN—Specie put into a foundation-stone.

A VIEW OF OXFORD.

I HAVE enjoyed the rich treat of a visit to Oxford. I should think it must present immense attractions to a student of the fine arts. To me it seemed like the fulfilment of some romantic dream. Though I went full of expectation, I found it quite as beautiful as I anticipated. The venerable monuments of antiquity, the exquisite architecture, the windows all in a blaze with scriptural histories, the libraries, the galleries of pictures, the museums, and above all, the holy memories that come round you, behold the portraits of England's best and wisest, or walk in the foot prints of the martyrs, produces a species of sacred intoxication from which it is not easy to recover. As I walked round the top of Radcliffe Library, and looked down on the forest of pinnacles, the tall spires, the beautiful quadrangles interspersed with gardens and groves, the river with its bridges, and the beautiful woodland landscape, glowing to the horizon in the clear light of a cloudless sky, I was lost in admiration. The modern improvements are very extensive. One of the most exquisite things in Oxford is the Chapel of Magdalen College, which was restored in 1833. The window representing "The Last Judgment," and the altarpiece representing "Our Lord carrying the Cross," are things which having been once seen engraven themselves on the memory for ever. The restorations were done on the spot by English workmen. At Queen's College, £30,000 was left by Dr. Mason, in 1841, to be laid out in books. I think they told us, this sum has been raised, by subscription, to £60,000; and the whole has been applied to the formation of the present beautiful library. The Botanic Garden has been greatly improved lately.

SWEARING AND CHEWING.

Now any reader, who is averse to homilies, had better pass over this page, as on it I mean to allude to two practices—the one physical, the other mental—which may be said to constitute the principal faults in the American habits, habits which every American, having the elevation of his countrymen at heart, deprecates no less heartily than the writer. One is that of chewing tobacco; the other, profane swearing. This wanton blasphemy, the invocation of the Deity in every phrase, for the purpose of swearing by his name; the mingling of all that is sacred to worship with ribaldry, foolish or common conversation, is a monstrosity so great, a depravity of mind so hideous, a habit so wicked, that it swallows up the ten thousand good things which would otherwise be admired. On the canal I have seen boys not ten years of age old, oh! so old, in this leprosy of the soul! From remonstrances and observation it strikes me that this habit arises from a desire to exhibit independence, liberty of speech, &c.; that it was freeman-like to swear if you had a mind to; that this is a free country, and a man

has a right to talk. But a man has no right to swear if he is within hearing of a second person, (although he disbelieves his accountability to God !) because he offends the ear of his listener. No man has a right to outrage the feelings of any fellow citizen, therefore no man has a right to swear in the hearing of another. Again, no man has a right to offend his Creator ; but swearing is offensive to God, therefore no man has a right to swear. Again, such a habit is the infallible index to a coarse, vulgar, and slavish nature, though the man be clothed in scarlet, or enrobed in ermine. What refined man, what honest man, who that has a just claim to the name of a freeman, and a gentleman, would act thus disrespectfully to the name of his father ? not to speak of his God ! And what true patriot, what lover of liberty, what freeman deserving the name could crouch to a bad man, or worship a crown on the head of a tyrant, not to speak of bowing down his mind to be fettered by the shackles of a friend ? No, he who swears from habit or design, for empty vanity, emphasis or passion, is at best an unmanly slave, though his shoulders bore the lion skin of Hercules. The Christian churches, and the women of America, have a duty in this thing, that it were well they more effectually performed. The original Americans, the Indians of the West, have no word in any of the dialects of their tribes, constituting an oath, and in this the uncivilized Red Man is superior to his more elevated pale-faced brother. As to chewing tobacco, that is so self-evidently wrong, so disgusting, that nothing but a vitiated taste, could keep the habit alive a single day. In the costly drawing room, in the courts of law, in libraries, steam-boats, steam-cars, in churches, yea, even in the pulpit, they have the spittoon. Boys of eight, nine, and ten years, chew from emulative imitation, which grows into an iron habit at manhood, as imperious, injurious, and more disgusting than that of opium-eater. The breath is contaminated by a most offensive savor, the teeth are discoloured, the stomach injured, and the brain stimulated unduly. But to enlarge is needless ; let but the women in America declare emphatically against it, and it must fall ; how they tolerate it is to me an enigma.

END OF VOL. I.







